This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

ENGLISH
Book Society
HANOVER.

1418.36

ENG

Book

HAN

llege
y

ADVENTURES

DURING

A JOURNEY OVERLAND

TO

INDIA.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY SAMUEL BENTLEY,
Dorset-street, Fleet-street.

ADVENTURES

DURING

A JOURNEY OVERLAND

TO

INDIA,

BY WAY OF

EGYPT, SYRIA, AND THE HOLY LAND.

By MAJOR SKINNER, 31st Reg.

AUTHOR OF "EXCURSIONS IN INDIA."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET,

Publisher in Ordinary to His Majesty.

1836.

Asia 1418.36

Harvard College Library
Riant Collection
Gift of J. Randolph Coolidge
and Archibald Cary Coolidge
Feb. 26, 1900.

CONTENTS

OF

THE FIRST VOLUME.

CHAPTER I.

Port of Marseilles.—French Colony at Algiers.—Universal Interpreters.—M. Guienne Luis.—A "Bon Enfant."—"Le Jeune Menandre."—Involuntary Intruder.—Dinner al fresco.—A Bonapartist.—A Gale.—Negro Boy.—Egyptian Coast.—Host of Pilots.—Harbour of Alexandria.—Quarantine.—The "Bon Enfant." - - - - Page 1

CHAPTER II.

Arrival in Alexandria.—Donkey Drivers.—A Ride.—Eastern Scene.—The Governor's Carriage.—The Frank Quarter.—A Man of Distinction.—Soldiers of the Guard.—National Sign-boards.—Frank Ladies.—Striking Contrasts.—Unfortunate Piedmontese.—Gamblers.—A Dinner Party.—"Regalo."—A mock Fight.—Motley Scene.—Boxing-match.—Unwise Change. - 19

CHAPTER III.

Victory of Koniah.—Eastern and Western Manners.—Procession of Nurses.—Egyptian Troops.—Embarkation of Soldiers.—

A Greek Schooner.—Her Recommendations.—My Esquire.—A Mutiny.—A Rebel Leader.—Mehemet Ali.—Embark in the Aspasia.—The Binbashi.—Soldiers on board.—Coast of Palestine.—Laughable Scene.—A Panic.—Gulf of Caifa. - Page 41

CHAPTER IV.

Entrance into Caifa.—Companions in ill luck.—A Quidnunc. Inundation.—The Consul's Family.—Father Simon's Family.—Misfortunes of Caifa.—Night of Torment.—Forlorn Pilgrims.—Convent of Mount Carmel.—Elijah's Cave.—Music-master and Page.—"Carne di Porco."—Disconsolate Negress.—Dinner.—Asylum for Travellers.—Padre Camillo.—A Dilemma.—Supplementary Blessing. - - - 60

CHAPTER V.

A Discovery.—Padre Julio.—Padre Emanuel.—Fra Battista.—Santa Theresa.—Apparition of Elijah.—Miracles.—Valley of Martyrs.—City of Cæsarea.—Vespers.—Supper.—Delicate Discussion.—Ruined Convent.—An Excursion.—Fountain of Elijah.—Petrified Fruit.—Camillo's Enthusiasm.—Preparation to depart. - - - - - 88

CHAPTER VI.

Leave the Convent.—My Equipage.—A Braggadocio.—The Tantoora.—A Druse Village.—Interesting Comparison.—Village of Hasafie.—Hospitality.—Curiosity.—Morning Scene.—Arab Camp.—Crossing a River.—Mountain Range.—Hospitable Villagers. - - - - 105

CHAPTER VII.

Approach to Nazareth.—Its melancholy aspect.—Mount of Precipitation.—The Nazarenes.—Vespers.—The Church.—Striking Scene.—Conversation with a Monk.—Supper in the Convent.—The Superior.—Sacred Localities.—Joseph's Shop.—The Synagogue.—Christ's Table.—Sacred Fountain.—Nazarene Pleasantry.

—Mount Tabor.—Village of Deborah.—Magnificent View.—Anniversary of the Transfiguration.—Eve of the Purification.—A Monkish Visitor.—Grotto of the Virgin.—Solemn Scene.—The Priest's Petition. - - - Page 120

CHAPTER VIII.

Festival of the Purification.—Consecrated Candles.—The Procession.—Leave Nazareth.—Hassan's contempt for Catholic Ceremonies. — Seppouri. — Turkish Funeral.—Valley of Zabulon.—View from the Hills.—The River Naamah.—St. Jean d'Acre.—Italian Medical Officers.—Their destitute condition.—Chief of the Medical Department.—Ibrahim Pasha.—Destructive Siege.—Caifa.—Convent of Mount Carmel.—Gratitude of the Monks.—Journey resumed. — Fording the River. — Castel Pellegrino. — Wretched Khan.—A Widow's Hospitality.—My Convent Fare.—Night-scene.—Departure. - - 136

CHAPTER IX.

Ruins of Cæsarea.—Armed Arabs.—Turtles.—Attempt to cross a River.—Our Bivouac.—Hassan cross-examined by an Arab.—Our bargain with him.—His good faith.—Encampment of black Tents.—Arab Welcome.—Dinner. —Strange Bedfellows.—Milking of the Ewes.—Churning.—Arab Girls.—Unsuccessful Chase.—A Tartar Messenger.—His unlucky Attempt.—Recovery of his Despatches.—Passage of the Zucka.—A second night with the Arabs.—My Patients.—My Host's devotion. - 155

CHAPTER X.

Departure from the Camp.—Range of Hills.—Arab Shepherdesses.—Singular Notions of Beauty.—Jaffa.—Termination of the Fast.—Signor Damiani.—His perplexity.—View from a Terrace.—Indolence of an Egyptian Sentry.—Wall of the City.—Signor Damiani's Grievances.—Streets of Jaffa.—Gardens of the East.

—My sorry Equipage.—*Fa niente.*—Valley of Sharon.—Road from Jaffa to Jerusalem.—City of Rama.—Ruined Mosque.—The Latin Convent.—Dinner at the Convent. - Page 173

CHAPTER XI.

Promise of an Adventure.—A Negro Chief of Banditti.—Mahometan Procession.—My travelling Cavalcade.—Village of El Kobab.—Rugged Defile.—Desolation of the Hill-country of Judæa.—A Voice in the Desert.—Crowd of Arabs.—Beludab el Housh.—A Mendicant Nazarene.—Valley of Jeremiah.—Castle of the Maccabees.—First view of Jerusalem.—Its mournful Appearance.—Gate of Bethlehem.—Entrance into the Holy City.—Convent of St. Salvador.—My monastic cell.—Solitary supper. - - - - - 191

CHAPTER XII.

Greek Pilgrims.—Via Dolorosa.—My Cicerone.—Our Saviour's path to Calvary.—House of Simon the Pharisee.—Emotion of the Pilgrims.—Prison of St. Peter.—Houses of Lazarus and the "Rich man."—Eastern mendicants.—Ruins of the Empress Helena's church.—Mosque of Omar.—Pool of Bethesda.—Scene of St. Stephen's martyrdom.—Tomb of the Virgin.—Mount of Olives.—Garden of Gethsemane.—Scene of our Lord's Ascension.—View of Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives.—The Muezzin's call on the Mahometan Sabbath.—Procession of Dervishes.—Peak whence Moses surveyed the Promised Land.—Party of Arabs.—Sepulchre of Lazarus.—Feelings inspired by Jerusalem.—Fountain of Siloa.—Turkish indolence.—Aqua-vitæ.—Italian Doctor. - - - - 203

CHAPTER XIII.

Preparations for a comfortable evening.—An Accident.—A blundering Leech.—Chief of Ibrahim Pasha's Engineers.—Serpents in Charcoal.—Procession to the Church of the Sepulchre.—Bargaining for Relics.—Spot where Abraham offered his Sacri-

fice.—Crowd of Pilgrims.—Stone of Unction.—The Holy Sepulchre.—Calvary.—St. Helena's Seat.—Pillar of Flagellation.—Eastern notions of Modesty.—Unhallowed Tumult.—Tombs of Godfrey of Bouillon and Baldwin.—Relics.—Country between Jerusalem and Bethlehem.—Church of the Nativity.—The Grotto of the Manger.—Altar of the Magi.—Extraordinary Scene.—Supper in the Convent.—A bigoted Catholic. - Page 221

CHAPTER XIV.

Wailing in the Cemetery.—Grotto where the Virgin concealed her Child during the Massacre of the Innocents.—Ibrahim Pasha's exaction.—Pools of Solomon.—Kind Reception by a Mamlouc Bey.—Dinner at his house.—Egyptian Captain.—Tombs of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and Sarah.—A frantic Mussulman Priest.—Invitation from a Jewish Rabbi.—His House and Family.—An interesting Patient.—Petition to the Bey of Damascus.—Pilgrims' Certificates.—Mountebank Priest.—Arrival of Captain Fitzmaurice.—Gratuitous Accommodation of Pilgrims.—Motley group of Armenians.—Mount Zion.—Mosque of David.—Sacred spots.—Stone of the Sepulchre.—Miracles.—Hassan's purchase of a Talisman. - - - - 237

CHAPTER XV.

Leave Jerusalem.—My Fellow Travellers.—Village El Bur.—Micmash.—Ruined Khan.—Our miserable Lodging.—Ingenious Robbery.—Recovery of our Baggage.—A Surprise.—Our Fellow-Lodgers.—A Quarrel.—Magical effect of Ibrahim Pasha's name.—Indian Pilgrims.—A miserable Night.—Journey resumed.—Heights of Ephraim.—Desolate Region.—Magnificent Vale.—Scene of Jacob's Dream.—Valley of Shechem.—Well where our Saviour conversed with the Woman of Samaria.—Mountains of the Samaritans.—Wretched Khan.—A good Samaritan.—The Engineer Colonel's Inspection.—Ibrahim Pasha's scheme.—Capacious Vale.—Deplorable Resting-place.—Tempestuous Night. - 254

CHAPTER XVI.

Leave Nablous.—Ancient city of Sebasti.—Destructive Torrent.—Town of Arabie.—A silent Visit.—Position of Cities in Palestine.—Unchanged Manners and Habits.—Beautiful Defile.—Plain of Esdraelon.—Town of Jennin.—Women of the place.—Ancient Fountains and Wells.—Hamlet of Endor.—Solitary and beautiful Scene.—Valley of Jordan.—Excavations.—Mount of Precipitation.—Mount of the Earthquake.—Scene of the overthrow of Sisera.—View from the summit of Mount Tabor.—Cana of Galilee.—House where the Miracle was performed.—Fields where the Apostles plucked the Grain.—Mount of Beatitudes, where our Saviour delivered his Sermon.—Scene of the Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes.—Town of Tiberias.—Church of St. Peter.—Turkish Conversion of Jewesses.—Jewish quarter of the town.—Facility in becoming accustomed to the manners of a country. - - - - - Page 270

CHAPTER XVII.

Mass in the church of St. Peter.—Bald Heads.—Shrouded Women.—Parting with Captain Fitzmaurice.—Extensive Solitudes.—Site of Capernaum.—Ramble among the Hills.—City of Saphet.—My desolate situation.—An English Jew.—Apathy and ignorance of the people of Palestine.—Lodging in the house of a Christian.—Lenten fare.—Horror of Freemasonry.—Chief city of the Fleas.—Judith and Holofernes.—Leave Saphet.—Pleasure of solitary travelling.—Banks of the Jordan.—String of Arabs.—Bridge of the Daughters of Jacob.—Preparations for passing the night.—Chorus of Frogs. - - - 288

CHAPTER XVIII.

Journey resumed.—View of the Sea of Galilee.—Miserable Road.—My self-congratulation unpleasantly disturbed.—Village of Goneytri.—Mount Hermon.—Squalid women.—Numerous

offers of Lodgings.—Pestilential spots.—Post-house.—String of Women.—Ancient Road.—Herd of Pilgrims.—Beautiful Armenian.—Town of Sasa.—Its abominable condition.—Merriment caused by my Frank Dress.—Arab Reception.—Khan-el-Sheach.—Plain of Damascus.—Approach to the City.—Scene of the Conversion of St. Paul.—Silk-weavers.—Reception by the Guard of the Egyptian Army.—Hassan deprived of his Weapons.—My quarters in the Franciscan Convent.—Ibrahim Pasha's Friendliness to the Franks. - - - - 309

ADVENTURES

DURING

A JOURNEY OVERLAND

TO

INDIA.

CHAPTER I.

Port of Marseilles.—French Colony at Algiers.—Universal Interpreters.—M. Guienne Luis.—A "Bon Enfant."—"Le Jeune Menandre."—Involuntary Intruder.—Dinner al fresco.—A Bonapartist.—A Gale.—Negro Boy.—Egyptian Coast.—Host of Pilots.—Harbour of Alexandria.—Quarantine.—The "Bon Enfant."

THE port of Marseilles is a good preparation for a visit to the Levant. Its sandy neighbourhood, and the numerous olive-trees that are sprinkled about it, with the variety of costume in the streets, and an open manner of dealing in the shops, give it very much the air of an

Eastern city. I arrived here on the 8th December 1832, uncertain of my future movements; Algiers, Tunis, Cyprus, Smyrna, by turns occupying my imagination. The quays of this port are not calculated to relieve the embarrassment of a doubtful mind; the agents for the different vessels, who inhabit little rooms upon them, round which are exhibited boxes labelled with the names of every harbour in the Mediterranean, from the most renowned to the most insignificant, are in such number that, whichever way the eyes may wander, they will be greeted by an invitation to sail immediately for some celebrated shore.

The cholera had occurred in Marseilles; at Algiers, therefore, there was a quarantine from this, and to all vessels from that port, nineteen days at every other. I accordingly gave up the hope I had formed of visiting the French colony, in the praise of which all people here are very loud: at every public thoroughfare in the city, I hear the deeds of the army against the Arabs proclaimed in the manner of a last dying speech in the streets of London. The commendations of the colony are all in one tone: it has

a good restaurant, and several excellent coffee-houses, with a theatre and opera,—the perfection of colonization, I conceive, from the air of pride with which I hear them spoken of.

In so busy a mart it is natural that many languages should be spoken; I hear on every side Turkish, Arabic, Greek, French, English, and Italian, and sometimes from the same pair of lips. These universal interpreters display great skill in addressing a stranger at once in his mother tongue. My country, perhaps, is very strongly written on my brow, for the moment I show my face in a bureau, some attaché of the establishment receives me with a "How d'ye do, sir?" and I stand convicted of being an Englishman before I open my lips. I have shown some want of tact in this matter myself; I mistook a very honest English countenance for that of a Frenchman the other morning, when seeking my fortune in one of the ballot-boxes I have mentioned. A well-dressed man was standing alone, as if waiting to be questioned, by the door of a bureau; I made him a very polite speech in French, when to my surprise he growled out, "Don't talk your parlez-vous

stuff to me—I 've been bothered enough with it;" and, pushing me somewhat unceremoniously by, walked sulkily away. He was the captain of an English brig, and had, I dare say, as he said, been plagued enough by such addresses.

After visiting several vessels destined for the Levant, all of them French, and excessively dirty,—pestilence and famine seemed to me to possess every quarter of them,—I was about to quit the harbour in despair when I met a most obliging banker, to whom I had brought a letter of credit, and whose kindness was so great that I must take the liberty of mentioning his name,—M. Guienne Luis: he was on his way to the exchange, held in the lower apartment of the town-hall. On learning from me my disappointment, he begged me to follow him, and he would introduce me to a captain of a vessel bound to Alexandria,—"un bon enfant," he called him,—who would treat me most splendidly.

It was approaching sunset, for the hour of meeting on business was late; the crowd was so great that we were long before we discovered

my future captain, and I was so distracted by the confusion of tongues within the place, that I could hardly attend to the movements of my guide. At length we threaded our way to a spot where stood a fine, good-humoured man, more than six feet high, and so stout that I agreed readily with the banker when he whispered to me, "Go with him, you are sure to fare well. He does not live on air, eh!" His was indeed an enticing figure; and after a little conversation I accepted of M. Monier's terms, and became a promised guest at the table of "Le Jeune Menandre," for that was the classical name the vessel bore.

We were to sail in three days; and, as there were no other passengers, I was to choose throughout the ship, and live in fact "en prince" for a mere nothing. "Three hundred francs," said the captain; "what is that?" and indeed it was not much. The group of merchants among whom he stood when I approached were Greeks of Smyrna, and seemed delighted at the bargain we had concluded; they followed me a little from him to congratulate me on the advantage of sailing in the racing

Menander. "Ah, c'est un bon enfant M. Monier!" said the principal, as he wished me good evening; "Ah! bon enfant!" echoed his companions. I had not long got into the street, when I met an agent to whom I had in the morning spoken about a passage. He accosted me with, "Well, have you found a ship?" I told him my success, when in rapture he exclaimed, "Ah! vraiment c'est un bon enfant!" Fore gad! thought I, they are all in a tale: I shall soon see what manner of man a "bon enfant" is.

The mistrale blew for many days, and prevented the vessels leaving the harbour; at length, about two in the morning,—for the wind in its changes seldom studies the convenience of those dependent upon it,—I was aroused to embark upon "Le Jeune Menandre," and, reaching her before daylight, found all in the most perfect confusion: she was working her way out of port among a crowd of vessels; and, great as the noise was on every side, there was one who in voice, as he exceeded in stature, surpassed the Babel of the whole,—this was the "bon enfant." Knowing what it is to interrupt

the mildest seamen in their vocation, I quietly retired to a small cabin on the deck which I was to occupy: it had four berths; but as the master and his mate were to sleep below, I was generally to possess this to myself.

I had scarcely turned in, when in rushed a little negro, or rather flew, for he had been propelled by some peculiar process that I did not at first perceive; and, had not a shoe followed him, I might still have been left in ignorance: a naked foot, in pursuit of the fly-away shoe, and in the act of giving further aid to the bounding boy, explained the matter perfectly. This might have been a playful sally of the "bon enfant" merely, for he it was from whom the poor youth had sought refuge in my cabin: he followed him in, and seizing him by the throat, thrust him into one of the berths, where he sat, the very image of an imp of darkness, screaming with all the force he could collect.

I bore the serenade with great patience until daylight and a pleasant breeze induced me to escape from it. The shores of the Gulf of Lyons are too well known, (the approach to Marseilles particularly,) to give me any ex-

cuse for saying a word about them. On the 22nd of December 1832, however, at about ten in the morning, I lost sight of them, and before dusk was sufficiently established on board to enable me to take interest in the composition of those about me. I found that neither captain, mate, nor any one in the ship, could speak French with greater facility than myself; we were likely, therefore, to have a stammering conversation. The crew were all of Marseilles and its neighbourhood, and knew only the dialect of the country.

The first day at sea, a landsman seldom dines; and the captain excused himself for having the meal rather in the rough, by the necessary occupation of every member of a small crew, not excepting the cook, on the first day of sailing. I was willing to accept it; but this day the manner of serving dinner has continued the same. "Let us dine al fresco?" said the "bon enfant." "Much better," said the mate, who kept the dinner watch, and I was glad to escape from the close cabin. Without table, cloth, or chair, we sat down upon a hen-coop, each with a plate on his knee and a knife and

fork in his hand. The first dish, a bowl of beans, made its appearance; it was very soon consumed, and with an earnestness on the part of my host that alarmed me not a little, for surely, thought I, he cannot be keeping a corner for anything else, and should this be the dinner! "Eh bien, monsieur," said he, when the bowl was finished; "you make no dinner: come, drink." The mate, who foresaw the probable difficulty upon such a summons, handed me his tumbler, wiping it with the corner of a napkin by no means in a state to remove impurity; and supplied himself with a broken coffee-cup, from which he threw the remains of particularly ill-coloured salt, the appearance of which had deterred me from flavouring my dish of beans with it. "Mais, mon Dieu!" exclaimed the captain, whose heart had been opened by the draught of wine, "you 'll starve: eat something; be quite at home. An omelette, what say you?"

The sound was delightful, and I agreed at once to the omelette, which came floating in oil, and was brought by the cook himself, the dirtiest man I ever beheld. He anticipated a scene,

and delivering the dish into the master's hands stood ready; I received my portion, but, hungry as I was, the odour was enough. Up rose the captain, seized the plate, and putting his nose to it threw it overboard, and threatened to send the cook in pursuit of it. "Vilain! coquin!" shouted he, while the culprit in vain endeavoured to explain matters. "You said they would last, but I told you they would not," was all I could hear, which was so satisfactory to me that I perceived but little chance of a dinner. "Voilà le bon enfant" with a vengeance, was my reflection; and the second day's meal ended worse than the first.

M. Monier was a most devoted Bonapartist; the hero and his deeds alone were the subject of his conversation; and many times had I to hear how severely, on certain occasions, the poor English had got beaten, when in England they had always imagined that they had been the conquerors. He was a gross blasphemer too, yet superstitious to a degree: although he reviled his religion, and abused the priesthood in most unmeasured terms, he would not suffer eggs even to be eaten on a Friday,

and crossed himself most devoutly if he heard a profane speech from another. To scoff at religion is so common among the middling class of Frenchmen, that I should not have noticed this fault in my captain, did he not out-Herod Herod. He was beyond all I could have believed possible.

On the fifth day from Marseilles we made Malta, and on the 1st of January at daylight were opposite to the north point of the island of Candy. We had hitherto had a fine run; but the wind now changing blew a gale, and my "bon enfant" soon showed that he was no rough-weather sailor. In the evening we had still the same bearings, when in he rolled to the cabin, where I was sitting as meek as the fasting I had undergone could make me: "You are mad," cried he, "vous êtes enragé, monsieur Anglais; you are mad, I tell you." I felt some misgivings about the poor man himself as I looked quietly at his agitated countenance. He was certainly the madder of the two. "Are you not mad, I ask you?" he continued; and, before I could reply, rushed out and belaboured the little negro, who was screaming with all his

might at the capstan, about his head with the speaking-trumpet: then rolling up to me once more, repeated the question, "Are you not mad?"—"Not quite," I answered; "but I soon may be." "And you will be well served," said he, "to come to sea for pleasure! Sacré, to the devil with all madmen! You've no business here, sir; you must be mad, and you sit as if you had been all your life in a storm. Mad as a thousand devils! mad! mad! mad!" he continued, muttering as he left me for some moments. "Encore le bon enfant!" thought I.

The negro boy, whose crying I have already mentioned, was just beginning to grow good-humoured, when this unfortunate storm brought all his ill passions out again: for the first three days and nights he had never ceased to scream; coaxing, threatening, and beating, were alike of no effect: his berth was immediately at my head. He was worse than the night-mare,—I could not shake him off: and if his own strength had not failed, I should have given better cause to the captain for questioning my sanity; he would have driven me mad.

I learnt as much of his history at last as he

knew himself. He seemed about nine years old, and was by birth a Nubian. He had been six months in Marseilles, where he had learnt a little French. When three or four, his mother had carried him and his sister from their village on a journey; there were besides many women and children; suddenly a party of men fell in with them, and he saw no more of his mother: the children were taken to Cairo and sold. A Greek merchant had bought him, and sent him after a while as a present to his brother in Marseilles, the owner of the ship we were in. He had behaved ill, and his French master was returning him: he liked France so much that he did all he could to escape; but, finding it impossible, resolved to harass the captain to the utmost, by screaming constantly; "for," said he, "he is very fond of sleep, and I thought I would not let him enjoy it; but I did not imagine the voyage would be so long."

This is a favourable season for going to the Levant; and on the sixteenth day, 6th January 1833, at daylight, we made the Egyptian coast. Some vessels, that had kept nearer to the shores of Africa than we had done, reached Alex-

andria in eleven and twelve days. The wind was blowing strong upon the land, which, rising a-head of us like a long ridge of sand, seemed but a continued swell of the ocean: it was some time before I could believe that the apparent wave was really sand. We stood towards it until we perceived a tower, and a square heap of ruins like a fort on a little mound beyond it. This the captain, who had been navigating the Mediterranean for twenty-eight years, took for Aboukir, and shaped his course accordingly.

When we had gone some distance to leeward, we saw a Turkish merchant-ship standing in the opposite direction. This sight dismayed the captain, whose uncertainty of the landmarks was rather a proof of the great difficulty there is in making the Egyptian coast, from its unvarying appearance, than of his own want of observation. The place we had made turned out to be the Arabs' Tower, as much to the west as Aboukir is to the east of Alexandria. We bore up for the port, keeping close in, and following the line so faintly drawn in the horizon, that, near as we were, we might have

doubted its being Egypt: with the exception of two date-trees standing together, there was not an object on the shore, from the Arabs' Tower to Pompey's Pillar, which became visible before the masts of the vessels in the harbour.

So anxious a man as the poor "bon enfant" I never met; it was blowing hard, and he, having made one mistake, had lost all confidence in himself. When I put my glass to my eye, it threw him into an agony beyond expression. "Mon Dieu! que voyez-vous?" he cried with the most frantic gestures, trembling from head to foot: I put my glass away, for I was afraid the apprehension that I saw something which he could not, would have induced him to stand out to seaward.

At length we neared the shipping, and were delighted to see a boat making for us; in a few minutes we were boarded by a host of pilots. They gave directions in all the languages of the Mediterranean, with now and then an English word. It seemed to me miraculous that, in the midst of such confusion, the vessel at last got into harbour. At the helm of the pilot-boat was

seated an old man with a venerable beard; he steered with one hand, and in the other held a rosary: the shouting of the crew had no effect upon his gravity; he was the most immoveable person possible, and might have been a figure-head to one of Mehemet Ali's fleet. Five or six men, armed with long pipes, boarded the racing Menander, and in half an hour afterwards by their joint counsel we came to anchor near a three-decker undergoing repair: scaffolds were suspended beneath each tier; and the people, who seemed to be innumerable on board, ran in and out like ants, or hung in clusters at each port like a swarm of bees. She was fitting for sea; the crew looked squalid, and in dirt nearly equalled the vessel.

Several other ships of war, that had just come in from the coast of Syria, were lying in the harbour; their boats skimming about, manned by Arabs in scarlet dresses. The harbour was full of vessels of every nation; and, being Sunday, all their flags were flying. There is little in the outward appearance of the town of Alexandria either to please or to surprise. The Pasha's dock-yard on one side, and a collection

of singular windmills on the other, were the objects that most attracted my notice; the arms of the latter are not unlike the wooden stars that are hung over shop-doors in England to receive the lamps on an illumination night. The column might with some reason have provoked the attack of Don Quixote, for, as the author of the Diary of an Invalid says of the windmills in Portugal, they are no bigger than good-sized giants.

After we had come to anchor, I was a little inclined to quarrel with Mehemet Ali's advance in civilization, for he has established a quarantine, and it was necessary to be visited by a deputation from the health-board before we could disembark: an hour, however, passed without any appearance of the inquisitor, when the pilot exclaimed with a laugh, "He is taken ill himself, perhaps; you had better begone, for there is no knowing what he may do when he comes."

The quarantine was not difficult to evade. At any rate, I hastened down the side, more delighted to escape from a "bon enfant" than I should have been from the walls of a lazaretto.

I left him in a towering rage with one of his boots which would not be pulled on: he was swearing at it, and stamping in the most ludicrous passion; while the little negro stood by with a boot-hook in his hand, that had lost its office by the bursting of a strap, in terror lest it should be converted into a weapon of torture on himself. If I have not learnt the exact meaning of a "good fellow" in France, I have at least been taught that such a term has many acceptations; and may I never again fall in with a "bon enfant!"

CHAPTER II.

Arrival in Alexandria.—Donkey Drivers.—A Ride.—Eastern Scene.—The Governor's Carriage.—The Frank Quarter.—A Man of Distinction.—Soldiers of the Guard.—National Sign-boards.—Frank Ladies.—Striking Contrasts.—Unfortunate Piedmontese.—Gamblers.—A Dinner Party.—"Regalo."—A mock Fight.—Motley Scene.—Boxing-match.—Unwise Change.

January 6th.—THERE are few things so uncomfortable, perhaps, as the first arrival in a strange land, where the manners and customs are the very opposite of one's own, the language unknown, and not a resident with whose name you are acquainted. I have been before in Alexandria, but since then nine years have passed, and where can we, after such a lapse of time, expect to meet the same faces again?—not, at any rate, where plague makes its desolating visits, nor where despots wield their uncertain sceptres. I left my baggage on board of the ship, and, with much of the feeling of a pilgrim, had come alone to seek a place of refuge

Whatever grave thoughts I may have indulged in on my way to the wharf, the moment I set my foot on shore they were dissipated: it had been raining, and the ground was deep in mud; and on a space clear of everything but dirt, not very far from the water side, were huddled together a crowd of donkeys, their little ragged attendants "standing at ease." My coat and hat were signals for a charge; down they came, and in an instant I was surrounded by the most riotous crew of urchins I had ever seen collected together. I was but a small prize among so many, but they were determined to share me, and fought and clamoured as if it had been a matter of the last importance. Whichever way I turned, a herd of donkeys was driven upon me. "Him kicks highest, captain," said one, in a mixture of Italian, Arabic, and English, laying on the poor beast with a whip of hide at the same time to prove his assertion. The animal was well trained to this sort of exhibition, and fully supported the character his master gave of him. The novelty of the recommendation making me smile, induced a general kicking-match, and I

should have had some difficulty to choose had such an accomplishment been my aim.

I was not likely to escape from this little persecution; and giving up the sauntering voyage of discovery I had meditated through the town, quietly submitted to have a donkey driven between my legs, for this was rather the manner of my being mounted, than from any exertion of my own. After a gentle kick or two, which seemed merely a signal for starting, my running foot-boy lashed away in good earnest; occasionally, I must say, giving a random intimation to my right leg of what he was about. There was a sort of "place" in which stood the governor's house; and a narrow street, in which many marks of Christianity in doggerel rhyme, invited passers-by to halt and quench their thirst. One or two were in English, and held out good promise for a gratification of the national taste, although my mother-tongue was little credited by the display.

I at length reached a turn in the long lane, and found on one side, near the sea, a coffee-house, in which were seated Turks and Arabs, and near which the business of justice seemed

to be carried on; while, on the other, were the merchants in the midst of their bales, squatting in little stalls. I seemed to be thoroughly in the East. Veiled damsels and loaded porters, pompous Turks and dirty fellahs, with strings of donkeys pushing their way, indifferent of the kicks and curses that assailed them as they unceremoniously disturbed the lounging progress of the foot-passengers, were all around me. The confusion put all thoughts of my own purpose out of my head; so on I trotted, at the discretion of the little imp at my heels, who flogged away as if he at any rate had no care for my plans. I formed but a very passive member of the trio to which I belonged; as a formidable blow on my donkey's head, from some passing stick, very soon convinced me. At this, the beast suddenly twisted into the mouth of a narrow lane, which seemed from the smell to be the tobacco bazaar; when in rushed a crowd of every description, as if pressed by some terrible enemy,—an avalanche could not have more confused the city. When the panic had subsided, in majestic state came the governor's coach; and indeed it was ne-

cessary to fly from it. Away it rattled with four horses and a proportion of outriders, as indifferently as if it had been flying over Salisbury Plain, bumping against the shops from side to side as it went. It would not have been possible to upset it; and, aware of this security, with most imposing dignity sat the Pasha of Alexandria, with an amber-headed pipe at his mouth, and an equally grave companion on the opposite seat. This was an apparition I never expected; and although such an advance in civilization is highly commendable, I hope, when carriages become general, those who indulge in them may see the necessity of building towns to hold them.

This interruption having passed, I trotted on once more, and in a few minutes the face of affairs was quite changed. Shops had doors to them and counters; the men stood among their goods, and even women, with their countenances open as those of their mates, were assisting in the conduct of the business. The proprietors of these "botteghe," as they are called, are generally Greeks; among them, however, are some Italians. Although the customs

of the East and West have in a manner become near neighbours in the Egyptian port, it would be impossible to allot a "whereabout" to most of the figures that frequent the Frank quarter of the town. A red cap with a long blue tassel, the uniform head-dress of the army, with a pair of scarlet Turkish slippers, are the general appendages of all; the rest of the person is arrayed in every variety of costume, Greek, Turkish, and Frank. Every man, even to those in the dress of Europeans, carries a string of beads and smokes a long pipe; there is a listless, do-nothing air about all, that gave me at first the impression that they had been roused suddenly from a "siesta" by the passage of the governor's coach. I forgot that what had so much flurried me must be an every-day occurrence to these monotonous wanderers. There were coffee-houses and spirit-shops, from which came a most execrable smell of aqua-vitæ, the vilest of all possible decoctions, and with the odour of which every shop and every man in this part of the city is impregnated.

When I reached the midst of an extensive area, on one side of which was a wide street

running down to the borders of the old harbour, with a row of high white-washed houses on each side, while, on the other, was a heap of mud, and narrow lanes opening upon it, that would, I think, have done discredit to our St. Giles, my little guide stopped me and asked where we were to go. This was a simple question, and conveyed to me in one Italian word—"Dove?" but it was far beyond my power to answer. I took the opportunity of a parley, however, to shake off my companion and his donkey; and having gained some piastres from the boatmen who brought me on shore in exchange for a French piece, I rewarded him beyond all his hopes.

I alighted in front of a guard-room that stands at the entrance of the street. The men had just turned out to do honour to a mounted officer, who caracolled past on a pretty little horse, and had the air of a man of some distinction. He was dressed in blue cloth, à la Turque, with a pair of European boots and large brass spurs; instead of a shawl round his waist, he had a girdle, and no turban graced his head. He wore the close red cap, with

about half an inch of a neat white one peeping below it: he was compact, and, I may add, soldier-like enough, but shorn of everything that gives in my eyes dignity and grace to an Oriental. He reminded me very much of the compressed and uncomfortable appearance of a cock that has just had its comb cut off. The soldiers of the guard wore the same sort of head-dress, and were clothed in scarlet serge, being in make something of a compromise between the fashions of the East and West: the officer, who was a Turk,—(his men were Arabs,) —was dressed in the same manner, with the addition of a quantity of gold; and round his wrist he wore a whip of hide, with which he inflicted most tremendous cuts on the faces of the poor men if they were not, in military phrase, "well dressed."

A number of little idle vagabonds, whose curiosity was fully as excusable as mine, were collected round "the court of guard," to stare at the proceedings; but he of the whip was not disposed to gratify any such craving, and, dashing among them, played the same pranks with the same effect as an eagle might do in a dove-cot.

Having witnessed this specimen of military discipline, I walked down the street which led to the harbour, quite satisfied that what I had observed afforded no reason why Mehemet Ali's army should not in time rival the best among the civilised ones of the world; for they all commenced, I conceive, with very much the same notions of government. On my right, as I went towards the sea, were the arms of several nations,—among them those of my own,—hanging over the doors like sign-boards, very much tarnished and indifferently painted: the consular establishments have been for some time, I find, removed from Grand Cairo to this place, which has become, since the war with the Sultan, the most useful, if not the most populous, city of the Pasha.

I was puzzled beyond measure with the range of buildings on the opposite side. In its whole length I could see no door; and here and there, where the windows were open, there seemed a number of little chambers like rooms in a barrack, and occasionally finely dressed damsels might be discerned ensconced behind the window-curtains, with fantastic caps on their

heads, and gay dresses and jewels, as if they had been placed there like the statues of saints in a church to beget the adoration of all that passed. I must do them the justice to say, as I have taken the liberty of mentioning them, that the saints themselves could not have been more decorous in their demeanours: but there they sat, some with the dark eyes of Italy, some with the sallow complexions of Malta, and others with the half-timid, half-wild expression of Greece; and why they exhibited their different charms so demurely in an Eastern city, while in the other quarter of it their sisterhood walked veiled to the very eyes, was, and still is, a matter of deep mystery to me, unless, as my first impressions led me to fancy, those who rejoice in a Frank descent are resolved to prove it by every possible contrast with the natives of the country.

In turning towards the part of the town I had left, that I might seek more diligently for some place to hide my head, I came suddenly upon a donkey that bore a burthen of so un-Moslem an appearance, that, with my former recollections of the East, I could hardly believe

it real,—an European lady as gaily dressed as if she were on her way to a wedding; a white satin gown, with a flimsy scarf about her neck; and a bonnet, such as I remember some seven or eight years ago in England, bearing the same proportion to the face that a beehive does to one of the little creatures within it: it bent back from the wind, and gave to the eyes of all she passed as much of her features as could be revealed. This I thought startling enough; but it came with greater force from the neighbourhood of a cluster of poor women, in blue shifts, and black veils or masks over their faces, that prevented the very forms of their noses from being traced.

I was almost giddy from the variety I had seen, and might have found much matter for reflection in the striking contrasts that had just engaged my attention; but a new subject, promising more interest to myself, suddenly interrupted the train of my thoughts, and brought me acquainted with one of a very numerous class that has grown out of the Frank intercourse with the country. "Buon giorno, signore!" said a tall stout fellow as black as a coal,

who stood nodding and grinning at a little distance from me; "do you want a servant? I can speak French, Italian, Greek, English," he continued, giving me a specimen of his powers in each. "What can you do?" I asked in my own tongue; at which, exposing to view a most formidable array of white teeth, he replied, "Me cookie, too good; leetle coffee—leetle broth." "Anything else?"—"Leetle broth—leetle coffee."

After a few more inquiries, I found this was the sum of his accomplishments; and although more useful than beating the drum or manufacturing spatterdashes, was scarcely enough to recommend him as my esquire in the doubtful expedition I meditated. He served to guide me, however, to a "locanda," which was denoted by a fine brazen sign hanging so high in the air that it had escaped my notice. At the foot of the steps that lead up to the coffee-room of the "Aquila d'oro," I parted with my universal linguist; having learnt from him on our way that he had been servant in succession to many Franks, from whom he had learnt to make coffee and broth. He had lost all that is good

in a Mahometan, both in manners and appearance, and had picked up all that is bad in an European; and the many idle lads with whom he left me to consort, showed that he had fellows in the same school, whose education had kept pace with his own.

The first aspect of the Aquila d'oro was far from agreeable. At the top of a flight of perpendicular steps, excessively filthy, was a large room, in which a table, covered with a dirty cloth, showed that active operations had been lately carried on; fragments of bread and fruit lay strewed about the floor, and the most abominable smells proceeded from every corner of the building: in a narrow chamber beyond, were a collection of little tables, all neat enough, and at one of these I was soon seated with an exceedingly good dinner before me. While I was thus agreeably engaged, a room was to be prepared for me as much out of the way as could be, and a messenger sent off properly accredited to bring my baggage on shore. There was but one person in the room beside myself. He was dressed in a green jacket and trousers, very much braided, and had on a party-colour-

ed silk sash; the incessant red cap completed his costume. His head had just been shaved; and his newly razored temples, contrasted with the bronzed complexion of his countenance, gave him rather a wobegone appearance. He was carefully examining the "carte," and picking from it the cheapest dishes; for everything in the restaurant was managed in the manner of a French one, and each dish bore its price against it.

I found, on entering into conversation with this man, that he was a native of Piedmont, and one of the instructors in Mehemet Ali's army. His pay was many months in arrear; and the thread-bare and darned uniform he wore, gave evidence clear enough of the fact. Many of the figures, similarly dressed which I had noticed roaming about the streets with pipes at their lips, I now perceived filled the same office. I was much pleased when he told me that there was no Englishman in a similar capacity; for all that I had seen bore so haggard and desolate an air, that I should have been loath indeed to witness a countryman so bowed down. To be a drudge, ill-paid and ill-con-

sidered, in an Eastern army, seems to me the last refuge of the unfortunate.

A few Italian oaths, breaking from an adjoining room in which I had heard the rattling of the billiard-balls, interrupted our discourse, and in came four brother-officers of my newly made acquaintance, followed by a youth in the Greek dress, who was the marker at the table. I was not more favourably impressed, from their appearance, of the situations they held. We were too many now, however; and I left them to settle their disputes over a bottle of aqua-vitæ, the very name of which would have been sufficient to scare me from the room.

The landlord of the house is a Frenchman, and has been some years in the Levant: he speaks English exceedingly well; his waiters are Italians, natives of Leghorn, who had come to try their fortunes in Egypt. The room I was to occupy was off a long hall, that was in some measure detached from the rest of the building, and hung over the sea, the spray from which very nearly reached my window. It was the old harbour, and served now for vessels to ride their quarantine in; two forlorn

Greek schooners stood in durance there; and the health-office was in a tower at the extremity of the upper line of works that defended the entrance.

I was a little startled to find a large dinner-party in the hall through which I passed to my quiet room. The company consisted of a dozen persons in Turkish dresses, with two musicians who were seated at the table playing and singing with all their might. There was wine upon the table, of which every one partook in a most unflinching manner. The noise was tremendous, but I was assured it would not last long; and, although they were all Mahometans, it was not difficult to see that they were hastening towards a state of silence. In expectation of such a consummation, I sauntered towards the landing-place, that I might meet my baggage and assist in its disembarkation. A very fat good-humoured Turk, in a yellow cloak lined with fur, sat smoking in the porch of a small building that served as custom-house, close to the sea-side: here I found my bags attending a consultation holden upon them by three or four men, who were very anxious to

scrutinize their contents. I avoided this, however, for the port regulations did not seem very strictly conducted; and obtained a little ticket that was to pass them through a gate where another custom-house officer was stationed, solely for the purpose, as it seemed to me, of obtaining a fee for not asking to see this said ticket.

As I was leaving my fat friend, who had been smiling most complacently at me the whole time I stood by him, a tall gaunt Turk touched me on the shoulder, and, with a mysterious wink, pointed towards him with his thumb; and, perceiving that I did not immediately take the hint, roared out the Italian word "Regalo!" with a tone that quite startled me, and made the porters put down their loads to note the effect of such a summons, and draw, I conclude, an estimate of my generosity from the manner in which I obeyed it. I was a little puzzled: I had nothing less than a dollar, and had no notion of repaying the old gentleman's civility by so large a sum. However, there was no other way; so I held a piece in my hand, and offered it to him; when, as if to surprise me by

his liberality, he drew himself up with great dignity, and waving his hand up and down, with his fore-finger bolt upright, in the way a Turk only can, exclaimed several times, "La! la!" the Arabic word for No. This did not seem to meet the calculation of the tall Turk, who stood behind his master, and grinned and winked at me while I was returning the dollar to my pocket; intimating by a side nod that he would slide from his position, and give me an opportunity of bestowing my money.

He was disappointed, however, and I went "in peace," as the superintendent prayed that I might do, and arrived at my hotel in the midst of a most singular exhibition that the Turkish dinner-party had engaged in. They were officers of the Pasha's navy, as little silver anchors on their left breasts denoted; and, warmed by the wine and the minstrelsy I left them enjoying, had commenced to fight their battles over again; when, drawing their swords, they rushed into the centre of the room, and, for aught I could perceive on entering, were going through the manœuvres of two hostile

squadrons. They were staggering drunk, as well as the musicians, who screamed and stamped their feet in the most outrageous manner. Some men had taken the forsaken seats at the table as spectators, and were thumping it in applause of the performance; while two good-humoured-looking captains of English merchant-vessels were shouting with laughter, and encouraging the sport. One of the performers reeled towards me when I was perceived, with a sword in one hand and a bottle in the other, to induce me to join in the dance. I had some difficulty to escape his importunities; and, as my room was not likely to be agreeable with such neighbours, wandered once more into the town, that I might pass the remainder of the day in its streets. I had thus, I conceive, a specimen of Frank manners, according to the notion of the Turkish subjects of the Pasha of Egypt, in whose country, it is said, civilization is fast spreading.

When I reached the square I have spoken of, I found that the advantage the master of a kicking donkey possessed over that of a more

gentle animal was very great. Being Sunday afternoon, the sailors of the ships in the harbour had leave to come on shore, and hired the poor jaded beasts by dozens, choosing those, and paying most for them, that gave them the greatest share of fun; the highest kickers were consequently in much demand. They raced about the town, and added considerably to the humour and variety of the celebrated city; which never, even in the days of Cleopatra herself, could have contained so motley a population. A most solemn procession of Franciscan friars, belonging to the monastery that stands within the ancient walls, headed by a remarkably fine-looking man in a broad-brimmed white hat, with a long staff in his hand,—such a figure as might have suited a grand-master of the Templars,—drew on one side till the riotous racers had passed, and completed the singular mixture to be seen on every hand. The leader of the friars, I found, was the newly-appointed vicar-general of the Holy Land, and was waiting an opportunity to sail for Palestine.

As it grew dark on my return to the Aquila

d'oro, I was interrupted by a crowd of all nations assembled in front of one of the coffee-houses. I mixed among them, and found they were gathered to witness a fight between the mates of an English merchant-ship. The combatants were both drunk, and struck at each other in the most random manner, but much to the amusement apparently of all around. The maudlin expression of their faces, which were covered with blood, while they hiccuped out occasionally to each other, "You 're no gentleman," afforded a specimen to the lookers-on of civilization indeed.

I retired to my room after this exhibition, to record faithfully the passing scenes of a Sunday in the streets of Alexandria; and, now that I have completed it, how great appears to be the advantage which the liberal Pasha of Egypt will draw in return for the protection he affords the Franks! "Sono quasi Franchi,"—they are almost Franks,—said the Piedmontese instructor to me, talking of the officers of the army. I hope they may pause before they proceed farther in their imitation.

When, by the spread of civilization through the Mahomedan dominions, the grave and solemn Turk exchanges his capacious robes for the more scanty clothing of the Europeans, I fear, from the examples they have now before them, they will also adopt manners as strange to their characters, and as unbecoming, as the dress.

CHAPTER III.

Victory of Koniah.—Eastern and Western Manners.—Procession of Nurses. — Egyptian Troops.—Embarkation of Soldiers.—A Greek Schooner.—Her Recommendations.—My Esquire.—A Mutiny.—A Rebel Leader.—Mehemet Ali.—Embark in the Aspasia.—The Binbashi.—Soldiers on Board.—Coast of Palestine.—Laughable Scene.—A Panic.—Gulf of Caifa.

THE news of the victory of Koniah has just arrived, and thrown the city into a state of joy and illumination; and the Grand Vizier, a prisoner of war, is shortly expected. A Frank coffee-house-keeper has thrown a triumphal arch across the street in which his house stands. It was lit up by variegated lamps, and bore an inscription in Arabic, denoting that Mehemet Ali, Pasha of Egypt, is the second Alexander the Great. Around it were fountains containing aqua-vitæ, but so arranged that it was necessary to suck the spirit up through a pipe. The faithful had the means, therefore, of grati-

fying their Frank propensities without being detected.

At the house of a French family I had the good fortune to meet all the principal Europeans of the city; the men were generally in Frank costumes, but among the ladies, there were some of the gayer fashions of the Levant; and several of the elder ones stumped across the room in the high wooden shoes of Aleppo, made like clogs of sandal-wood, prettily inlaid with mother of pearl, which raised their wearers a foot at least above their natural height, while the younger ones had their black tresses braided round a scarlet cap similar to that worn by the men, like the folds of a turban, and tastily intertwisted with the threads of the silk tassel that hung from it. There appeared a struggle between Eastern and Western manners, which should gain the ascendency. The old ladies without scruple, as they sat on the couches round the room, screwed up their legs à la Turque; and I thought I sometimes detected, by the absence of a pretty little foot that had been stolen up to a position it was accus-

tomed to, that the young ones also would have preferred such an attitude.

There was an absence of form at any rate in the society, and I thought, in one ceremony that amused me much, not a little simplicity: most of the dancers, who seemed mere girls, were young mothers who could not for any time be separated from their babes; instead, however, of remaining at home, they determined to combine their pleasure and their duty, and a procession of nurses, after a little while, filed through the dancing-room to an adjoining chamber. I did not quite understand the meaning of this interesting group at first; but a gentle whine from one of the infants caught the ears of an old lady, who clumped upon her pattens up to the seeming girl with whom I was dancing, and in very plain terms scolded her for suffering her child to starve. "I know its voice," said the old lady, "from a thousand." "It is not mine, mama, I am sure," said my partner, and I thought a sharp argument would arise between them upon the subject; when suddenly the note was taken up by all the infants, and the old ladies, jumping

off their seats, bustled about to drive in the young ones, who, to do them justice, showed no unwillingness, and in an instant the dance was abandoned, until, the office being performed, the mothers returned, and, apologising prettily for what could not be neglected, gave their hands once more to their partners, and resumed the dance until the lambs should again call them away by their bleating.

I found but little in Alexandria, after I had seen the few troops not yet sent into Syria, and the shipping, to induce me to continue my abode in it. I must notice, however, a regiment of lancers, disciplined in the French manner, that manœuvred most admirably every morning in the square in front of the Pasha's new palace. The Egyptian Arabs are not dark, and, dressed in their present costume, seem scarcely more swarthy than men of the South of Europe. The little squads of infantry at drill in front of their barracks within the city, speak very much in favour of the instruction they receive from the Frank adventurers attached to them. The Arab non-commissioned officers appear to take great interest in their offices, and possess the

most stentorian lungs I ever heard, to which, if they have but six men under them, they give full power: their strut and pride of pace would not do discredit to a Serjeant Kite.

I have observed from the window of my room, that looks over the old harbour, four Greek schooners lying in quarantine, receiving on board from time to time boats full of soldiers; every detachment is accompanied to the sea-side by a group of women, whose loud wailings may be heard along the deep. These unhappy beings sit in circles on the beach, and mingle their moans with the murmurs of the surf, till by starts, as if in concert, a frantic screeching drowns the sound of the ocean itself, while they beat their breasts and toss their arms in the air: there is something wild and picturesque in the scene, from the loose blue shifts and graceful motion of the mourners. As the men are embarked many days before the vessels are to sail, these poor creatures have their sufferings lengthened out, for the laws of quarantine prevent their husbands coming again on shore; and day after day they repeat their dismal visits to the place of embarkation. This may speak,

too, of approaching civilization, for I have often witnessed scenes as sorrowful on the coast of my own country.

A Russian frigate arrived in the harbour this morning, bearing, it is rumoured, an envoy empowered to treat with the Pasha regarding peace with the Porte, and the withdrawal of the Egyptian army from Asia Minor. I purposely pass over politics, however, and proceed on my own way. I yesterday engaged a passage on board one of the melancholy-looking Greek schooners that I have already noticed: I was not able to go on board, as she is not yet out of quarantine; and I rowed round to within a boat's length, that I might obtain a peep of the accommodation destined for me. The captain, Demetrius Felinè, a very respectable old man, pointed out a box upon the quarter-deck, made of deal unpainted, that would have answered for a dog-kennel exceedingly well; assuring me I should be most comfortable within it, and nobody should intrude upon my privacy, for I might fasten it up, if the natural curiosity of the Turks and Arabs led them to pay me an undesired visit. "Upon my head," said he, "be

that." He thought I demurred, when from time to time I endeavoured to catch a view of it over the bulwarks as the little vessel rolled towards me, and declared it had been made by a great merchant for himself and family at Smyrna, for the voyage that had now lodged him in quarantine. "They were four people," said he, "and you are but one. Come," said he, "with me, for the 'Aspasia' is the fastest sailer you will find in Alexandria." However, it ended in my agreeing to go as far as he was likely to sail; for, as he had been taken up as a transport for reinforcements to the Syrian army, he did not yet know his destination.

On my return to my room, I found a volunteer to share my fortunes with me,—a fine youth from Upper Egypt, whose father was a baker of Frank bread in Cairo. When a boy, he had sold the loaves, and thus had picked up many words of Italian. His vocabulary was not very extensive certainly, and he did not promise much companionship. "Pane," as was natural, served with him to denote every description of eatable; and when, as an experiment, I sent him in pursuit of sea-stock, with the direction

"to buy bread and something else," I found it answered admirably. My general direction for a dinner, therefore, became, as he immediately settled it, "Pane e altra cosa." As from such a commencement I expect him to figure in my adventures, I shall at once introduce him as my esquire "Hassan." There was an honesty about his countenance that won my good opinion at first, and an ignorance of every country on earth besides Egypt that fitted him for the trusty follower of a knight-errant most admirably. As the vessel was to sail on the 15th, I put his deliberations to an end by sending him at once on board.

As buying a few days' provisions brought me acquainted in some respects with the supplies of Alexandria, I found that there was no Mocha coffee to be sold in the city: the last cargo had been brought round the Cape of Good Hope to Marseilles, and thence shipped for Egypt. News had just arrived that sufficiently accounted for the interruption to the commerce of the Red Sea, and shewed us how servants behave to their masters still in the East, in spite of the day of civilization that has dawned upon

it. The whole of Arabia is in revolt. Since the successes of Ibrahim Pasha against the Wahabees, Mehemet Ali has had a strong hold on that country, and held possession of the principal cities in Hadyaz and Yemen. He had divided among them five thousand Turkish horsemen, and two or three thousand disciplined Arab infantry: the surrounding country was still occupied by the Bedouins. His troops, as usual, were very long in arrears, and mutinied for pay: the officers, who were disposed to control them, were dismissed, and they seized upon the towns. The commander, having escaped, returned to Egypt, and detailed to Mehemet Ali's divan what had occurred. The Pasha selected a country-man, Toorki-Bil-Muz, a native of Cavalho,—the companion of his youth and the favourite of his age,—for the task of subduing the mutineers to order. He set out, fully accredited, with a force at his command, and funds to satisfy the discontented soldiery. He was desired also, for the repayment probably of this expedition, to buy up all the coffee of Mocha, the only article produced in his dominions still in the hands of private dealers.

This man restored peace so well, and gained influence so greatly among the troops, that he resolved to turn rebel too, and carried his arms against the towns that had not yet submitted, for his own advantage. He is now, it seems, investing Mocha, which must yield to him. Nearly all the Egyptian officers have joined him: those who have not, have been shot by the men; among whom was Ismael Bey, who was to have had the command in Arabia. The rebel leader has made himself so popular, that all tribes of Arabs seem disposed to follow him: and, warring upon a new principle for Mahometans, he spares private property, none of which has been injured or sequestered even in the course of his conquests. The Arabs have generally, I fancy, another motive for following a leader than affection for himself, and may not quite approve of this scrupulousness about property.*

* Toorki-Bil-Muz has, since my arrival in India, reaped the reward of traitors. He has been driven from Mocha by a tribe of Arabs, thirty thousand strong, who plundered the city, having attacked it when unprepared for such an event. The rebel governor took refuge on board a brig-of-war of the Indian navy, and came in her to Bombay.

I did not make a formal visit to the Pasha, so have nothing to record of his beard, his sharp glance, or his manner of receiving the impudent questions of his English visitors, who not unfrequently assume a style of interrogation that might suit the members of a commission sent to spy into the abuses of some little colony, rather than dependents on the courtesy of an absolute prince. Mehemet Ali's forbearance and polite reception of such curious travellers are, I think, his most extraordinary qualities. I saw him in the dock-yard, where he is a frequent attendant, and takes much personal interest in the progress of his works. He is now ten years older than when I first saw him, but has still the appearance of great energy. Every man must feel deep interest in the contemplation of a tyrant: independently of the great qualities the Pasha of Egypt may possess, the circumstance that on the passions of that coarse-looking old man hang the fortunes and the lives of all those about him,—gives him a higher place among the objects of curiosity in my mind than anything in the struggles he makes to do a little good in his country. Col-

leges, manufactories, and disciplined armies, do not make the peasantry of the miserable villages throughout the valley or the delta of the Nile one bit happier or more free: they are wretched in appearance, and wretched in fact.

July 15th.—I embarked on board the "Aspasia" at noon to take possession of my dog-kennel, which was indeed little better: it was divided into two apartments of four feet long each and three broad, and had a sliding door railed like that of a wild-beast cage. Hassan and my sea-stock were cuddled up in one half; while I, who found it in this instance a misfortune to be six feet high, rolled myself into the other with my baggage and a basket of oranges. The roof was so low that neither of us could sit up; and when the quick motion of the little schooner scattered all the flour, macaroni, and oranges about, we resembled a pair of Hindoo gods squatting in the midst of the offerings that had been made to us.

In the cabin of the vessel were seven Turkish officers, among whom was a certain effendi, whose name I did not learn, a binbashi, and commandant of the squadron with which I was

now fairly afloat; three hundred men, all Egyptian Arabs, with twelve Greek seamen, filled the vessel, which was of about one hundred and twenty tons. There was little chance indeed of intruders to my cabin; for, in the midst of my goods, I fitted into it so tight, that I could not without great difficulty get out.

The instant the anchor was up and we were under weigh, the Turks scrambled up the ladder, and exclaiming "Allah Salāmut!" began to smoke their pipes with great solemnity. The poor soldiers, who had been on board for a few days, had not yet got over their sea-sickness, and looked as miserable as can be conceived, huddled together on the deck so thickly that it was impossible to pass. The Turks were very civil, and invited me to visit them below: I underwent the penance of a pipe in their dismal cell, which of all black holes was the worst. The only light was thrown by a small lamp, that burnt in honour of the Virgin, of whom a figure in wax stood in a niche at the head of the cabin: she was enclosed in a glass case, or would have been sadly smoked by the flame that was kindled for her. The slaves of

the Turkish officers were lying about the deck helpless, and moaning in a miserable manner: each Turk sat on his own little carpet and preserved an independent state in the midst of the confusion; his long pipe and an occasional cup of coffee filling up the intervals of sleep.

The binbashi was a fine-looking man of very pleasing manner, and conversed with me through the interpretation of a Greek sailor, who spoke Turkish and Italian very fairly: he expected to go, in command of a brigade which he was to collect at Caifa, to Tarsus, and thence march to the head-quarters of Ibrahim Pasha. He had commanded a thousand men, which his title implies, at the siege of Acre; and twisted his moustache with great complacency whenever I mentioned that place, though he seemed to consider it beneath his dignity to enter into any minute conversation upon the subject.

I very soon grew tired of my taciturn friends, who, like myself, began to feel the bounding motion of the Aspasia and returned to the deck: it was blowing very fresh, and we were now well out to sea. The confusion on deck was greater even than that below. The soldiers were wet

through, and their knapsacks, which were strewed about, promised but little relief; the red serge uniforms were nearly threadbare, and very few of them had cloaks. Had we been going on a long voyage, I should have apprehended the plague,—famine, as it was, sat in their cheeks: each man had a portion of bread intended to last the voyage, which was the only ration given to them; a few of the most provident had dates. No animals could have been thrown together with less attention to their comforts; every one was sea-sick, and there was not one who had either resolution or strength enough to move from the place he had sunk down in on first coming on board.

I won the favour of those near me by dividing among them my basket of oranges, for they could not crawl over the crowded decks even for water; they were generally fine young men, and deserved much better care than is ever likely to be bestowed upon them by their enlightened master. I peeped below, before I crept into my box, to see how my Turkish friends fared. The sea had done its utmost for them; they were stretched like corpses on their car-

pets; even the binbashi had lost his self-possession and was laid prostrate: such a spectacle would become an Egyptian tomb, where mummies of all hues, and in all positions are seen huddled together. I sat in my box all night in expectation of being washed to sea by every wave that rose: to sleep was out of the question; I could not lie down, and the dismal moaning about me effectually prevented my nodding as I sat. I never was so thoroughly uncomfortable, and never can be, I think, as on board the "Aspasia."

The day at length dawned, and we were off the coast of Palestine; but it was blowing a hurricane almost, and so thick that we could scarcely see the length of the vessel. The master thought that we were off Jaffa, but was not half certain enough to content me: every wave broke over us, and we were up to our ankles in water; the knapsacks were afloat, and the bread of the soldiers was swimming with them: it was fortunate that the motion had carried away their appetites as well as their food. As for my hopes of breaking my fast, they were soon at an end, for Hassan and his larder

had been washed out in the course of the night by a sea that broke over the poop: he was saved, but the lighter burthen soon disappeared.

The sea was increasing every hour, and the apathy of the Turks even seemed at last to abandon them; they came upon deck, and stood in a group gazing anxiously at the ocean, muttering "God is great!" at every fresh burst of water. The Arabs were drenched from head to foot, but had all jumped upon their legs at the first good sea we shipped, and stood trembling with cold: it was, although as miserable as could be, in many respects a most laughable scene.

About three o'clock, a glimpse of sunshine showed us a bluff headland, for which we were running as fast as we could, just in time to save us. There were two buildings on the summit,—one was an abandoned palace, and the other a convent, for it was Mount Carmel. We were within a few minutes of following the fortune of St. Louis, who was shipwrecked under this hill. In tacking to stand out, we took in a sea over the poop that washed away

my kennel and all that was in it. I was at the time in the waist; the cabin below was deluged with water, and up ran the six slaves, crying out as if they had been overboard. The Arab soldiers rushed forward, and overthrew the seamen; while the man at the helm was forced from his place, and, instead of returning to it, fell on his knees, and crossing himself most assiduously, began to invoke the names of all the Greek saints. Wave after wave broke over us, and I almost doubted whether we were still afloat. The uproar was beyond belief; the names of Allah and Mohammed were mingled with the tumult; the captain stood in one place stamping and screaming with rage, but nobody answered him.

I ran aft, and seizing the steersman pushed him back to the tiller; the Turkish officers, who made a melancholy group on the quarter-deck, applauded me for this manœuvre, and called lustily to the soldiers to remain still. They were not disposed to obey, however; and when I explained to the binbashi the impossibility of working the ship if there was not some order, he seized a large stick, and, rushing into the

midst of his miserable men, cut among them with all his might, shouting out, "Down you dogs, and sons of dogs!" This was too good fun to be lost; so every officer followed his example, and continued for some minutes slashing away, while the sea breaking among them washed them all into one mass. The object was at length gained, and the poor Arabs, worn out with their sufferings, sunk down on the deck.

About five in the afternoon we came to anchor in the Gulf of Caifa, immediately opposite the town, and close to an Egyptian frigate that was waiting for troops collecting at this place, to embark on board of her for Tarsus. It rained incessantly; and as there were no means of getting on shore, I was forced to pass the night on the deck, where I sat among the Arabs the picture of desolation, drenched alternately by the sea and the rain. I had ample leisure and inducement to meditate on the advantages of a visit to the Holy Land, for, like the pilgrims of old, I had begun by undergoing a very consoling share of suffering.

CHAPTER IV.

Entrance into Caifa.—Companions in ill luck.—A Quidnunc.—Inundation.—The Consul's Family.—Father Simon's Family.—Misfortunes of Caifa.—Night of Torment.—Forlorn Pilgrims.—Convent of Mount Carmel.—Elijah's Cave.—Music-master and Page.—"Carne di Porco."—Disconsolate Negress.—Dinner.—Asylum for Travellers.—Padre Camillo.—A Dilemma.—Supplementary Blessing.

January 17.—When the day dawned it was still raining most bitterly; we were fortunate enough to get a boat from a brig near us, for there was none belonging to the schooner, and I accompanied the binbashi to the shore. We went merrily on till within a short distance of the land, when a heavy swell rolling in cast us upon a ledge of rocks, and swamped the boat. A little more water was of no consequence to people already so drenched, so we floundered out of the sunk boat, and waded through the surf to the beach. Thus began my travels in Syria, but my water expedition I soon discovered was not yet at an end.

Caifa, or, as the Arabs call it, Haifa, is a walled city, and has one small gate towards the sea, into which I could scarcely pass, on account of a river of three feet deep that rushed through, bringing wood and even stones with it. When I saw the state of affairs, I took off my trousers and shoes, that I might make a more comfortable, if not respectable entrée to the town, and packing them up in my dripping cloak, strode boldly forward. Having accomplished an entrance, which was by no means an easy feat, I found myself in the midst of what appeared to be a pretty little lake, nearly up to my waist; all around was the accumulated rubbish that the river I had met on its way out of town had brought here to deposit. This seemed to be a court-yard, but the only building standing in it was a high tower, at the base of which was a door leading into a dark chamber, where I was delighted to take refuge. It turned out to be the guard-house; two Turks were dozing over a large pan of charcoal at one end of it, while the Egyptian soldiers were stretched on the floor at the other. I crept in, and endeavoured to dry myself; but the charcoal was too much for

me, and I was glad to escape to the door, where I sat shivering in hope that some change might take place in the weather.

After an hour of suspense, I was relieved to perceive two men with long beards, in the Hebrew dress, creep from beneath the corner of a shed which was yet supported by a tottering pole, the rest of it having already given way. They saw me, and approaching with evident pleasure exclaimed in Italian, "God be with you, signore!"—"And with you also!" cried I; "Pray, tell me, is not this Caifa, and where are the houses?"—"There are no houses in Caifa," said they; "they are all washed down by the rain that has lasted here for several days. Ecco!"—pointing to the river which was sweeping with increasing force round the gable of a house at the end of the principal street—"you see, do you not?"—"What am I to do then?" thought I. "Pray," I continued, addressing the Jews, "how many hours' journey is it to Acre?"—"Oh," replied the Hebrew, "you need not go there, for there is not even a shed left standing. Ibrahim Pasha has destroyed the whole city."—"Then, gentlemen,"

I exclaimed, "what fortune has brought you here, for you could scarcely have fixed upon a more unlucky spot?" "E lei!—and you, signore!"—they answered, and looking at me with something of a waggish expression, seemed to wait for an explanation.

I really was, as I suspect I appeared to be, the most uncomfortable of the party. I was not in the mood for gratifying curiosity, however; and contented myself with learning that my companions were merchants who had during the night been wrecked in the gulf, and lost all their goods: they were bound from Beirout to Alexandria in a small vessel laden with the produce of Aleppo and Damascus. She had gone quietly on shore, and been swamped; and they, having passed the night in the hovel from which I saw them emerge, were on their road to the beach to view the wreck, when they were arrested by the apparition of a nearly naked Frank.

As there was little chance of the weather moderating, I set forth in pursuit of new adventures. My esquire Hassan was still on board, so I had not the advantage of his as-

sistance, and I was left to put my own interpretation on all I heard, with every chance of being well perplexed.

After scrambling over a few ruined huts, I turned into an open space that seemed to lead to the principal battery, upon which six guns were mounted. I stood here for a moment to decide upon a fresh direction, when a little old man, spying me from the door of a tumble-down hut, made towards me with all the speed he could, calling out to me in Italian, "Wait, sir, wait; I want to speak to you." I hailed his voice with joy, and walked towards him. He was a shrivelled old creature of nearly seventy years of age, with a thin white beard, and dressed in a costume half Syrian and European. When I came close up to him, "Bene, signore," said he, "come va la Christianità?" and, crossing his arms, drew himself up as I imagined to enter the lists of disputation, for I construed his address into the question of "How goes on Christianity?"* "Is there anything new in it?" he continued; "come, let us have it."

* "La Christianità," Christendom, is the name given to Europe by the Christians of the Levant.

The notion that I was expected to stand in the midst of the rain, with my trousers like a hood thrown over my shoulders, to enlighten this old gentleman upon the schisms and new-found miracles of the church, set me off in a fit of laughter, that, added to my ludicrous appearance, had a most strange effect upon him. He soon forgot his interest in Christianity; and conceiving, I imagine, that he had fallen in with a madman, began to shuffle away as quickly as he had come towards me before. I called him back, and learnt from him that for fourteen days it had been raining incessantly; and that a small river, which flows from Mount Carmel, had broken its bounds and swept through the town, causing the mischief that I had seen. "However," said he, "the consul's house is still standing," and he pointed towards a square building with a long pole upon it. "For what nation is he consul?" I asked. "For all Christianity," replied my old informant. "Then," thought I, "he must have a tolerable share of philanthropy; and, as I am, I will assail him."

The water was knee-deep in the court-yard

in which his house stood, and, breaking prettily against the steps that led up to it, made a little cascade with which a cockney would have been proud to ornament his garden. A general barking of dogs gave the alarm, and brought a crowd of singularly dressed people to the top of the ladder, for it was no better, that I was scaling. An elderly woman, and two very pretty girls, had risen suddenly from some domestic office, and smiling, beckoned me to enter. They were dressed in the Syrian costume: the bosoms of the young ones were bare, and their black tresses hung nearly over them; their complexions were beautifully fair, and if it had not been for the deep line of antimony on their lower eyelids, which contrasted so unpleasantly with their white skins, I believe I should have stood gazing at them all the day long, for I was so confounded to find in the midst of so much desolation such pleasing objects.

I was ushered into a small room by the old lady, amid the unsuppressed laughter of her two daughters, and stood, "sans culottes," in the presence of the universal representative. He

was a modest-looking young man, and the brother of the young ladies, and had fallen into his present office by the death of his father during the siege of Acre. He was miserably lodged, poor youth! but he could not have been better attended, for his only handmaidens were his two pretty sisters. They were engaged as I entered in the delicate office of skinning a wild boar, and the fragments of the beast were strewed about the floor over which I passed: the operation was awhile suspended to regale me with a portion of its flesh fried, which was soon served by the eldest of the damsels, while the second brought in a flask of Cyprus wine.

Everything promised very well for a comfortable meal, when naturally enough our conversation turned upon the distressing state of the town; and Signor Malagamba enumerated with much minuteness the accidents that had happened from the flood, and the falling of the houses. The casualties of the night before had just been ascertained, and amounted to the loss of an old woman and a couple of donkeys; "but more may have been destroyed," conti-

nued the consul; "for, except mine, I do not think there is a safe house in Caifa: è fortissima," said he, "it is exceedingly strong," looking to the ceiling with much satisfaction; when, plump into the midst of our savoury mess, came about a yard square of the plaster from the roof, and very soon demolished the feast.

"Santa Maria!" exclaimed the consul, "è finito"—(all is over); and, jumping from his seat, he fled down stairs, without casting a look behind. "What is the matter?" exclaimed the old lady, who, with the head of the boar in her hand, rushed into the room followed by her daughters. She saw the plaster on the table—that was enough; and away she scampered, boar's head and all, in pursuit of her son, and away followed her daughters. I had from the beginning but little faith in the consul's safe house, and in good earnest joined the chase: nobody paused to look back till close to the outer gate of the court-yard, when, not hearing the clatter of bricks about our ears, we ventured to turn round, and the house was still standing.

"It is not falling," said the mother, in a

doubtful tone; and, unwilling to relinquish her nest, drew cautiously towards the steps. "Listen!" cried the youngest girl,—"sentite!" and we again hesitated. The water was still pattering against the steps; all seemed yet safe; and, after a few minutes' mutual encouragement, we ventured to examine, and found that the strongest house in Caifa had still weathered the storm. We could not, however, sit down with any serenity to a meal that had been so alarmingly disturbed; and I took my leave, under the guidance of a Christian youth, to whose care the consul had consigned me, and whose father still possessed a house in the city. He announced himself to me as "Michael, the son of Simon," and spoke Italian with very great fluency.

The house of father Simon was in excellent repair, and consisted of two capital rooms, into the upper one of which I was very soon installed; and, excepting from the abundance of fleas, which like myself must have been driven to the only refuge in the town, I should have been most comfortable; but, alas! my arrival was a jubilee to these implacable tormentors.

Worn out with fatigue and exhausted with hunger, I stretched myself upon a carpet, until the mother and sister of Michael, who were very officious in my behalf, should give me a specimen of their cookery; when, "I smell the blood of an Englishman!" was muttered among the fleas, and to the charge they came with so much vigour, that I was forced to fly into the court of the house, and seek some ease from the rain. What a night I had in prospect! I was not disappointed, and rolled about on my carpet for some hours without the least hope of sleep; when, hearing voices in the room below, I sought relief by mingling mine with theirs.

The party consisted of father Simon, a blind old man, his wife and daughter, and my friend Michael. My appearance drove the women into a corner, where, as is usual in the presence of strange men, they sat like frightened creatures, with their backs to me. My host's father had been a Frenchman, and in the last century had left his country and settled in this part of Syria. Michael, who, as a boy, had been employed about the convent, spoke Italian as well, I dare say, as the monks did; for, from his

account of them, they seemed to be generally from the Carmelite convent of Malta. The furtive glances of the timid sister showed me that she was young, and possessed of a proper allowance of curiosity; but her beauty was no great matter.

I learnt a great deal about mules, and horses, and roads, from Michael, who, apprehensive of being pressed into my service as a guide, did all he could to discourage my proceeding at present upon my journey. The rivers, from his account, seemed all to be in a state of rebellion; and the late disasters of "flood and field"—for the city of Caifa had undergone a little siege—had so unstrung the nerves of the inhabitants, that there appeared but little prospect of obtaining any of them to accompany me. Hassan, who was at St. Jean d'Acre during the siege, assured me, before I left the schooner, that all the Christians were cowards; and he had, I thought, some reason for the reproach; for Michael, who in this instance spoke for the town, had no very formidable obstacle to relate.

The two ladies that had fled my presence,

were so resolute in their modesty, that I would not carry their punishment further, and sought my carpet above once more, where I underwent a more than earthly torture until day broke to relieve me. I fancied a thousand demons were stabbing me with red-hot bodkins, while my feverish imagination transformed my tormentors into every diabolical colour and shape. A wooden casement, that opened to a narrow terrace, let in the light; and, squeezing myself through it, I sought the pure air with the avidity of a newly-liberated prisoner. The sea was before me as wild as possible, and the rain was still pattering away; I was on the roof of the kitchen, which, being only of wattle with a thick coating of mud to it, was not calculated to uphold me many moments. In effecting my retreat, I so shook the fabric, that I received an earnest appeal from the two women against such indulgence of my fancy for pure air in future.

In the course of the morning, Hassan made his appearance, with a host of Greek sailors and the poor remains of my provision, upon which I regaled the whole party; and, glad to escape

from the miserable town, hired a horse, and, under the guidance of Michael, set off to the convent on the promontory of Mount Carmel. The gate of the city was nearly choked up with mud. I struggled through it in company with two remarkably handsome Greek women and a fine stout protector, who formed part of a cargo of pilgrims bound for Jerusalem. They had been cast on the shore by the storm of the night before, and were grievously forlorn. I found the remainder by the banks of the stream near the town; where, having refreshed themselves in the clear water, they sat down and wept. There seemed to be more than a hundred, a great portion being women and children; they rose and surrounded me on my approach; but I could gather no more from them than that they meant to have gone by sea to Jaffa, but would now complete their pilgrimage on foot.

Finding my tongue could help me but little, a reverend-looking old gentleman, the priest of the party, presented me his snuff-box, while his numerous children drew round to witness the effect of the courtesy. It was instantaneous;

for my nose responded most loudly and frequently to his offer of civility. I know not if they considered this a good omen, but it made a most pleasing impression upon the whole gang, for I left them in bursts of laughter to pursue my way to the convent, being determined to mention them to the superior, in hopes, should they need his assistance, he might be induced to grant it.

In something less than an hour, by a stony path along the foot of Carmel, I reached the convent, a fine large building in an unfinished state. All was quiet about it but the wind, and I was in the centre of the new church before I was perceived. At length a shrivelled little servitor, who seemed to be wasted away by penance, emerged from a cell in one corner where I heard the jingling of money, and welcomed me to "Sante Carmelo." Michael introduced him at once as Fra Mattèo. I had interrupted him in the payment of the labourers' hire; and, with that sort of frankness that bespeaks one's interest at once, he told me that the building, which had been for some time at a stop for want of funds, would now go on again.

"We only work when we have money," said he; "but, thanks to God! we are never long without it." At the conclusion of this speech he made me a significant bow, and, once more bidding me welcome, proposed to announce my visit to the superior.

I was now ushered up a flight of steps into an exceedingly nice room, at the end of the gallery in which the monks' cells, though they deserve a higher name, were situated; and in a few moments Padre Camillo made his appearance. The room had benches, with soft cushions on them, round the wall, in the Turkish fashion; and a cup of coffee and a pipe, to complete the adoption of Eastern manners, were immediately handed to me. A very earnest invitation from the superior determined me to accept the hospitality of the convent until the weather should abate, and the floods throughout the country subside. There was a mysterious pleasure in becoming the inmate of a place so sacred and so celebrated as that above the grotto of Elijah, for with such circumstance the monks very soon made me acquainted, and with much reverence led me to the sanctified spot.

The altar of the new church is immediately above the cave, which is excavated in the bosom of the rock, but not to any depth. The entrance to it is railed, and within it stands a simple altar, at which mass is performed on the anniversary of the saint's day, for here Elijah seems to be classed in common with the modern saints of the Roman calendar. The peculiar holiness of the place, however, is preserved by a wooden statue of the prophet, of no very prepossessing appearance, in the act of giving a blow with a formidable club to one of the false prophets of Baal, who lies in the agony of death at his feet.

It was in this cave, which commands a very fine view of the ocean, that the first of hermits sat buried in contemplation and prayer. The festival of St. Elia, as the Italians call Elijah, is held in the month of July; and Mahommedans, as well as Christians, of every denomination, crowd to the shrine: the prophet indeed seems to be more venerated by the Mussulmans, who foretold the destruction of St. Jean d'Acre when Abdullah the pasha demolished the last convent, that he might use the stones with

which it was built in the erection of a house for some damsels of his haram. Now that Abdullah is a prisoner in Egypt, and Acre lies in ruins, the faithful read a fulfilment of their prediction, and see in his overthrow a just judgment for the violation of the sanctuary of the prophet. So said Padre Camillo, while I was strolling on the roof of the convent to gaze on the troubled ocean, and congratulate myself that I was not, like St. Louis, wrecked at the foot of the promontory we were looking over.

I was here introduced to Padre Emanuel, a Maltese, from whom I heard how nearly my fate and that of St. Louis had run parallel. I do not know whether such a notion elevated me in the eyes of the good monk; "But," said he, "whenever I saw your vessel beneath the hill, I thought of St. Louis; and he no doubt came here for shelter."

I was obliged to go back to Caifa, and contend once more with the fleas; so, lest I should have my head crammed with more legends of saints than I could bear in one day, I took my leave, under a promise that I should return the following morning to share their hospitality,

for without this assurance the kind fathers would not suffer me to depart.

I mentioned the cast-away pilgrims to the Carmelites; but when I told them that they were Greeks, there seemed to be but little sympathy for them; and I fancy these children of another Christian church would scarcely have accepted refuge among their opposite brothers, had it been offered.

On my arrival at Caifa, I found my little lodging invaded by a most singular group,—instructors to the army of Ibrahim Pasha. A brigade had marched into the town from St. Jean d'Acre during my absence, and these worthies had come to billet themselves on father Simon. Michael's face became blank the moment we alighted, and I soon perceived that they were not very welcome guests. The mother and daughter went lazily to work, and the old gentleman took refuge in a corner of the room, where he sat moping and little inclined to speak. The new visitors had taken possession in good earnest, and had spread their carpets over the floor.

The eldest of them had by his side a coal-

black page dressed in the costume of a Mameluke, with a slashing sabre most cavalierly slung. There was a "lurking devil in the eye," that betrayed a gentler bosom than the outside promised: it was, in fact, the faithful "leman" of as thorough a Captain Bobadil as ever swaggered. She was from Nubia, and in all respects one of Afric's daughters; the "Lara" of her love was a Signor Mariana, from Piedmont, and, as I learnt, music-master to his regiment; but, before a stranger, he thought it proper to play the airs of a higher soldier.

"Cospetto di Bacco!" cried he, as I entered the room, "I have not had my boots off for three days."—"Ah, Diavolo! nor your clothes," thought I, "for three weeks," for so dirty a dog I never beheld. I was very much relieved to find that he was satisfied to remain yet another night in his boots, and that we were not to be inflicted with a toilette.

In a little while came in two more,—there were already three in the room,—exclaiming in triumph, "Carne di porco!" and holding the fore-quarter of a wild boar between them. "Carne di porco," was echoed with great glee

through the party, and a famous bustle ensued to prepare for the contemplated sacrifice to father Simon's household gods.

There is a rage for pork among the Franks attached to the Egyptian army, that is most extraordinary in a country where in general it is very far from eatable; they conceive it to be, I presume, the great test of Christianity, for, go where they will, the first cry is, "Carne di porco." My friend Michael, who is a little scandalised at this outrageous appetite, declared to me that they did nothing but eat pork and drink "aqua-vitæ;" and I am fully disposed to credit it. The Nubian girl, who had imbibed thus much Christian feeling, undertook the scraping of the joints clean, and retired to a corner for the purpose. My hostess and her daughter took the opportunity of this little lull in the uproar, which they saw had disconcerted me, to propitiate me by some gentle attentions; and sidling with an air of mystery towards me, they each stuck a carnation into my hands, then kissing their own fingers, applied them to their foreheads, and retired. I accepted the offering with great pleasure, and sat down with

every disposition to interpret the flowers into professions of all sorts of kindness and flattery.

I was soon interrupted in my occupation by a fresh arrival, that promised to add some interest to the scene; a tall negress of a very fine figure, dripping wet and bathed in tears, rushed into the chamber. Her hair, I have no doubt, would have enabled me to talk of its being dishevelled, if it had not been so undramatically woolly as to seem nearly matted to her head. She had a babe of a very fair complexion in her arms. Whether her grief was really sincere, or whether the fit of crying was got up for the occasion, I know not; but she was some time before she attempted to explain the cause of her sudden appearance. We all drew close round her, and even the scraping of the pork was a while suspended. She told her tale after a little soothing: it is one, I dare say, of very common occurrence.

She had been bought in Egypt by an Italian attached as a surgeon to that portion of the army now at Antioch, on the classical banks of the Orontes. He had abandoned her soon after the birth of the yellow infant

that she carried, upon whose cheeks she lavished kisses every now and then with lips that on the shores of Africa would have made me tremble,—of a most cannibal capacity. Soon after she had been purchased by her faithless lord, she had, she sobbed out, for his sake become a Christian: when the child was born, the father became estranged from her, and at length turned her away. She made her entrance once more, however; and a second time he put her from him more effectually, for he shipped her on board a vessel bound for St. Jean d'Acre: and she had in the morning disembarked, and made her way to Caifa. There was a general expression of sympathy for her, in which the *fair* Mameluke was very earnest, foreseeing her own destiny in the unhappy fate of her countrywoman.

One of the Italians appeared to recognize her, and said he had heard that her master was on the point of being married to a lady of Aleppo: she asked him in the most piteous accent if this were true. He replied that there was no doubt of it: she had heard it, she said;

but *he* had never told her so: then, dropping to the ground in a fit of despair, she commenced a wailing of the most melancholy description, wringing her hands, kissing her infant, and sobbing to such a degree, that we were all nearly melted into tears with her. She was regularly admitted of the society; and, as evening was now setting in, the cooking was resumed with double vigour.

I was resolved to have nothing to say to the wild boar, and, when all was ready, drew quietly away to the most distant corner of the room, although it was no easy matter to escape contact. Such a group was never met together in a Christian country; we were in all, including the host's family, thirteen. The unhappy Ariadne had become a little comforted, and seemed to take every possible advantage of her conversion to Christianity in the course of the dinner. To escape the odour of their aqua-vitæ, I sacrificed the only bottle of brandy I possessed; and it was so much appreciated, that towards the end of it, when they began to stammer out their gratitude, I believe they

thought me "a brave god, to bear such celestial liquor," for they had none of them tasted brandy for several years.

There was some difficulty in arranging ourselves for the night; very little of it, however, was passed in sleep, for I had the satisfaction to hear, every now and then, from the half-suppressed curses of my neighbours, that there had been a diversion in my favour among the fleas, and that I did not monopolize the attentions of the whole gang.

I rode up to the convent again on the 20th, and have ever since been firmly established as a lay brother of the order, being admitted to all the privileges except that of celebrating mass, and having the advantage of more indulgences than the fathers themselves. The building is designed as an asylum for Christian travellers, and has one wing set aside for that purpose, into which even "errant damsels" may be admitted without endangering the sanctity of the place; for, when completed, this part of the establishment will be entirely cut off from that occupied by the monks.

I have possession of the only room into which

the rain has not made its way, and look out upon the Mediterranean, which has been in a state of uproar ever since my abode on Carmel, which has now grown into a sort of imprisonment. Rain has fallen incessantly, and the thunder peals over the mountains night and day, with the most vivid flashes of lightning I ever witnessed. No person has been able to leave the convent, and no stranger has ventured near it. I am very well able to judge, therefore, of the "life of a holy friar."

Immediately after matins I am visited by the superior, and we walk up and down my room in very edifying conversation, till coffee, and most excellent bread, baked in the convent, make their appearance. Padre Camillo has lived a great deal in the world for a man who belongs to so austere an order as that of Mount Carmel. He was some time at Bagdad when Mr. Rich was resident there, and takes great delight in speaking of him; but, although in many respects an intelligent man, his ideas of the Church of England are the queerest that can be imagined. He could not comprehend the sort of being an English bishop was, and

could scarcely credit that we believed in the Trinity. As I endeavour to soften his feelings with regard to our heresy, he breaks out into passionate exclamations, standing with his hands clasped in the centre of the room, and grows sometimes most eloquent in his prayers for our return to the Roman fold. "To be so near it, and not of it," he says, "is dreadful:" but, interrupting himself in his rhapsodies, he assures me that he does not mean to take the advantage my confinement beneath his roof gives him to beat me, but promises that before I quit Jerusalem I shall be fully convinced of my errors.

At twelve o'clock we adjourn to the refectory, where a most plentiful dinner, under the auspices of Fra Mattèo, awaits us. A very long grace is chanted by the monks, which concluding by a benediction to all those within the pale of the church, perplexed them a little, on recollecting that I could not be entitled to its advantages. I was standing on the left of the superior, with great gravity trying to follow the meaning of their thanksgiving, when I perceived the sudden dilemma. The monks looked at each other to take counsel in this

strait, when Padre Julio, a good-natured indifferent old man, with a solemn low tone ended his mumbling by saying, "e lei signore"—"and you too, sir." This became the form on all occasions during my stay; and I felt quite satisfied with the supplementary blessing.

CHAPTER V.

A Discovery.—Padre Julio.—Padre Emanuel.—Fra Battista.—Santa Theresa.—Apparation of Elijah.—Miracles.—Valley of Martyrs.—City of Cæsarea.—Vespers.—Supper.—Delicate Discussion.—Ruined Convent.—An Excursion.—Fountain of Elijah.—Petrified Fruit.—Camillo's Enthusiasm.—Preparation to depart.

THIS morning Signor Mariana paid a visit to the monks, and brought his disguised mistress with him: she sat with great calmness in the reception-room, and took her cup of coffee "like any other man." When dinner was announced, we all marched down; but at the door of the refectory the Italian made a pause, and cast a doubtful look towards the Mameluke, who drew back with some alarm. When grace was said, the pair was missed, and Father Julio went out in search of them. He returned with a most comical expression of countenance, scarcely able to control his inclination to laugh. "E una donna," said he,—

"It 's a woman." "A woman!" exclaimed the monks, crossing themselves: "is it possible?"

Signor Mariana would not forsake the forbidden guest; so what was to be done? A little consultation took place: they could not be turned hungry away in the midst of the storm. I suggested that there was no temptation in the charms of the lady, and the monks might run the hazard. "E bruttissima—she is as ugly as Satan;—and, besides, has man's clothes on." "Let her come in," said the superior. Father Emanuel alone looked grim upon the occasion; but Julio ushered her into the room, announcing with mock gravity, "il Signor Mariano," laying great stress on the masculine termination he had given to the name.

Padre Julio has been forty years a recluse of Mount Carmel. It has been always his duty to perform mass at Caifa, where there is a little chapel and cell for him to sleep in. Every day in all weather he walks up to dinner on the mount, and returns in the afternoon to the town: he is upwards of seventy years of age, and a native of Malta. He has had the advantage of being several times imprisoned, and

was once, under Djezzar Pasha, led out to be beheaded, but escaped by a miraculous intervention that had the effect of softening the butcher's heart, although I did not comprehend the nature of it. He is merry and healthy, and seems to think very little about the time or manner of his death. He possesses as few of the attributes of a hermit as I ever met with; but his brother Emanuel, who is soon to succeed the present superior in his office, is a most rigid recluse: he never has a smile on his lips, and scarcely ever a word. I should have thought he never suffered his mind to wander from divine contemplation, if he had not one evening, when looking towards the ocean, burst into loud and enthusiastic admiration of Columbus and all early navigators. He seemed to have read every voyage of discovery down to the death of Cook, but of more modern events he was singularly ignorant. He told me that the only recreation he ever allowed his mind was in the perusal of books of travels, of which he possessed the earliest, translated into Italian. He had the greatest possible rage for following the steps of those he so much ve-

nerated. But what could he do,—a poor monk? I was astonished, for I had set him down as the very pattern of a hermit, and fancied that during his frequent absences he might have been ruminating in some cave of the mountains. But, thus cribbed in a convent, his heart has all his life been beating to lead him into distant lands,—a most unfortunate predilection; his journeys having extended no farther than from Malta to Carmel, where he means, I conceive, to die. Meditation in the spots consecrated by the memory of the first of all hermits, Elijah, is so strictly enjoined to his followers, that there is no escape. Emanuel possesses a good deal of ingenuity, and has constructed a very tolerable model of the convent, which is to go to Rome.

The architect, a brother of the order, Fra Giov. Battista, is at this moment engaged in a pilgrimage through some parts of Europe, to gather money for the completion of the work. The monks draw a good omen from his name being the same as that of the builder of the first convent on the mount, who is besides a most approved historian of the order, which I find consists of two classes, one of which is dis-

tinguished by wearing stockings, and the other by going barefoot. Santa Theresa, it seems, reformed some of the luxuries that existed when she became a Carmelite, and, "ex pede Herculem," dismissed stockings, that the dirty feet of the monks might shine a type of their piety and rigour. She has several convents dedicated to her, and is held in great veneration, particularly by Padre Camillo, who, to enable me to while away my time during the periods of his retirement, gave me to read the histories and legends of the saints of the mountain. I became so bewildered by the miracles, that I started from my seat at every gust of wind.

The town of Caifa was so called, the learned monk says, in consequence of its having been founded by Caiphas the high-priest, or at least restored, for he will not uphold the building of it; and here, near a ruined castle on the shore, erected by a Pasha of Acre, St. John and the Virgin, as he maintains, embarked for Ephesus, and disembarked on their return. This spot was the site, he declares also, of Porphyria, where Constantine, surnamed Porphyrionita, was

born. This last matter he introduces only, I conceive, from an anxiety to gather all he can to distinguish the nearest city to the sacred mountain; the real history of which, and the devotion that has arisen from it among Christian monks, is in itself abundantly interesting.

The point of the sacrifice of Elijah is at the inner extremity of the range, as this is the outer, immediately over the brook Kishon: it is impossible to reach it until the weather has abated. I am bound, therefore, to the solemn trifles of the monkish legends: so late, it seems, as the commencement of the last century has the prophet appeared to protect his persecuted disciples. An Arab chief of a very formidable tribe had assembled his force on the close of a day within a short distance of the convent, which was then seated in a narrow gullet of the mountain, for the purpose of plundering it: he had on his road to pass by a celebrated fountain, called "The Fount of Elias," and by the side of it sat an old man with a venerable beard, in whom the Arab immediately recognised Elijah. On pain of some dreadful punishment,

he was ordered to desist from his purposed attack. He obeyed, and became a most zealous friend and protector to the lonely monks.

The miracles are generally of this description; but very few of them have been worked for so useful a purpose. The great saint of the order seems to have been a Father Prospero, who was superior at the time of the above appearance of Elijah to the freebooter; and many peculiar marvels were accorded for his benefit, to save him trouble, or to avenge the insults offered to him. Walking one day with a solemn look, as was his wont, along the valley in which he and his brethren lived, a Druse was insolent to him; but the good father minded it not. In the middle of the night, however, Elijah, attended by the Virgin, appeared to the offender, and so frightened him that he rushed out of his hut to make his escape, when lo! the grotto and chapel of the Virgin was illuminated with miraculous lights; upon which the unfortunate Druse immediately went mad, and soon afterwards disappeared. Elias was dressed in the Carmelite costume!

Although much of the thick volume is taken

up with tales such as these, there are some very painful narratives of martyrdom in it, of which the monks seem to have undergone an ample share. Several thousand Christians, with all the fathers of St. Bertoldo, by which name the convent was then called, were massacred in one day in the valley where the ruins of the building now stand, too appropriately, in consequence, styled the Valley of Martyrs. A stream runs through it to the sea, which is now full of water.

I am growing very weary of my confinement, although nothing can exceed the kindness of the monks, who mean, I have no doubt, to compliment me highly when they assure me that I should make a capital Carmelite. I am driven to a species of meditation, in spite of myself; and, as a change from my barred window and the theological controversies with Father Camillo, I find a very agreeable retreat in an abandoned palace of the late Pasha of Acre, which stands close to the brow of the promontory: from a window that overhangs the crest I can look along the sea-coast nearly to Jaffa, and across the Mediterranean to where Cyprus

sometimes, as the clouds break before the wind, shows its head for a moment. Long trains of travellers, perhaps pilgrims to the holy city, pass slowly over the sands, well huddled up in dark-coloured cloaks.

Between this road and the hill is a strip of cultivated land, in which, notwithstanding the rain, many people are at work. Halfway down the steep immediately below me, the monks say, stood the city of Carmel; it is now a rocky declivity, and leads by a winding way to the many caves that face the sea, in which the children of the prophet have passed their secluded lives. The first place towards Jaffa is the modern village of Atlieb, the Castel Pelegrino of the Crusades, and the Dor of the Hebrews. Beyond that,—its columns and buttresses, a confused mass, stretching into the waves, over which, from this distance even, the surf may be seen to break,—is the celebrated city of Cæsarea. Both the imagination and the memory have abundance to occupy them as they fly over these scenes; and if it were not for the restlessness of a worldly spirit, that longs to escape from its imprisonment, I should be

well tempered by my meditations for an inhabitant of one of the forsaken caves. The thunder gives a sublimity to the solitude; and the gushing streamlets that have been fed by the rains, with the distant moaning of the sea as it rolls among the innumerable shells that skirt its boundary on the beach, make it delightful.

I am interrupted generally in my ruminations by the convent bell ringing to vespers. All the household assemble in the little chapel to chant the evening hymn; and I give my attendance as a silent member of the choir, for as the natives of the establishment had some doubts of my claim to Christianity when they perceived my absence from the celebration of mass, I thought it incumbent upon me to soften this impression a little, although I suspect I shall never be able to remove it altogether. The vesper service at an end, supper is served, at all times a most frugal meal; but on some evenings the monks confine themselves to salad. By the rules of the order meat is forbidden altogether; but, as at this time the weather prevents fishing, they seem to me to be rather pleased at the opportunity of tasting it. "The

convent is not finished, therefore we are not yet formed," says the superior: "visit us in another year, and you shall see."

We receive intelligence every morning almost of accidents in Caifa and the villages of the mountains; in the former from the rain, and in the latter from snow, which has fallen in some quantity. A discussion arose at dinner this day on the propriety of admitting the women to the convent in the event of the city being perfectly washed down, and its inhabitants cast forth. It was carried unanimously in their favour; "for what were rules," said Father Camillo, "when a deed of charity was to be done?" From the reports that gave rise to this decision, I expected to be witness to a most marvellous change in the monastic life of the Carmelites, and to see the solitary prison swarming over with women and children. There is a break in the weather, however, and I was able this afternoon to stroll down the hill to visit the school of the prophet, and gather shells by the seaside.

Many caves may be seen on the way, one or two having cisterns near them, at this moment

full of water. Close to the school stands a gateway, with some chambers above it,—the remains of a building once occupied by monks; for, in modern days, they seem to prefer comfortable houses to the more hermit-like mode of dwelling in a cave. A broken wall encloses a courtyard, paved naturally; and steps cut out of the rock lead to the door of the school, which is a very deep excavation, of height and breadth enough to make an admirable retreat. Nothing can be seen from it but the sea; and grass and flowering shrubs grow above it to the very mouth. The friars keep the key, or it would be converted into a resting-place by travellers.

A small caravan of camels was in the courtyard. The females of the party had taken possession of one of the rooms above, and peeped through their veils at me; the men were scattered about below, cooking and smoking. I was kept in the cave by a thunder-storm till so dark, that Fra Mattèo, who possessed a most orthodox fear of Arabs, sent in pursuit of me, and, under the escort of a few Christian workmen, I returned to the convent.

I set out this morning, accompanied by Padre

Camillo, to visit the Valley of Martyrs and the Garden of Elias. We took with us a man armed with a hammer, and carrying a bag to collect the petrified fruit that it produces, or rather, I should say, produced; for, according to the tradition of the convent, the petrifactions found on this spot are of fruit cursed by Elijah into stone. The priest had a broad-brimmed white hat on, and a long staff in his hand, and led the way to the mysterious spot by the winding steep tracks that cross the mountains. It was new for me to have a holy friar for a guide; and I should have been matter-of-fact indeed, if I had not been excited by the anticipation of some adventurous end to our expedition. In two hours we entered the Valley of Martyrs, a very narrow dell, open to the sea, through which ran a clear stream. It was rich in verdure on each side, and many sweet-scented flowers. Carmel has scarcely a tree of any size upon it; it is thickly studded, however, with shrubs.

The convent of St. Bertoldo stood near the head of the valley; and, although built in the eleventh or twelfth century, has many portions strongly cemented together yet remaining. From

the summit of the still standing buttress may be caught a glimpse of the sea. The holy fountain of Elijah is close to this. The cistern seems to have been hewn in the rock, and is, I dare say, six feet deep, full of the clearest and most delicious water possible.

During our slow progress up the vale, the superior dwelt with great pathos upon the sufferings of the martyrs, who had by their death consecrated the spot we were in. Its solitude and silence, with the feelings that these sad events awakened, fitted him for meditation; and, retiring to a cave by the side of the fount, he resolved to sit there until I should return from the Garden, which was on a level, immediately overhead. "We 'll first, however, drink of the water of the fountain," said he; which, after a short prayer, Padre Camillo assured me had been the seat of many miracles. Some of those which he related were childish enough, and worked for the encouragement of laziness in the priests. Father Prospero, when drinking one day, dropped a hatchet into the cistern, which went at once to the bottom. While hesitating whether he should strip his arm bare to reach it, it

came again to the surface, and saved him the trouble.

As the fruit of the Garden was all under the earth, or lying on the ground, there was no beauty to tempt me to linger there. My companion with the hammer, who seemed to know "the whereabouts" of every production, chipped away at a great rate. "This," said he, "is a melon,—here is a peach,—here are oranges,—pomegranates,—and, lo! a famous bunch of grapes." They were all put into the bag to add to the collection of the convent; for I could not carry weight in my journey. The resemblance to the different fruits was exceedingly strong: those most prized are the grapes, which are sometimes found in very large bunches, each firmly fastened together, and so hard, that it would be impossible to divide them.

We had scared a herd of wild gazelles from the place as we ascended, and I soon suspected the origin of the grapes. I found some, too, turning into stone, that plainly put the matter beyond a doubt. The wild boar is instrumental, also, in the deposit of a larger description of

fruit. Pleased with my specimens of growing petrifactions, I returned to the superior with the ungrateful purpose of setting the whole miracle to flight; but he received my attacks with so much pain, and pity, I thought, for my aberration, that I would not urge the proofs upon him, but quietly put them into the bag to work their own way in the convent.

Padre Camillo was unwilling to leave his cave; and, as the rain had again commenced, we remained there for an hour or two longer. "What a place for uninterrupted contemplation!" cried he. "Here indeed," spouting out a passage from his favourite historian, he continued, "the plants, the rugged rocks, the moaning of the wind, the prospect of the ocean, the murmuring of the streams, the lowing of the herds, the frisking of the flocks, the shady valley, the singing of the birds, the delightful clime, the variety of flowers, the odour of the aromatic herbs, how they refresh the soul!" This sounded very sweetly in Italian; and as he delivered it with all his heart, standing in the mouth of the cave, as if he had been before an altar, from the very spot where so much was in reality assem-

bled too, it came with great force, for the catalogue is not overcharged.

It was nearly vesper time when we returned to the convent, and I was happy at length to find a prospect of being able to quit it. Hassan had got over his prejudices in some degree, and engaged a Christian mookarah, or guide, from Caifa, with two very promising horses. A native of Nazareth, attached in some capacity to the Austrian consul, volunteered to accompany me. He spoke Italian very well, and I had been studying under his tuition the common modes of address in Arabic for some days before.

CHAPTER VI.

Leave the Convent.—My Equipage.—A Braggadocio.—The Tantoora.—A Druse Village.—Interesting Comparison.—Village of Hasafie.—Hospitality.—Curiosity.—Morning Scene.—Arab Camp.—Crossing a River.—Mountain Range.—Hospitable Villagers.

29th January.—WITH the first clear sky that had shone over us for many days, I set out on my pilgrimage,—my state humble enough to proceed from the gates of a monastery, my sack well filled with the provision of the refectory, and the blessings of the good fathers to help me on my way. I made a donation to the convent as I passed through the great gate; and Fra Mattèo, into whose hand I dropped it, seemed to think that I had done ample justice to its hospitality.

It did not appear to me like a matter of reality as I rode by the monks, who were drawn

up in a solemn line at the gate to say good-b'ye. I was carried back to the ages when holy friars flourished, and their mysterious abodes were visited, by knights-errant even, under a feeling of veneration and awe. There was not much chivalry in my equipage. I was very well mounted myself, but ill enough accoutred. Hassan was perched over the bags; and my volunteer companion, who might have redeemed our unknightly appearance with his long spear and prancing nag, was shorn a good deal of his splendour by being saddled with the provision. On each side of his horse hung a little basket, the necks of the bottles bristling in the centre of them, while the necks of the poultry swung gracefully over the sides.

When we descended from Mount Carmel into the cultivated land below, this impetuous youth deemed it necessary to give me a favourable notion of his warrior-like qualities. He dashed his spear at every stump we passed, and galloping with speed, stooped down in the Turkish manner to recover it; then, chanting a song of triumph, curled his moustaches, and, puffing out his cheeks, rode a while gently by my side, to

impress upon me a suitable conviction of his importance.

"I have travelled all over the country alone, with no other weapon but this and my sword," said he, poising his spear above his head. "I am a Christian, 'tis true; but they take me for a Turk, and none venture near me." "No," said Hassan, who could not curb his contempt of Christianity, "you ride so fast, they can't catch you; or, by my fathers! if they did, they wouldn't find much of a Turk." This sally disconcerted the hero, who turned with the air of a Captain Flash towards the Egyptian; but finding a quiet smile upon his lips, that seemed to say very plainly, "I think I know you," changed his tone, and answered gently, "That 's not true." Giving the lie in the East is no great offence: candour and courtesy, therefore, are not incompatible. The horse benefited materially by Hassan's sally, for it put an end to any farther tilting; and the hero contented himself with singing, or rather howling, love ditties until about two hours after noon, when we arrived by the banks of a clear stream that ran with much swiftness beneath the shelter of a

few trees at the mouth of a dell within the hills of Carmel. In this spot we sat down, and partook of the convent fare.

We left the plain soon after our pilgrim repast, and rode into the mountains, winding through beautiful dells overhung by romantic crags, and over the brows of declivities from which we caught sometimes a glimpse of Cape Blanc resting in the sea, with St. Jean d'Acre standing by its side; sometimes the great chain of Anti-Libanus, covered with snow; and, nearer to us, some of the peaks of Carmel, sprinkled with white also. We heard the flocks occasionally, and now and then met a shepherd; but, generally, all was as quiet as it was beautiful.

In the narrow mouth of a ravine, into which the upper road had been beaten down by the rain, we came suddenly upon a Druse, with a woman mounted behind him on horseback, and two or three damsels of the same nation on foot. I had never met these horned animals before, and was much struck by their singular appearance. The tantoora, as the horn on the head is called, seemed to be fully two feet long, and

so well fastened that it would make a capital weapon of defence. The white drapery of the figures appeared to hang from it, and nothing was to be seen beneath but two staring eyes; for their mouths were buried in clothes, in the manner the Dutch are described to have used towards their victims in the water-torture at Amboyna. If the fair maidens—for they were very young—possessed beauty, they were determined it should not play the Will-o'-the-wisp to curious travellers, for it was most impenetrably concealed.

We soon reached the village from which this party had come, and found its inhabitants composed of Christians and Druses. They gathered in the way to see us; the women of the first class exposing very sweet and smiling countenances, encircled by strings of gold coins; while those of the latter, like figures dressed up to frighten children, thrust their horns into the crowd. A very respectable man begged me to walk into his house and take a cup of coffee. Nothing loth, I accepted his hospitality, and drew all the young and half the old of the village in my train, who made a holiday of my

visit, and gambolled about the doorway till I mounted to set forth.

An old dame, who was the mother of the household, made the coffee, and the young ones amused themselves with observing me. There were three or four children creeping about the floor, who, attracting my attention, were brought to me in a tempest of screaming, for the purpose of deciding whether the infants in my own country or these were the handsomest. Their faces were not exactly in trim for the comparison, but they were exceedingly pretty. I politely gave it in their favour; when the grandmother pushed the matter farther, and insisted upon learning whether the women of Franquistan were equal to the dark girls about me: so surrounded as I was by the candidates for my judgment, I could not keep them in suspense, and gave the palm to them at once. They now crept close up to me, and, sitting cross-legged on the ground, resting their elbows on their knees, and supporting their heads on their hands, stared at me with their rolling black eyes till I was nearly out of countenance. I left a good impression of my taste behind me,

and mounted to continue my ride to the village of Hasafie, where I proposed passing the night.

Much snow had fallen about it, and several of the houses had been destroyed. It was encircled by a very fine plantation of olive-trees, and stood immediately below the peak where the sacrifice of Elijah was consumed. The best house was that of a Christian, an acquaintance of the monks, and I went to it. In the centre of the floor was seated a very pretty woman, nearly lost in the smoke which rose from a fire by her side. Had she been old and ugly, I should have started from her, as from a witch engaged in her unholy incantations. All about her had the aspect of "a deed without a name." A large caldron was simmering upon the hissing wet logs, into which she was throwing the ingredients of some not ill-omened smelling mess. A naked child was lying asleep at her feet, as if ready to be popped into the pot. When we disturbed her, she rose hastily, and brushing her dark locks from a really fine countenance, welcomed us with a good deal of grace to her fireside. It was just dusk, and rain had

begun to fall. There was but one room, I perceived; and no outlet for the smoke, which grew thicker and thicker.

The husband soon came in, followed by a herd of cattle, and goats and sheep that bleated most emulously. Our chamber was elevated about four feet above the ground, and at the edge of it was scooped a manger, where the provision for the night was thrown; and in the passage below it, within the door, all the beasts were huddled. The kids and the lambs, however, were suffered, as a special indulgence, to frisk all over the place. The master was happy to see us, and ordered a kid to be slain for the occasion.

The party now began to increase. More children ran in; and a solemn Turk, on his journey, arrived to partake of the hospitality. In about an hour the dinner was prepared, and to work we all went, eighteen in number. The host, being a Christian, had a large bottle of wine in the house that he had lately brought from the convent of Nazareth, this was uncorked to do honour to the feast. The smoke, however, had nearly blinded me; and I sat with

a bandage round my eyes, very much to the amusement of the more practised ones about me. I peeped from beneath it every now and then to dip my hand into the dish, and caught a misty glimpse of my companions. The Turk thought it proper to withdraw from the neighbourhood of the wine-vessel, which was a most capacious one, and sat aloof.

When dinner was at an end, came coffee and conversation, and I was most completely put to the question. I was obliged to describe my birth, parentage, and occupation; to tell the names of all belonging to me, and draw little pictures of their beauties. The woman of the house was most intelligent, and took great interest in my narrations; but in the East women are seldom more than listeners. I did not hear her own voice much.

The party now gradually lessened; each spread his carpet, and threw himself upon it, till at length we were all stretched in a row, with our heads to the wall; the lady first, then the master, and so on to the Turk, who had the outside. I came next to the children, with a calf tied to a pillar between us; a

few kids were lying at our feet. The cows munched audibly all night, and the goats hiccuped without interruption. Sleep, therefore, was hopeless, and I rolled about in envy of all in the place, until daylight came to my relief.

The moment it peeped into the room, up rose the good dame to bake cakes; and her three daughters, Sarah, Husnee, and Satafie, scrambled away, after having most piously crossed themselves, to milk the cows, who had already begun "to sniff the morning air," and were butting with all their might at the door. This commotion brought us suddenly to our legs; the door was at length opened, and out we all rushed to the youngest kid of the family. The court-yard was covered with snow, which had fallen during the night; and, having no desire to paddle about in it, I returned to the house, where new milk and barley-cakes awaited us. The master, whose treatment of us had been truly Christian and truly Arab, resolved to guide us to the banks of Kishon, and over the sacred mount.

We set forth at sun-rise, and in a very short time came to the venerated spot. A great

deal of snow was on the summit of the ridge, and we did not ride over it; but, from its shoulder the brook Kishon was visible, and Esdraelon, and the hills of Nazareth, with the white peak of "Djebel-el-shiekh," and behind us the Mediterranean. The descent to the river is prettily wooded.

About midway down, we paused awhile on a green knoll where cattle were grazing, and where the villager said a town once stood; it was a sweet spot, and from it we could perceive the black tents of a tribe of Arabs by the side of the river. My interpreter did not like the prospect at all, and asked with assumed carelessness if our road lay near the camp. Hassan whispered to me, "He is afraid of Arabs; he is a Christian. What can you expect? Let us go there." We rode down, and in less than an hour were seated among the Arabs. On my riding into the camp, an old man came up to me, and said at once, "Will you eat?" I replied with equal abruptness, "Good!" and, dismounting, followed him to the front of his tent, where a group of particularly ugly women were assembled.

The tribe seemed to be about to move; and I soon heard that they were merely waiting until the river should fall that they might cross it.

A tall bony woman, in a loose blue shift that concealed but few of her beauties, strode up to me with a wooden bowl full of fresh butter, on the top of which some of her stray black hairs were sprawling like rivers over a map; another brought hot cakes, and threw them at my feet. I made a most excellent breakfast, although a little puzzled at first which side or in what manner to butter my bread. My companions led the way by rubbing their cakes every now and then into the bowl; and, thus initiated in the mystery of eating Arab bread and butter, I made great progress. Sweet milk and butter-milk ended the meal.

One of my party was missing,—the redoubted champion of the road. Hassan slyly whispered, "Where 's the Christian?" He was nowhere to be seen; he had kept aloof, until, perceiving in what way we were engaged, he came from his hiding-place, curling his moustaches, and putting as good a face on the matter as he could.

The unusual rains of the last month had swollen the river to a great degree, but it did not require much time to return to its banks again. I remained awhile among the Arabs, in order that we might all scramble over together; but it was not possible to pass the sheep and goats across. The stream was very rapid, and some of the men for a mere trifle volunteered to carry my bags and saddles to the other side. An unexpected demur however arose from the guide, to whom the horses belonged; he protested against their being passed over, the more as he himself was mounted upon a donkey, and could not swim. "What would you?" said Hassan, in his Lingua Franca; "*ancora Christiano!* I told you they were all cowards. Let us go across." He had tied his clothes upon his head, and with his brown legs kicked away at his animal's sides, till he plunged him into the river. I was not long in following, and we both got safely over, when the mookarah, unwilling to lose the care of his horses, mustered up courage to push his donkey into the stream. The instant he got out of his depth, away he floated with the current; the

poor donkey was nearly lost; the rider was screaming for help, and the Arabs shouting and laughing with delight. "Mashallah!" they all cried, "there he goes! back to Haifa. God is merciful! how the father of a jack-ass swims." Certainly the poor "Christiano" was the most forlorn object I ever beheld. He got to shore at length in safety, but on the wrong side of the river, and nothing would induce him to try the passage again. We left him wailing and weeping by Kishon, with his drenched donkey by his side, who brayed occasionally in concert with him.

After leaving the river, we ascended for about three hours over sloping hills, with a few stunted oak-trees sprinkled sparingly about them, and found the next range, for there was an intermediate valley, covered with snow. No traveller had left his track on the path, and we entered the untrodden expanse without a mark to guide us. The horses sunk to their girths; and Hassan and his bags were tumbled into a feathery bed below them, where they were nearly lost altogether. We struggled on however until about three o'clock, and reached

a little village perched upon a hill. Round about lay the dead bodies of goats and sheep without number. I dismounted in a spot of green that encircled the only tree in the neighbourhood, and sat upon a knot in its trunk while my esquire went in pursuit of bread. He returned soon with a handful of hot cakes. The inhabitants had begged me to eat them and be happy, he said; and had rejected the money I sent into the village by him.

CHAPTER VII.

Approach to Nazareth. — Its melancholy aspect. — Mount of Precipitation. — The Nazarenes. —Vespers. —The Church.—Striking Scene.—Conversation with a Monk.—Supper in the Convent.—The Superior.—Sacred Localities.—Joseph's Shop.—The Synagogue.—Christ's Table.—Sacred Fountain.—Nazarene Pleasantry.—Mount Tabor.—Village of Deborah.—Magnificent View.—Anniversary of the Transfiguration.—Eve of the Purification.—A Monkish Visitor.—Grotto of the Virgin.—Solemn Scene.—The Priest's Petition.

It was just five o'clock when we came to Nazareth, which was not visible till we were immediately above it. The grey houses standing in the side of the hill, some of them covered with snow, as well as the heights above the city, gave it a most sombre appearance. I never looked upon a place of so melancholy an aspect. I could see into the convent from the road I was riding over, and in its court-yard were piled up heaps of snow. Some small houses had fallen down, and the stones having plumped into the snow, formed so many little

fountain-heads to the numerous streams that the thaw was melting through the streets; the only uncovered spot around being over the valley in front, dark and frowning, too abrupt apparently to retain the snow. It was the Mount of Precipitation.

The inhabitants seemed to be frozen. They sat without energy in their door-ways, and suffered the melting snow to wander as it listed. Small as the town is, I was nearly an hour before I reached the convent-gate. My horse fell three times; but, lodging firmly in the newly made gutters, I did not lose my seat. At length, however, we were all obliged to dismount, and waded and floundered on till, perfectly exhausted, we entered the gates of the anticipated "hospice." The vesper service was being performed; and the deep sound of the organ accompanying a full choir, echoed among the hills. All beside was still as death.

The inner door of the convent was closed. I passed through a small arch at the upper end of the court, and, raising a curtain, stood in the church. The monks were all on their knees, with their arms stretched in the man-

ner of the Franciscans towards heaven. It was dusk, and no light came from without; but candles and lamps innumerable gave a rich colour to all around. The procession was over, and the monks were immoveable in prayer; their devoted attitudes, their bald heads and long beards, had a most imposing effect. The solemn notes of the organ, which was still played, the odour, and the handsome building itself, with the sudden manner in which I had descended into it from the cold hills and the deep snow, had an air of mystery about it, that seemed not of this earth. It was not profane, I hope, in so holy a neighbourhood to remember the Scotch knight in the subterranean chapel of Engaddi: just such a surprise did it all seem to me! Beneath the altar, which stands in the centre of the church, was a flight of steps leading into a cave, over which a soft stream of light was cast from several lamps that hung within it. I could only conjecture the characters of these evidently most sacred places, for all the monks were so absorbed in their devotions that I could not enquire. I do not think any one perceived me.

At length they rose from their knees, and in a solemn procession, headed by the superior, wound along the aisles; their heads bowed down, and their arms crossed upon their breasts. At certain parts of the church they paused, and, kneeling for a moment, touched the pavement with their foreheads, and again rising, moved on, till, all being finished, they gradually disappeared through a small door beneath the organ-loft; the last of the devout line closed it after him, and I was left alone in the church, doubtful almost whether I had witnessed a scene of reality or not.

The supper bell of the convent, however, brought me to my senses, and I returned to seek its hospitality. A lay brother with a formidable bunch of keys received me in the long gallery of the building, and asked me of what country I was. I told him, and he replied, "Good! I hope you are not an American Englishman." I assured him I was a complete Englishman. "Have you any letters to the superior?" was his next question,—"any recommendation?" "None," was my answer, "but that I am exceedingly hungry, and too

tired to remain longer in suspense; so pray give me shelter." "But you are not an American?" again said he,—"no missionary?" I again declared that I was neither, and sat upon the window-seat to await his deliberation.

He left me for a moment, and, returning with a welcome, showed me into an exceedingly nice room, where supper was in a very short time brought to me. Hassan was treated with equal ceremony; and while I enjoyed the monkish fare at the little wooden table with which the room was furnished, he, in a more congenial posture, despatched his mess cross-legged on the floor. I learned that the monks, after their meal, assembled in a chamber not very far from mine, for the purpose, as the servitor told me, of holding a conversazione. I took that opportunity, therefore, of paying my respects to the superior. He was a Spaniard, of a most pleasing countenance and manner, and had not very long returned from South America. He had lately succeeded an Italian as head of the establishment, for it seems to be the privilege of these two countries to nominate in turn. He was seated on a sofa against the

wall, while the bearded brothers were fixed in high-backed chairs at regular intervals round it. I could scarcely refrain from laughing as I entered, when each figure solemnly bowed its head towards me, and then relapsed into its former rigid position, as stiff and lifeless nearly as if fixed in a niche of one of its own catacombs in Europe.

Placing myself in a vacant seat on the sofa, by the side of the superior, I thanked him for the lodging I had found in the convent. He asked me the news from Europe, and chattered at such a rate about Spanish America, that I had very little occasion to speak. Coffee was handed round by a servitor in small Turkish cups, and immediately after it a prodigious bottle of aqua-vitæ went its tour, of which the reverend fathers partook with undisguised delight. The bell at length tolled eight, and away strode the statues, without exchanging a word, to meditate in their cells. The principal hoped that I would favour them with my company every evening during my stay.

My own chamber was cold enough, and I was very glad to seek warmth in my hard bed,

and meditate in my turn upon the useless lives led by so many young men in so large and dreary an abode. The convent is large enough to contain a hundred: there are now upwards of twenty of every description. It is esteemed, I understand, the best built in the Holy Land; and the church has ever been pronounced the handsomest.

January 31.—The deep snow on the ground rendered it impossible to quit the town, and very difficult to move about in it. I waded through the narrow streets, however, to make a visit to the different spots, said to be still in existence, which have been rendered sacred by their connexion with the name and early life of our Saviour. The being in Nazareth itself, however, and the view of every hill and valley round it, is sufficient to convey higher feelings, and give birth to deeper veneration than the minutiæ preserved in the traditions of monks, and disfigured by their paltry decorations, can possibly do. I first went to Joseph's Shop, as it is called: it is now a small chapel, with a few wretched pictures hanging about it, where mass is occasionally performed

in some state. The building that has an air of authenticity about it, is that called the Synagogue, which is also a chapel; and, although the property of the Latin priests, the Greeks have the privilege of celebrating their form of worship within it. Some poor people, who had been driven from their homes by the snow, had taken possession of this only substantial refuge without the convent walls, and had spread their carpets on the flags. A number of saints in very miserable daubs were hanging round the walls, among whom the most conspicuous was St. George: two coarse handkerchiefs with worked borders graced his frame, left there by pilgrims who had just passed, in fulfilment of the vow which these simple offerings had accomplished for them.

The most singular resort of the devout in Nazareth, however, is the stone termed "Mensa Christi," which stands in a small chamber, also a chapel: the wall is hung round with the certificates of the sacred nature of the relic, written in every language known throughout Christendom. It is recorded merely as a tradition of the church, but procures for all who say

in a proper spirit an "Ave Maria" or "Pater Noster," seven years' plenary indulgence. It was upon this stone, the tradition says, that our Lord and his disciples supped before and after his resurrection.

The clearest water is drawn from a fountain not very far from the town, to which nearly all the women seem to flock, called after the Virgin, from the belief that she used to draw water for her household from it,—a tradition of greater likelihood than those that have endowed buildings with the power of giving indulgences to their visitors. The snow and the mud had made the road nearly impassable; it was knee-deep: but the business of carrying water could not be interrupted, and the women waded backwards and forwards in long strings, balancing their vessels on their heads in the most skilful manner, notwithstanding the difficulty of drawing their limbs from the mire.

As I approached the fountain, there was a loud laugh among the women, at the expense of one of their party, in which I seemed to have some concern. "It is your brother," they all cried; "come and look at him:" but my

sister was abashed, and turned her head away. Her tormentors would not suffer her to escape, however, and, pulling her forward, presented to me a very pretty little red-haired girl, who, prevented from concealing her face, stood blushing before me amid the laughter of her companions. It was her fair complexion, which made her a most rare bird among her dark countrywomen, that gained me so sweet a sister. Her hair was of the deepest red: I did not ask how she came by it, but the women were quite delighted when I said there were many maids of Frangistan with similar locks.

February 1.—Notwithstanding the unchanging white of all around, I rode this morning to Mount Tabor. The hills about Nazareth are bare at the best; but now, when dazzling snow on all sides meets the eye, there is little in the outward picture to interest the senses. It was enough to feel, however, that I was going to look over, from so celebrated a height, the scenes most distinguished in the life and mission of our Lord. I merely took a guide with me, one of the servants of the convent; and, as we wound slowly over the hills, met not a being

to interrupt the solitude. We were the first to break the smoothness of the snow. At the foot of Tabor, where there was a green valley, a line of black tents shone among the stunted oak-trees around, and the flocks of the Arabs were wandering through them. In ascending the hill, on the right hand, looking into the plain of Esdraelon, stands a little village, called Deborah by the natives, in which, say the legends, Jael slew Sisera.

I rode to the summit of Mount Tabor; for, difficult as the road was, there was less risk in remaining on horseback than I should have found on foot. My horse was very sure-footed; but he occasionally slipped over the stony way, (for I could hear his shoes ring upon it,) and would, but for the firmness of the snow, have rolled over several times. At length I reached the fountain, and, glad to dismount, paused awhile beside it. It is venerated because here, say the monks, our Saviour "charged the disciples that they should tell no man what they had seen."

Portions of the wall round the hill were visible above the snow, but all besides was deeply

covered. The summit is flat, and, I believe, cultivated. I reached the highest point of the ruined building, and, unable to move about the mount itself, made amends by tracing from it the features of the surrounding scenery. The view from Mount Tabor has often been vaunted of by travellers. It is indeed magnificent, and comprises places of the greatest interest. The hills of Gilboa and Samaria, Mounts Hermon and Carmel, the plains of Galilee and Esdraelon, the Jordan and the Kishon, the Sea of Galilee, and the Mediterranean, are all discernible.

On the anniversary of the Transfiguration, mass is performed at, and a great procession led to, the altars set up where the three tabernacles were made. They are in a vault under ground. I was barely able to reach them, for the entrance was choked up. I arrived in the convent in the evening, during the mass. A great crowd of native Christians was assembled, for it was the eve of the Purification, and the singing was exceedingly fine.

About ten at night, a gentle tap at my door announced a visitor; a reverend friar came to converse with me upon the affairs of the world.

He was an Italian, a native of Rome, and had been so long cooped up in Nazareth, that he scarcely knew what was going on without his convent walls. These fathers have none of the enterprise or even devotion of pilgrims, for they show not the least inclination to visit the holy places throughout Judea; but, contented with their distributions in the different convents of their order, remain in them all their lives, in the mechanical performance of a certain number of masses a-day, which they are bound by their regulations to accomplish, and, "veramente," my Roman visitor declared to me, "it becomes very tiresome at last." The monks of Nazareth have a tour of duty to perform in Jerusalem, in the course of their residence in "Terra Santa." Now that matters are ordered more favourably for the Christian church throughout the East, they have not even the excitement which an occasional arbitrary tax, with the alternative of losing their heads if not complied with, used formerly to afford them.

A little before midnight, the monk proposed to guide me to the Grotto of the Virgin, and I followed him through the silent galleries of the

convent, and through a most mysterious passage into the church, which is at all times lit up. We descended into a blaze of light from the suspicious way through which we had wound. The sanctity of the grotto, over which the church was built by St. Helena, arises from its being the identical spot where the Virgin Mary received the annunciation. The place where the angel stood is pointed out by one pillar, while another indicates the hallowed ground on which the Virgin stood. The monk detailed to me very minutely, and with much apparent belief in the truth of all he told, the miraculous and holy characters of the places round. He made me observe the smoke in the grotto, for it was the kitchen of the Virgin's house, and was the only apartment allowed to remain behind, as there the annunciation had taken place, the rest of the dwelling having been whisked off to Loretto; the often told tale of the broken pillar, the upper portion of which is supernaturally fixed in the rock above; with the blindness of the Turk whose avarice called forth the miracle, to save the money, I conceive, to the convent, and to add brighter lustre to the spot. He also

pointed out, while we stood in the grotto, the precise spot where St. Helena took her breakfast when she gave her superintendence to the building of her church. Lamps were burning over all the altars, and the monk, as we walked past them, swung incense from the silver censers that were standing ready upon them.

The stillness of the place, the soft light, the fragrance of the incense, and the seeming piety of the minister to heighten their effect, had an air of solemnity in them that was very impressive; although the mysteries of the spot could scarcely have inspired any sense of true religion.

I found, on my return to my cell, that I had passed the greater portion of the night in the church, and in the conversation of the priest, who concluded his offices by a very well turned petition in behalf of the treasury of the convent, lamenting that the vows of the order had obliged them to live in a great measure upon the donations of those whose piety was, happily for themselves, supported by their power to give. "We do not beg here," he said; "but,

if you have been in Italy, you have been assailed by beggars such as I appear to be, *miserabile.*"

As his oration was indirectly given, I took it in the same manner, and we parted very much pleased with each other.

CHAPTER VIII.

Festival of the Purification.—Consecrated Candles.—The Procession.—Leave Nazareth.—Hassan's contempt for Catholic Ceremonies.—Seppouri.—Turkish Funeral.—Valley of Zabulon.—View from the Hills.—The River Naamah.—St. Jean d'Acre.—Italian Medical Officers.—Their destitute condition.—Chief of the Medical Department.—Ibrahim Pasha.—Destructive Siege.—Caifa.—Convent of Mount Carmel.—Gratitude of the Monks.—Journey resumed.—Fording the River.—Castel Pellegrino.—Wretched Khan.—A Widow's Hospitality.—My Convent Fare.—Night-scene.—Departure.

I COULD not pass over the plain of Esdraelon to Jerusalem, for the rain lay so deeply upon it that I was forced to return to the sea-coast, and early in the morning prepared to set out. On descending to the court of the convent, I found a large congregation assembled to celebrate the festival of the Purification. I went into the church while the priests were engaged in consecrating the candles to be used in the procession. Those who were so happy as to have obtained

them, cried out as I came in, "You are just in time; go up to the altar."

My figure was so ill suited to the display that I should unavoidably have made, that I resisted all the friendly endeavours of those who considered the possession of the holy candles so great a matter. My sudden appearance, and indifference to the great object in hand, rendered me a suspicious guest. A youth of the family of Signor Catafago, the Austrian consul at Beirout, I think, having some feeling for my position, pushed his way through the crowd to me, and beseeched me not to be the only one without a candle. I assured him that I was on the point of setting out on my journey, and cared not for the procession. "You 'll have no luck," he replied to my remonstrance; "take my candle, and I 'll get another." So, thrusting his lighted torch into my hands, he set off to the altar, performing all the genuflexions and ceremonies over again.

Hassan, who was standing by my side, his mouth wide open in stupid surprise, suffered a candle to be stuck into his hand too; and, the procession immediately beginning, we were

pushed along with the crowd, which, headed by the priests carrying images and a large crucifix, singing, and swinging censers as they went, splashed through the snow in a most resolute manner. Many of the lights were extinguished by the wind, and every now and then a great scramble took place to relight them.

As we passed through the outer gate, Hassan, whose Mussulman horror had become excited, said, in no very gentle tone, "By your head, master, let us get out of this. We are not such fools as to need candles to find our way through the town by daylight." I was very much of his opinion, and crept from the crowd; and mounting our horses, which stood ready at the gate, we rode through the ruined streets of the city, in the upper part of which many houses had been completely overthrown, and blocked up the way so effectually that we were forced to dismount, and drag our steeds over the obstacles.

The animals of this country are well trained to falling, and on every such occasion remained on the ground with the utmost patience till we had in some measure cleared the way for them

to jump up. When we reached the brow of the hill on which the town stands, we could hear the loud anthem from the solemn crowd below. Hassan, who had been evidently pondering on the affair of the candles, stopped a while in the adjustment of the saddle-bags, and casting a glance at the convent, into the court of which the procession had just entered, asked me, in his best Italian, if all Christians were such fools as these. "Sono tutti Christiani pazzi come quelli?" said he. "No," I answered, "they are not all alike." "Do they carry candles in England in this manner?" he continued. I satisfied him upon that point; when, re-mounting, he muttered to himself, "Buono, buono; Inglese non sono pazzi"—"The English are not fools, at any rate;" and, very much relieved by this discovery, fell into his usual taciturnity. My having taken the candle, I believe, shook the favourable opinion he has conceived of the English on the score of religion; for not being Christian as those with whose rites he is most familiar, he thinks it likely they may not be very far removed from Mahommedans.

In two hours from Nazareth we reached Seppouri, a small town upon a height near the entrance to the Vale of Zabulon. From its situation, it has gained an unhappy distinction in the wars of the Holy Land. Six hundred Christian knights were massacred in front of it by Jappadin, to whom they had surrendered on an assurance that they should be sent to the nearest port in possession of the Christians. There is a church, now in ruins, dedicated to St. Anne, the mother of the Virgin, who, with her husband St. Giacomo, resided on the spot. On the anniversary of her day, a monk comes down from Nazareth to perform mass, though no Christians live in the town.

A Turkish funeral passed down the hill as I went up to explore the old church, followed by a tribe of howling women, who screamed and beat their breasts at a great rate. The men accompanying it waved scarfs in the air, and joined their voices with the gentler mourners, although on this occasion they scarcely deserved the epithet. It had a picturesque and wild effect. Such scenes come well at all times to a traveller, who can never be displeased at meeting

with a specimen of country manners, however uncouth.

The Valley of Zabulon is narrow and well-wooded. It is cultivated; but, although the soil appeared good, tillage is not very general. We met not a soul in it; but, as we ascended a ridge of hills that looked down upon the Mediterranean sea, fell in with a string of pilgrims on foot; some of them made the sign of the cross as I passed them, although in an alarmed way, as if in so solitary a road it was unsafe to betray their creed. From these heights the Promontory of Carmel was visible on one side, and on the other Cape Blanco, St. Jean d'Acre in the midst, stretching into the sea. Near the village of Shef Hamet, on the crest of the hills, are a great number of very fine olive-trees; and as we descended to the plain of Acre, and looked back at this town, miserable though it is in reality, its walls and ruined turrets rising among the trees had the appearance of a baronial castle. The Pasha of Acre had a house in it, to which he used occasionally to go for amusement, and relief from the labours of tyranny.

The plain over which we passed, so celebrated, and so well calculated for the gathering of troops, was a perfect swamp, and so heavy that it was nearly sunset when we arrived on the bank of the river Naamah—the ancient Belus. We passed over it in a boat, for it was unusually full of water. The ferryman thrust a piece of brown bread into my mouth when I opened it to ask some question about Acre, that promised fair to choke me; but, rough as his courtesy was, there was so much good-humoured frankness in the manner of bestowing it, that I swallowed the bread and the compliment with an exceedingly good grace.

No time was to be lost in making for the city, for the sun was hastening down, and bringing on the hour for closing the gate. We accomplished our purpose, however, and a few minutes before the fall of day entered the famous St. Jean d'Acre. Nothing but its walls are now standing, and they have been breached in two or three places. On the beach outside were scattered broken gun-carriages, dismounted cannon, waggons overthrown, and heaps of

balls; while within was ruin and desolation on every hand: a few rooms still remained in the Franciscan convent, whither I went; but the church was destroyed.

I found here two medical officers, Italians, in the Egyptian army, and one of the miserable instructors, who seem to me to grow in wretchedness as my acquaintance increases among them. Until the monks had come over from Nazareth, to which place they belong, these poor gentlemen had been in a state of starvation. They were sixteen months in arrear of pay, and shewed me a specimen of the ration bread that they had been forced to feed upon until the happy arrival of the convent in the city. I never beheld more miserable food; it was black, and hard as a stone. I hope these knights-errant have not forsaken better fare at home for what they find in Palestine; for, unless they are endowed with the spirit of a crusader, I know not how they hope to be supported in their adventures.

The chief of the medical department is an exceedingly handsome man, a native of Piedmont, and lodges in the next chamber to mine.

I paid him a visit, and found him stretched upon a couch, his limbs swathed in flannel, for he was afflicted with rheumatism. From his healthy complexion, however, and lively spirits, I suspect the illness has been brought on by an order that he has just received to make a tour of inspection through the Holy Land. His affectation of state in the midst of the greatest poverty, was pitiful enough. The only living thing in the room besides himself was a chameleon; and their food, from the dismal relation he gave me, must have been very much of the same nature. He spoke, as indeed all the Franks in his service do, very highly of Ibraham Pasha: "'Son altesse' is a great hero, and wars like a soldier; no Eastern luxuries in his court, not a woman to be seen, nor has he a servant that does not carry arms." The siege of the city seems to have lasted five months and a half; it was nobly defended by the governor Abdulla, who is now a prisoner in Egypt: the garrison consisted of five thousand men, one hundred and fifty only of whom survived when the place fell. It would have been impossible to resist longer, for the Egyptian chief had the

possession of the sea, and a tremendous force of artillery on the shore.

The present state of the town shows the resolution of the Pasha; there is not a house uninjured in it. Some portions of it are utterly destroyed; every mosque is opened to the curiosity of the infidel; the minarets are overthrown, and the fountains choked up with filth. The dome of the principal mosque, however, still rises above the city walls, but more full of holes than a pigeon-house; the marble pillars that decorated its court are cast down, the kebla itself has been struck; a graceful flight of steps, also of marble, that led up to the pulpit, is broken in many places, and the tombs that stand without, to the pashas and some members of their families, have been opened by the shots; and—an ill omen to the pashalich—the turban has been shot from the head of Djezzar Pasha's grave, the butcher of Acre, and its celebrated defender! The sickly soldiers, who roam among the balls and fragments of shells to be seen in every part of the city, look like the shadows of those that have been slain, rather than the conquerors of the place.

The warlike qualities of Ibrahim are doubtlessly painted a little in the Oriental manner by those who relate them, for he seems to have recalled to their memories the time in which a single champion could with his own good arm have routed a host. He carried, some of his officers say, the place by his own prowess alone; and they even go so far as to assert that more Turkish officers of his army were killed by his sword than by the shot of the enemy,—"I am sure twenty at least," exclaimed a Sicilian surgeon, who had grown very warm in the Pasha's praise during the dinner of the refectory. This enthusiastic assertion brought on an argument, the result of which diminished the number of the slain to six or seven. The Egyptians made two very spirited assaults, and in the first were repulsed with some loss. On the capture of the town, the heads of those who had fallen within the walls were found packed up, preserved in wax in the good old Turkish fashion, to be sent to Constantinople as an offering to the Sultan. The total loss of the besieging army was not very perfectly known,

but it seems to have been great; yet more from sickness than the effect of the enemy's fire, which does not appear to have been very skilful.

Ibrahim takes great pride and pleasure in his artillery, which was conducted by an Englishman who was killed during the siege. The principal engineer, a Neapolitan, once a captain of sappers in the French army, is now very actively employed in restoring the works of the city. The citadel has not suffered much, although from its great height it afforded an excellent mark both from land and sea.

There is a delightful walk round the walls, many parts of which were planted; the stumps, however, of the trees only remain. Hassan guided me over the most distinguished scenes of the late events, in which he took a conscript's part; but, having no great turn for any of the circumstance of war, stole away the moment he could do so without detection, as I think many of the Arab soldiers have contrived to do besides himself.

When Abdulla approached to offer homage to his conqueror, who awaited him in the

centre of the town, Ibrahim Pasha drew him towards him, and, embracing him, called him brother, and placed him by his side. The beauties of St. Jean d'Acre in the days of Djezzar Pasha have been often told; it has been my lot to see them destroyed. The public bath so famous, and the bazar equal to that of Damascus, are in ruins; these wonders pass away, but the position of the place will always secure it from its chance of losing fame in the annals of war. Ibrahim hastens the re-construction of the walls, but will not grant one piastre towards that of the houses.

There was little to induce me to linger longer among the ruins; so, passing by the shore of the gulf, I rode in three hours to Caifa. In addition to the Belus and the Kishon, there were two small rivers that had been produced by the rains, and had worked their own channels to the sea. Caifa was still in a deplorable condition. The frigate that was to have carried the troops to Tarsus had been forced to "cut and run;" and, having lost her anchors, set off for Alexandria. Father Simon and his family therefore were still afflict-

ed with the society of the Italians; and Michael assured me that Signor Mariana had not yet taken his boots off. The Nubian Ariadne had disappeared, no one could tell in whose company: she vanished almost as she came; yet it was surmised that, notwithstanding the Christian qualities she had displayed on the evening of the pork dinner, she had found sympathy in an Arab camp not very far from the banks of the Kishon.

I reached the convent of Mount Carmel in the evening, and found the monks delighted to see me again. I had brought a little bag of money from Nazareth for them, of which they had long despaired. Having some expectation of my return, they had begged me to undertake the recovery of it when I left the convent before; and, well pleased with the success of my enterprise, redoubled their kindness. It was a debt of I know not how long standing, for, it not being a very safe matter to travel even so short a journey with such a charge, they had never found a messenger. The rain returned to the mountain with me, and I was delayed until it again promised some abatement.

February.—It cleared up this morning, and, in spite of Hassan's contempt for my runaway guide, who had come to reclaim his horses on my arrival, I hired them once more to carry me to Jerusalem. We set out after breakfast in nearly the same guise as before. The sun was very bright, and, as we trotted over the sands, grew hotter than I had yet felt it. There was a fresh breeze from the sea; and the green fields, with the mountains of Carmel on the other side of me, made so beautiful a landscape that I felt no inclination to hurry. I had some difficulty in passing a river that runs over the sand close to Castel Pellegrino, about which a number of women were collected in some pastoral pursuit, for there were cattle in great number straying by its banks. We rode boldly forward, and floundered in the middle of the stream; Hassan and his bags taking to the water on the first stumble, to the amusement of these gentle damsels, who shouted with delight at the accident. I came down also, but not till I had got so near the opposite bank as to scramble out, covered with mud, leaving my steed to manage for herself. My appearance—for I still

retained the European dress—brought all the dusky nymphs about me, who looked with as much astonishment upon me as if I had been a monster just struggling into life from the slime of their abominable river.

I hastened through the ruins of the once extensive city, the walls and gates of which are still very considerable. The modern village hangs in a dirty heap over the sea: upon the roofs of the huts all the people had assembled to witness the passage of the animal who had excited so much mirth among the daughters of the place. At five o'clock, in the midst of a heavy shower of rain, for we had not yet got rid of the west wind,—"the father of rains," as the Arabs style it,—we arrived at the village of Tuthera, close to the sea-shore. There was a khan in it, to the door of which I rode; but my heart sunk when I saw the state of the interior, three feet deep at least in blue mud, and a few dead goats corrupting in the midst of it. I sent my squire to request lodgings from the people, but he returned without success: there was not a bush within sight that would have sheltered a bird.

I was in despair, and stood by the corner of a broken wall, looking wistfully at a wrinkled old hag who sat by the door of a poor hut on the other side of it. There was pity in the old creature's heart, for she sent out a fine tall dame, who with some majesty waved her arm, and uttered the welcome word "Come!" She was a wild-looking being: had I met her in a wood in England, I should have held out my palm, for she was in appearance a perfect gipsy. I obeyed her call most willingly, and found the party consisted only of the old witch and her daughter. It was Ramadan, and there was fortunately no fire in the room. My whole establishment, including the horses, were admitted to the hospitality of the widow, for such she was; and we had no space to turn in.

In compliment to the fast of the Mahomedans, I put off my dinner till the sun should set. As there was an hour of idleness, therefore, we sat in a bunch, to exchange, as far as I was concerned, most unintelligible civilities with all those who came in, for curiosity led many to examine the Frank.

The call from the mosque at length announced the termination of the day's fast; and my visitors, dropping off, left me undisturbed for the rest of the night, as far at least as they could relieve me from disturbance, for rest did not belong to the den I had got into. As my convent fare was plentiful, I had a famous pilau made, which created a sensation in the poor women of a most favourable nature; and when it was ready, I did the honours so much to their satisfaction, that they left but little of it to me, for, unaccustomed to dine *à l'Arabe*, I could not keep within ten handsfull of their rate of eating. I had given up the pot to my guests, having taken a modest portion from it for my own share. Long before I was ready for another supply, they had demolished the whole mess, and I went nearly supperless to bed.

When the dishes were washed, and the barley-bags tied to the horses' noses, we arranged ourselves to sleep. Such a group might have become a smuggler's cave: we were heaped together in so close a compass that it was impossible to roll over. The fleas exceeded all I had yet met with; and there was every creeping

thing besides. I covered myself with my cloak, and slunk away from my companions to where the meal-chest stood, and, leaning against it, endeavoured to sleep. The munching of the horses, however, and the terrific sound the women made in scratching themselves, was beyond endurance. If their skins had not been as tough as leather, they would have torn themselves to pieces.

I went to the door, but it was raining hard, and the court was full of water. My opening it caused an awful confusion: a flock of goats, which in all probability had been kept out of their proper lodging to accommodate us, were collected at the door. The moment it moved, in they came, dripping wet, butting and jumping, to our utter discomfiture, for the rest of the night. Sleep was now beyond hope: the women made a fire, and began to cook their morning meal, which, during Ramadan, must be eaten before daylight. I joined them in it with a good appetite, and soon after dawn made my escape from the most wretched confinement to which mortal was ever consigned.

CHAPTER IX.

Ruins of Cæsarea.—Armed Arabs.—Turtles.—Attempt to cross a River.—Our Bivouac.—Hassan cross-examined by an Arab.—Our bargain with him.—His good faith.—Encampment of black Tents.—Arab Welcome.—Dinner.—Strange Bedfellows.—Milking of the Ewes.—Churning.—Arab Girls.—Unsuccessful Chase. A Tartar Messenger.—His unlucky Attempt.—Recovery of his Despatches.—Passage of the Zucka.—A second night with the Arabs.—My Patients.—My Host's devotion.

In three hours after I quitted Tuthera I came to Cæsarea, which is still surrounded by a wall and deep ditch. I scrambled over the ruins, which stand by the sea-side, and from the summit of a tower that is washed by the waves looked along the whole coast of Palestine from Cape Blanco to Jaffa. The area of this once proud city is used for a burial-ground, for many graves lie within it, carefully covered over with shells, and at the head-stones of some were fresh flowers. The Bedouin Arabs, who graze their cattle in the neighbouring vale, have

chosen this spot, I fancy, for their dead, for no village is near enough to turn it to such a use. Blackened stones, and ashes scattered about, show that the living occasionally resort to it; and for no very honest purpose, if my Christian guide is to be credited, who did all he could to dissuade me from lingering among the ruins.

I met no one, however, between it and Tuthera. Two Arabs, mounted on very fine horses, armed with spears, tilted at me in play, and, wishing me a happy journey, rode on. When they saw me at a little distance, they raised their long spears in the air, and, shouting "Y' Allah!" galloped with speed towards me. With more doubt of the result than a true knight would have entertained, I halted, and awaited the onset. They circled round me once, and, satisfied with my passive demeanour, left me in peace.

From Cæsarea to the mouth of a river which my guide called "El Zucka," the sea-coast was strewn with turtles, which had been driven ashore by the storm. I passed them with very meritorious indifference, except when I perceived that any had been cast on their backs;

for, as I had dismounted to walk among the shells, I amused myself by setting them on their legs again, and giving them a chance of escape, which they at once took advantage of.

I attempted to cross the river where, spreading over the sands, it seemed to grow shallow as it joined with the sea. When I reached the middle of it, however, I was disappointed; it was a swimming depth, and the surf broke fairly over my horse, who, growing frightened, backed into it, and put me in a dilemma that I was relieved from only by the waves breaking upon his flanks, and flogging him back to shore again. I had started alone upon the experiment, and, having got well drenched for my pains, was forced to make a toilet on the green banks of the stream, at some distance from the coast, whither we had sauntered in hopes of being able to find a ford. The water was, however, still too deep and rapid; we were now fairly launched in pursuit of adventures, for not one of my party knew any other road than that along the sands, which would have brought us into Jaffa before dark.

W continued along the banks of the river,

occasionally making an attempt to stem the current, which always frustrated us, till in despair, about four o'clock, we yielded to fate, that seemed to have determined that we were not to pass the Zucka, nor indeed, without succour, to advance a step further. The country was under water as far as I could see. A loaf of bread and some hard eggs still remained in the convent sack, and, in the last green spot within sight, we resolved to await the dawn of another day. A large and shady tree was above us; and below, between green shelving banks, ran the river. The clouds promised a rainy night, and with very rueful faces, having finished the last egg in the sack, we endeavoured to prepare for it; when, suddenly starting from a little thicket behind us, appeared a single Arab, carrying a spear in his hand, and in his girdle a hatchet. He was coal-black, and of a most formidable height.

"Peace be to you!" said he, striding into the midst of our little circle, and then pausing, as if doubtful whether we merited such a salutation. "Upon you also be peace! Whence come you?" replied my spokesman. "From there," conti-

nued the Arab, pointing in a careless manner with his chin, which seemed to say, "That 's enough for you to know;" and, sitting down at my feet, fixed his eyes for some moments upon me.

Breaking silence at length, he began a cross-examination of Hassan in a blunt tone, that showed, in his own estimation at any rate, he was the greatest man of the party. "What do you do with that Frank?" said he to Hassan. "He is my master," was the reply; "what should I do with him?" "He is an infidel?" "What do I know? He is an Englishman." "God is merciful. Is he a fool or a dervish, that he sits here at the close of day? Where is he going?" "Inshallah, to Jerusalem," answered Hassan; "and if you can show us a ford over the river, you shall be well rewarded; and that will be more to the purpose than asking questions here." "Wullah, you say well," cried the Arab; "I came across the river this morning. Let me see what I shall have, and in an hour I 'll show the ford."

The bargain was soon struck; for I was so pleased to escape from the necessity of lodging

where he had found me, that I promised him a sum beyond his hopes. "Emchi," said he, the moment he heard it, "let us be gone;" and, instantly mounting, we prepared to follow. But, too much delighted with his good fortune, our guide was anxious to have it at once in possession, and, turning suddenly, demanded payment before he set out. I was not in a humour for dispute, and, in spite of the entreaties of the Christian and the doubts of Hassan, I paid him all without condition. He now strode away without uttering a syllable, or deigning to satisfy our curiosity about the part of the river to which he meant to lead us.

In an hour, however, true to his word, he brought us to it. There was a small island in the midst of the stream, past which it ran at a great rate, and the Arab declared the water was much more rapid and higher than in the morning. I saw but little chance of reaching the other side, and was not over-pleased to perceive our sulky leader seat himself by the bank, and, lighting his pipe, resign himself quietly to smoke. "You may go over if you like," said he when I addressed him, "but I don't think

you 'll reach the other side. God is merciful, and we shall see." "You promised to take us over," was the answer from my side, "and an Arab never fails in his word." "God forbid," continued he; "but I cannot swim across, and have no horse."

I proposed that he should ride mine, and try the ford, and we would wait until he came back. He at once agreed, and, leaping upon him, rode into the stream. The current, however, was too strong; the horse was swept away, and the Arab, being thrown off, had some difficulty to regain the bank. He exerted himself to recover the horse, who landed safely a little lower down, and, bringing him up to me, put the money that I had given to him into my hand, saying, with the same blunt manner, "I can 't take you across; there is your money." I urged him to keep it, as he had accomplished for us all he could do. He was nevertheless positive, counted out the piastres, and, in placing the last in my hand, "There," said he, "an Arab never fails in his word. You cannot cross to-night. If you like to follow me, I 'll show you where you may rest;" then, without waiting for an answer,

walked away. I was so delighted with the unexpected change in the character of this man, who was one of the most forbidding-looking fellows I ever saw, that I willingly followed him, resolved to mistrust an Arab no more.

Before dark, we reached an encampment of black tents, situated in a hollow among trees. Before we had entered it, our friend had slipped away. As I was about to make my debut in an Arab camp, Hassan, afraid that I might betray ill manners, whispered to me, "On no account ask hospitality. We must take it as a matter of course." With perfect confidence, therefore, I rode up to the best-looking tent of the tribe, and, dismounting, established myself within it. The women and children were all employed in driving in the animals, and I sat for some minutes without being perceived.

At length the master of the adjoining tent came in, and, observing that I was a Christian, merely said, "Good evening!—you are welcome," and instantly ordered a fire to be made. A large hole was dug at the mouth of the tent, and in a very few minutes we had a famous blaze. I spread my carpet in front of it, and

awaited the dinner that I had overheard our host order. His family occupied the next division to the one wherein we were seated, which I found was destined for the young of the flocks. The lambs and the kids were brought in, and tied to pegs in the ground; some of the smallest being allowed to go loose and play about. The goats and sheep were driven to some distance; and the constant barking of the dogs showed that they were well watched. A partition of reeds, covered with cloth, divided us from the women and children, who were chattering away and making cakes at a great rate.

The hour of dinner at length arrived. The men knelt at the mouth of the tent, and prayed for some minutes, while the women brought in messes of milk and hot cakes. My share was half a dozen of the latter, and a large bowl of sweet milk, to which I did ample justice. I was so well pleased at the turn affairs had taken under the auspices of the black Arab, who might have been one of the good genii of the river for aught I could discover, for I could learn nothing about him in the camp, that I was as much satisfied with my country fare as if I had feasted

from the turtle that I had seen on the sea-shore.

It rained very hard all night, and, with my feet to a log of wood that had been thrown on the fire before we prepared for rest, I slept so soundly, that I did not notice until day broke the strange bedfellows with whom my travelling had brought me acquainted. The kids and lambs that had been left loose had collected together upon my blanket, some underneath, and some above it. One had perched like the night-mare upon my breast, and another had taken possession of my pillow so completely, that I must have rested my head frequently upon it during the night. The ewes had just been milked, and, loosened from their tether, rushed into the tent to recover the young they had been deprived of during the night. I was nearly swept away in the confusion of recognition; and, apprehensive of punishment from the anxious dams, in case I had ignorantly overlaid any of their noisy progeny, I hastily rose, and left them to enjoy their maternal raptures undisturbed.

The milking of the ewes is a most expeditious matter. Opposite each tent two lines of

them are drawn up, standing face to face. A rope being fastened firmly round the neck of the first of the file, is then passed round that of every other, until secured to the stump on the other extremity, drawing them all so closely together, that each looks over its opposite neighbour's shoulders. A crowd of women, their bowls in their hands, stand ready; and, the moment the last knot is tied, to work they go, and finish the affair in much less time than it would take me to drink one of the bowls out. I counted in some of these strings forty sheep. I know not how ewes are milked in my own country; but I cannot conceive a more expeditious or convenient plan than the one I have described.

I will not venture to recommend the churns, for indeed there is little of the cleanliness of the dairy in the process of making butter. Close to the milking-ground is a triangle of wood, in which hangs an ox-hide, having at each end of it two small sticks for handles. When the milk is put into this skin, two women draw it backward and forward between them, and in this simple manner make the sweetest butter I ever

tasted. When it is ready, they dash their long arms into the skin, and scoop it out, occasionally sweeping their ragged locks from their brows as they pass the butter to the destined bowls. Although prepared by no "neat-handed Phillis," I breakfasted upon such a mess before I set out with great satisfaction. The youngest woman even that I saw, looked more like a witch than a milkmaid.

I should never be tempted to lead a pastoral life among these nut-brown maids. The men are generally handsome; but the women, after they have grown up, become exceedingly ugly. Those about fourteen or fifteen years of age are round-faced, plump little things, full of smiles and good-humour. They have reached maturity at that age, and discretion too, I fancy, as much as they are ever likely to require.

Two horsemen passed near the camp just as I returned from my walk through it, going as I heard to Jaffa. I resolved to overtake them if possible, and ordered my horses; but, before they could be made ready, the travellers had got too far away. I persevered, nevertheless, and kept them constantly in sight. The

country was so completely under water, that, even with such encouragement a-head as they gave me, I despaired of reaching the river; I set out before seven o'clock, and it was past noon when I came to its bank. The two men had passed it an hour before, and were now out of sight. The water was wild and deep; the Christian shook his head, and even Hassan doubted the propriety of passing, for we had certainly not made the spot where the travellers had crossed. I consoled myself by scolding the master of my horses for not hastening when I ordered him to prepare, and so losing the guides Fortune had evidently sent us.

At that moment a single rider appeared on the opposite bank, two hundred yards lower down. We hastened towards him, and found the stream divided by a well wooded islet. The channel nearest to us seeming to be fordable, we passed over it at once; and, forcing the way through the tangles and brambles which opposed us, reached near enough to the water to perceive that it would be no easy matter to accomplish the passage. "You are welcome," said the horseman, who had not yet dismounted, "let me see

you cross." "Wullah," replied Hassan, "you were here first, and by your head we will not go before you."

The stream was very rapid, and swept round the island with much noise. The bank on which stood the Tartar, for such he was, bearing despatches from Egypt to Ibrahim Pasha, was several feet higher than the ground we occupied. An express must not demur in the East however, and he commenced to strip himself, cursing the river, the letters, and the rains alternately, in the course of the operation. At length, with his most precious burthen, the letter-bag, upon his head, he waded into the stream, and when the water reached his chin, paused, and crying out "Inshallah," pitched it towards us; it fell short, and set off at speed down the river. The poor messenger stood immoveable, his head above the water, and implored us by our fathers' souls to endeavour to save it, for it was sure to pay for the swimming. Fortunately, the despatches were caught in their course by the plants at the point of the island, and we were able to fish them on shore.

The second attempt of the Tartar was still

more unfortunate. With his clothes tied in a bundle on his head, he mounted on horseback to ride over, when, within a few yards of the island, a bank of mud threw the horse upon his side, and away went the trio—the man, the horse, and the bundle—in the manner the letters had done; sometimes the poor animal's heels were uppermost, sometimes his master's head. I felt like a shipwrecked seaman who had seen the last hope of escape founder in its attempt to reach him; I knew not how to venture a passage that promised a similar catastrophe.

After many struggles, the Tartar disengaged himself from his horse, and reached the shore. He stood for some time calling to him in an encouraging tone, "Come, come!" and ever as his head came above water in his turnings he cast an intelligent glance at his master in reply. We followed his course as far as we could, and were happy to see him, when he reached smoother water, make steadily for the proper bank, where he waited quietly the arrival of his naked rider.

It now came to my turn; Hassan's "Andi-

amo, signore," was uttered several times before I quite made up my mind upon the subject. I was more successful in pitching over my bags than the Tartar had been; and tying my clothes upon my head as he had done, mounted, and rode into the stream. I thought I had chosen a better starting-place, and for some distance swam away boldly enough; when, just as we reached the point desired, my horse disappeared from under me, and I sprawled away from him, and lodged in a hedge of blackberries that grows upon the bank of the river, and which was partially concealed by the flood; the more I struggled through this delicate border the more impenetrable it seemed. The horse, recovering himself, was close at my back, sinking and rising, and bumping me with his head. There was every prospect of his taking advantage of my body to get out of his difficulty; I made a desperate plunge therefore, and, clearing the hedge, fell upon my face in the mud, where I lay covered with blood and stuck full of thorns. Hassan more wisely swam across with the halter of his horse in his mouth, the Christian being mounted upon it.

We lost several hours in the passage of the Zucka; and finding another river very much swollen in my way, I passed a second night with the Arabs. We were extremely well received by the chief of a camp, picturesquely situated in a hollow, surrounded by green hills, and within sound of the sea. The tent we occupied was an exceedingly good one. An old dame observed me examine it; and, asking if it were better than the one I had passed the last night in, said that she had made it all with her own hands.

When the sun set, bread and milk were placed before us, and we dined in a great crowd of men and children: the women even ventured to approach nearer than usual, but I do not think I made a very favourable impression; for one of the youngest of them, observing some children approach to touch my clothes, cried aloud to the rest, "Look, look; as God is merciful, they do not fear him!" to which the mother of these bold infants replied, "No, no, Arabs fear nothing, it is the will of God;" in a tone that told plainly enough that it was no peculiar attraction of mine that put their fears to rest.

Franks are always called upon to practise medicine; so, to while away the evening, I had to administer doses to two young men and a woman, who were, for aught I know, in a very dangerous way. Their stories seemed pitiful enough; although, in my interpreter's manner of rendering them, well suited to my science, for there were no useless phrases to perplex me: a curious and anxious crowd observed all my proceedings, with some envy of those who were about to be relieved. If I had not discouraged such a taste, I believe my pill-box would have been the principal dish in the camp during the meals of the night.

My host was a most devout Mussulman, and disappeared every half-hour at least to pray without the tent-door. I did not observe that he had many followers. His hospitality was equal to his religious exercise, for nearly until daylight cakes were baked and eaten.

CHAPTER X.

Departure from the Camp.—Range of Hills.—Arab Shepherdesses.—Singular Notions of Beauty.—Jaffa.—Termination of the Fast.—Signor Damiani.—His perplexity.—View from a Terrace.—Indolence of an Egyptian Sentry.—Wall of the City.—Signor Damiani's Grievances.—Streets of Jaffa.—Gardens of the East.—My sorry Equipage.—*Fa niente*.—Valley of Sharon. Road from Jaffa to Jerusalem.—City of Rama.—Ruined Mosque.—The Latin Convent.—Dinner at the Convent.

I LEFT the camp a little after daylight, and passed the river "Huddur." The water was only up to the waist, for it had fallen very much during the night. In the summer there is very little water either in this river or in that which was the scene of my yesterday's adventure.

Soon after we quitted the banks, we crossed over a small range of hills, scarcely deserving to be called so, studded with oak, and here and there a few olive-trees. Lilies and hyacinths were blooming in every direction, and the grass

was strewed with the richest scarlet poppies I ever beheld. In the hollows were the black tents of the Arabs, and the heights were enlivened by their cattle. We frequently met women carrying fire-wood into the camps, which it is the business of the men to cut. They leave the branches that they have lopped, or the dry shrubs that they have rooted up, strewn carelessly about until their helpmates go to gather them together.

Lovely as was the surrounding scene, it did not elevate in my opinion the shepherdesses into Arcadian nymphs; for a more forbidding race does not exist than the Arabs who graze their flocks on the Syrian shores. They appear to me to be all alike, sisters of the same family, whose fashions vary as little as themselves. The long blue shift, wide enough to give a most formidable scope to their limbs, is the dress of every woman I have seen; and the under lip, "so sweetly pouting," is stained a deep blue. Singular notions of beauty exist throughout the world; but of all fancies for its improvement, to effect which such arts I conceive are designed, the custom of colouring the lips seems to

me the most terrific; I cannot perceive any advantage in it, for among uncivilised people these uses have generally arisen from some benefit to be derived from them; and, ludicrous as they appear to us, they are perhaps on that account more reasonable than many of the practices adopted by enlightened nations. Rouge restores a beauty that has gone; an Arab toilet produces charms that Nature never contemplated. If there be more merit in originality, therefore the Arab damsels have the greater skill; and as I am to be so long among them, I must school myself to a suitable admiration of their colours.

At four o'clock Jaffa was in sight. It had an imposing appearance from a distance; but, like most Eastern cities, it shone but to deceive. I was delighted at the prospect of entering so celebrated a place; and, after I had passed a river near it, by a very capital though old bridge, endeavoured to spruce up my horses and followers, that I might canter in some state over such a distinguished field as the intermediate country has ever been. What numerous and various armies have been collected on this ground! I thought more of Cœur de Lion and

the heroes of the Cross, as I pushed my jaded steed over the scene of many a tournament, than of more disciplined bodies; and on every height fancied some leader's pavilion.

I reached the gate at sunset, and had proof in a very short time that the Saracen was paramount. From every minaret the termination of the fast was announced; and all the children in the town, who seemed to have collected about the mosques for the signal, ran, and danced, and shouted through the streets. It was a moment of jubilee. Clapping their hands, they repeated the cries of the priests, and hastened home to enjoy the only happy moment for them throughout a day in Ramadan.

"Are you an English Frank?" said a respectable-looking man with a black turban, the badge of Christianity, to me as I rode through the bazar; "then go to the house of the consul."

I obeyed his directions, and found a most hospitable reception from Signor Damiani, whose name is well known to all travellers in the East. He looks upon himself as an Englishman: for ninety years, I think he told me, has the con-

sulship of the country been in possession of his family. His consideration is so great, that it is a fixed order at the gates of the city to send every Englishman to his house. I heard such a direction as I passed through; but fancied, until I met the Christian in the bazar, that it was a volunteer civility on the part of the gate-keeper. I had a most excellent room, and the advantage of Signor Damiani's company, while I despatched a formidable pilao that he had ordered on the moment of my arrival.

Signor Damiani's house seemed to be crowded with children, to whom I imagine I was a great godsend, for they did all they could to establish themselves about me. No sooner did they accomplish an entrance, however, than they were unceremoniously kicked out again; so I was not without some entertainment at my dinner. The lady of the house, I conceive, was at a distance from me, for I heard no women's voices, who, I think, had they been at hand, would certainly have struck in with the sort of music the young ones of the family made.

Mr. Damiani hoped I had come from Beiront, and might be able to set his mind at rest upon

a most perplexing matter that had not long ago occurred to him. He received a letter from the Consul-General of Syria, addressed to the *Vice*-Consul at Jaffa. The appalling epistle, which bore the finger-marks of all the men of Jaffa, for he had taken advice from every quarter, was brought to me. "Isn't it *vice*-consul?" said he. There was no denying the fact. He walked up and down the room in great anxiety; and, after a few turns, paused, and assured me I was the only Frank to whom he had yet submitted his case. "Do you think, caro mio," said he,—for this is a constant expression of the poor gentleman,—"do you think it is so directed by mistake? Answer me that, per amor di Dio!" "Are you not," I asked with much innocence,—"are you not vice-consul, signore?" "There," cried he, turning full upon me, with tears in his eyes, "you have heard it, and it is true!" I felt for my host, though I had not the least notion what afflicted him; and, when he had a little recovered, assured him so. I then learned from him that his father and himself had ever been styled "Consul of Jaffa," and now came the abominable word

"*Vice*," to bring disgrace upon a family that had served England for nearly a century. He could hardly believe that it had been written of "malice aforethought;" and, as I could not satisfy him, he promised to give me a correspondence the next day to read, and hoped I should from that be able to forewarn him if dishonour were really coming upon the Damianis, who, it seems, are descended from a French knight, and have, since the crusades, been esteemed for high character. According to the philosophy of Jaffa, there is a great deal in a name, for the flag of England is even threatened with a diminution of influence over the seas of Palestine should this objectionable style be persisted in towards our sensitive representative. The poor gentleman is so afflicted, that I should be very glad to see the mortifying word erased.

I found myself so uncomfortable from the scratching I had received in the blackberry bushes, that I was forced to remain all day at home. I sat on the terrace of Signor Damiani's house, and looked over the Mediterranean sea. It was calm as a lake; not a vessel of

any description broke the stillness of the water. A few small sloops were moored close to the walls, but ships of any burthen are obliged to anchor a long way from shore. Although the sun was hot, the threatened correspondence of the consul kept me on the terrace.

A guard-house is built in the walls immediately below me, where a little door opened upon the sea-side. A sentry of the Egyptian detachment occupied a bastion above it, whence I had a good opportunity of proving the discipline and vigilance of the guards. Whether the soldier was fascinated by my appearance above him I know not, but he leant against the parapet, with his firelock sloped over his shoulder, his mouth wide open, and his eyes either closed in sleep, or fixed in wonder upon me. An Arab, who had been attracted from below by the shining bayonet, climbed up the wall, and, poking his wild head above the parapet, looked cautiously round; then, drawing the firelock gently from the sentry, slipped down again and disappeared. The sentinel did not even close his mouth on the occasion, or

open his eyes; but sunk down on the platform, and finished his nap.

The wall of the city is not in a very good condition; much of it has given way from the violent rains, which have been greater than in any season since the invasion of the French, which gives occasion to the natives to prophesy and draw omens. They call it Frank weather, and declare that the Crescent is about to fall, and that Ibrahim Pasha is only preparing the way for an European power to take possession. If the Pasha had been obliged to besiege Jaffa, he would have found the walls in many places breached to his hands. He occupied it, however, with very little ceremony. When his fleet was perceived in the offing, the chief men of the city assembled, and agreed at once to surrender. They sent a deputation on board his ship, and he detached a few soldiers to garrison his newly acquired town.

I could not get rid of Mr. Damiani's grievances, and sat in a sort of doze while he spouted out, with great animation, the various letters that had passed between him and the consul-

general. He was so well pleased at one of his own, that he repeated it to me several times, and so challenged my applause, that I could not but call out "Bravo!" at the close of every period. I am sure all travellers who have had the advantage of Mr. Damiani's kindness would be very glad to expunge the word that has so affected him. If I had not come through a bramble-berry hedge to visit him, I should have been exceedingly amused; but, as it was, I could hardly sit upon my chair, and, when called upon for my judgment, declared that I had never met with so difficult a case. "There, my son," said the father, turning round in triumph to an awkward youth who sat at a little distance fixing his stupid eyes upon me; "you see." The boy did nothing but see, for he never uttered a syllable. I was delighted to hear him ordered to bundle up the papers and carry them away.

I learned that the plague had been at Jerusalem, and was still in Bethlehem. No horses could therefore be hired in Jaffa to take me on, for they were likely to be detained until all apprehension was at an end. My Christian friend

was anxious to desert me, for he owed a sum of money to a merchant in Jerusalem, and would not run the risk of exhibiting himself there. In the course of the evening, however, Hassan found a Turk of Damascus with a pair of horses, who agreed to pass through the sacred city on his return to his own; and I hired him.

This morning I wandered about the streets of Jaffa; many of them are connected by flights of steps. The Mussulman part of the town is much dilapidated, but the street by the sea-wall is clean and regular. The convent of the Latin church is an excellent building; and in the neighbourhood of it, I believe, stands the house of Simon the tanner.

The best soap in the East is manufactured at Jaffa: it is sent to Damascus and to Cairo, and used in all the baths of the principal cities. The most attractive things in the bazar, however, are the oranges, which are now ripe, and the most delicious in the world.

When I had seen all the town, which requires no great time, I rode to some of the gardens, for which this neighbourhood is so distinguished. Nothing shows the difference

of habits in the East and West so much as the places of recreation. In Europe we go to gardens to walk about; in this country to sit down is the pleasure. There is here no neatness,—nothing to charm the eye; and, except when the trees are in blossom, no fragrance. Roses are cultivated as vegetables for food, and are laid out in ground by themselves; so also are violets, of which the most delicious sherbet is made. But in the much vaunted gardens it is enough for a Turk if he can spread his carpet beneath the shade of a citron or an orange tree, —all fine-sounding enough,—and smoke his pipe or drink his coffee to the ripple of the little stream that wanders through the ground to give water to it. All around is a wilderness of weeds and grass, where snakes find shelter; or, if any use be made of the land between the trees, it is for the purpose of growing grain. The oranges were ripe, however; and a large orange-tree full of ripe fruit is a beautiful object,—when covered over with blossoms, the sweetest, perhaps, in nature. Yet an Eastern garden is very far from the scene of delight that poets have made it. The pomegranates of

Jaffa are celebrated; and, although this is not the season, I found some remaining of the last, which deserved all the praise that has been bestowed upon them.

February 13th.—At two o'clock my equipage came to the door, and I found the most unknightly pair of steeds that can be imagined. Hassan has not been brought up in a very stylish school; so, when he told me that everything was in order, he never contemplated the chance of my requiring a saddle or bridle. My display of pride upon the sorry appearance of my cattle was of no use, for I was forced to set off accoutred as they were. The Turk declared I might buy a saddle if I pleased, but the pad upon the horse's back should not leave it; and as for a bridle, the beast could go very well without it. "You will be in Jerusalem to-morrow, please God," said he; "and what more can I say?" My esquire, who is never disconcerted by these little matters, set the example by jumping upon the bags which his animal carried, and, screwing his legs under him, set off, shouting out his usual expression of resignation, "Fa niente, signor,—it signifies nothing: let

us go." I have learnt the advantage of this "fa niente" philosophy even in the short time I have been obliged to practise it, so made no more demur.

Signor Damiani this morning pointed out to me the positions occupied by the French army; but, as they are so well known, and so much written of, I will continue my journey towards Jerusalem without farther allusion to them. The Valley of Sharon, over which the road passes to Rama, has not yet come to its beauty. The wild roses, which are still to be found upon it, are not in bloom, and much water lodges about it. It is sprinkled, nevertheless, with flowers, and gives promise of the richness it is so famous for.

I do not think there can be in the world a more interesting road than that from Jaffa to Jerusalem; not for its positive beauties, for it has not many, but for the remembrances that belong to it. What different scenes crowd upon the memory, and what variety of pictures that magic glass—the imagination—reflects, as we traverse this renowned soil! In all that rises up before me, I find a knight of the cross continu-

ally intruding, whether he have any business among them or not. A few Greek pilgrims, and asses laden with baskets of oranges, were all the real objects I met, until in about three hours we reached the hedge of prickly pears that surrounds the city of Rama and Arimathæa.

A good deal of floundering and splashing through the muddy streets brought me to the gate of the Greek convent. A very small wicket in a high dead wall gave a mysterious air to the building. An old man, who might have been both deaf and dumb for all the advantage I gained from his address, made signs for me to enter the court, where a crowd of pilgrims were stretched lazily along the pavement, or peeping at me from their little cells, with the sort of curiosity prisoners are likely to eye a new arrival among them. I was welcomed in a very short time by a spoonful of jelly, a tumbler of cold water, a cup of coffee, and a glass of aqua-vitæ, in such rapid succession, that I thought I was to have all the bounty of the convent heaped upon me at one blow.

Disengaging myself from this preparatory attack, I set out to view Rama by the daylight

that was yet left. Close to the town stand the ruins of a mosque, from the minaret of which, being the highest place on the plain, I determined to take a view of the circumjacent country. The stair is yet good within it, and winds to the summit. It is about two hundred feet in height. Soon after my ascent the sun set, and mine was the only silent minaret in the place. I surveyed from it the whole of the Valley of Sharon, bounded by the hills of Samaria and Judæa, a rich and extensive view. Many plantations of olives are scattered over the face of the country, and cattle in great quantity were drawing slowly homeward.

The Latin convent is an extensive building, and looks exceedingly like a house of correction in England, which, after a different manner, it may very possibly be. Rama has always been the seat of a monastery, which has ever been subject to persecution and extortion. The Christian establishments in this country flourish, however, now; for Ibrahim Pasha has extended his protection towards them, and relieved them from the arbitrary taxes which were for-

merly inflicted upon them. The monks are so grateful to the Egyptian prince, Napoleon the Second, as he sometimes styles himself, that I suspect they would put him into the calendar, should he fall on his present crusade, if they could with any decency do it.

The town of Rama has suffered, like all others, from the heavy rain. I did not see much sign of comfort or commerce as I walked through the bazar. On a stone seat in front of a ruined khan sat the governor, surrounded by his court, waiting the signal from the muezzin for the hour of dinner. I saluted him very solemnly in passing; but could not escape a cross-examination, nor a cross-legged position, which I made as short as I politely could.

On my return to the convent, I found a very excellent dinner awaiting me, by the side of a carpet, above which hung a most dirty and dismal lamp, in a long room, that had been cleared of a herd of pilgrims for my express accommodation. The dishes were placed upon a round stool, at which I screwed myself with the greatest resolution. A lay brother of the convent sat

at squat on the edge of my carpet with a bottle of aqua-vitæ in readiness to supply me, which, though made better at this convent than at any other place in Palestine, is notwithstanding exceedingly nasty.

CHAPTER XI.

Promise of an Adventure.—A Negro Chief of Banditti.—Mahometan Procession.—My travelling Cavalcade.—Village of El Kobab.—Rugged Defile.—Desolation of the Hill-country of Judæa.—A Voice in the Desert.—Crowd of Arabs.—Beludab el Housh.—A Mendicant Nazarene.—Valley of Jeremiah.—Castle of the Maccabees.—First view of Jerusalem.—Its mournful Appearance.—Gate of Bethlehem.—Entrance into the Holy City. —Convent of St. Salvador.—My monastic cell.—Solitary supper.

I HAVE been a little amused by the promise of an adventure to-morrow on my road to Jerusalem. The moment the attendant had carried away the dishes, he returned with Hassan to announce that a banditti of robbers was on the road, who had in the morning plundered a party of eleven men of their arms, and all that they possessed besides. The pilgrims crept into the room to listen to the tale. The women, who rolled their fine dark eyes about,—more full of curiosity respecting me, I was vain enough to fancy, than of interest for the thieves,—sat a little

apart. The band is under the command of a negro Arab, who is so formidable a fellow, that, like the giant of the story-book, he can of his own prowess disperse a whole army.

I proposed to the pilgrims that we should all travel together; but they did not seem disposed to enhance, by a little skirmish, the merit of a pilgrimage, and with one voice declared they were all too tired. Although a fine thing to tilt with an Arab, when Richard may have defied the Saracen, I felt no great inclination for the adventure. "What is to be done, Hassan?" I cried, turning to my squire. "Andiamo, signore; fa niente," was his reply. A Turkish janissary here pushed his way through the Greeks; he had come from Jaffa with a message to the convent, and offered his valour upon the occasion. A Christian Arab followed him, who was travelling to the city, and volunteered his aid; so, thus augmented, I agreed to undertake the adventure. It appears that this formidable giant occasionally varies his scene of action, and takes post upon the road to Gaza. As he has committed the robbery of this day upon the route to Jeru-

salem, the bravest among us hope that he may consider turn-about fair play, and retire from it to-morrow.

The town is now in a great uproar from a Mahometan procession through it,—a tumult of shouting and clapping of hands, with a blaze of torches and clanking of weapons. A clear moon lights up the convent terrace, upon which the pilgrims are stretched in attitudes various enough; but, like myself, from the chatter they are engaged in, little disposed to sleep.

Feb. 14th.—At daylight this morning my cavalcade was at the door, and a most grotesque group we made to undertake an action with any one. My volunteer Turk, who, besides a sword and spear, had a battery of pistols in his belt, was mounted upon an ass, and made, with his pomp of war, a ludicrous contrast to his peaceably disposed beast, who certainly had not the least suspicion of what was likely to occur. I have already alluded to my mean caparison; and now the pad, upon which I was forced to spread out as if I had been astride an elephant, was furnished with a basket of oranges tied like a peak on the fore part of it; while,

behind, my cloak and blanket made a good support for the back. Hassan was perched upon the baggage; and thus accoutred off we set.

In an hour and a half we reached the village of El Kobab, a miserable heap, seated on the top of a little hill; it is the frontier post of the "cordon sanitaire." When we had passed it a short way, out ran a pompous fellow, bawling to us to return. He had been asleep on his post, until the dogs, who generally announce the coming of strangers audibly enough, roused him up. He could not read the paper I presented to him from the governor of Jaffa; but, perceiving the seal, muttered "Alla salamat," and suffered us to proceed. In an hour after this interview we entered a defile in the hills, and were lost to the plain. The road was rough and stony as if it had been the bed of a river; and on the brows of the hills that bound it were scattered various trees that seemed to struggle through the white rock, box, arbutus, and the oak, which was not yet green: the road was wild and romantic. We occasionally heard the bells of the flocks at pasture, and the voices

of the shepherds calling to them. Every place seemed most admirably calculated for robbery; but we passed all the defiles without meeting with a human being. There is little cultivation in the "hill-country of Judæa." The desolation of all around is well calculated to impress the mind, and prepare it for the solemn recollections that increase upon it at every step.

While musing upon the great events of which this country has been the seat, I was struck by the announcement of mid-day from a little mosque on the summit of a peak in the midst of the wildest part of the hills. Although it came from a Mahometan minaret, there was something deeply impressive in the exclamation "God is great!"—the only sound that broke the almost death-like stillness that pervaded the grand solitudes we were filing through.

We descended at length by an abrupt hill to the first large town we had passed. A ruined building stands by the way-side, in front of which a crowd of Arabs were collected; their horses feeding near them. My party looked anxiously for a black face among them, but

could discover no such alarming complexion. The men greeted the mock-heroic of my cavalcade with hearty bursts of laughter, at which I could not be offended, as my own mirth had been so frequently excited by the same cause. This place is termed "Beludab el Housh," and has been a long time the seat of a notorious free-booter, who has lately been curbed by the vigour of Ibrahim Pasha. The houses are built up the face of the hill, and, being of the same stone, look like so many old walls. There are no trees, and indeed no verdure about them; I should pass them by as deserted dwellings but for the occasional appearance of a woman on her roof to hang out clothes or sift corn, which is generally spread to dry on the house-top.

From a hut on the opposite side, a miserable girl rushed out, and, whining and grimacing, stood across the path to attract my observation; when I reached her, she crossed herself, and called out in a most doleful accent, "Holy pilgrim, have mercy on a Nazarene!" This was the first time I had been invested with a sacred character, so I bestowed all my loose piastres upon her. She was alone in the wil-

derness; for her father, with whom she lived, had gone into Jerusalem.

This has been called the Valley of Jeremiah, which name Niebuhr gives to the Arabs of this district,—on all hands a melancholy solitude. Here, it has been conjectured, stood the village in which Jeremiah was born. At one end of it is a castle singularly situated on a rock, called the Castle of the Maccabees.

From this long and sterile vale we passed through the narrow gullet which formed a proper termination to it, into a smaller strait, wherein are a few villages and patches of vineyards. At the end of this defile runs a brook into the Valley of Ekah, whence, it is said, David picked up the stones with which he slew Goliah; on the left hand rise the hills towards Samaria, bleak and desolate. The road now becomes more rocky, and the scene more wild. So heavy and so steep is the paved way, for it seemed so nearly, that I saw little prospect of getting into Jerusalem before nightfall; I therefore left my party, and hastened on to secure their passage through the gate, should they be delayed till sunset.

After winding up a long and barren hill, I arrived at the edge of the most dreary plain that can be imagined, covered with stone. My horse was so tired, that he fell twice. I urged him on, however, anxious before the day closed to gain the first view of Jerusalem. In half an hour I saw the mosque upon the Mount of Olives. On turning to the right hand a little, the holy city burst so suddenly upon me, that I could scarcely believe it real. How little did it fulfil my expectations! Tired and lonely as I then felt, I could have sat down and wept with disappointment! I was standing, I conceive, on the spot whence the pilgrims commence their barefooted approach to the sepulchre. In my eyes, all appeared to be dressed in mourning. The grey walls, surrounding a few minarets and graceless domes; the ruins of the Mussulman burial-ground, with crumbling tombs on every hand; the bleak aspect of the country around; a sprinkling of olive-trees over the mount; and the wild hills in the distance beyond Jordan, at the foot of which lies the Dead Sea,—made in the hues of sunset the most sombre picture that can be fancied. Jerusalem itself,

standing on the brow of the hill, looked as if a portion of it had fallen down the steep.

I was forced to hurry on. When I arrived at the gate of Bethlehem, it was closed, and the guard had gone to break their fast. I knocked in vain two or three times, and sat down at length upon the roadside to ruminate on the prospect of passing the night in a sepulchre. At length I resolved to go down to the Valley of Jehoshaphat and search for the fountain of Siloa, and remain there until the day broke. Before my cavalcade arrived, however, the wicket opened to let some person out, and I presented myself at it. A solitary Frank, at such an hour, appeared like an apparition to the soldier, who held the door ajar and peeped at me till his officer arrived to examine me. I had a most unintelligible parley with him, in which I frequently introduced the word "Buxees,"—a good countersign at all times; it had a manifest effect upon the men, who were of the Egyptian army, and I was permitted to enter. I waited in the porch until Hassan arrived, and for five piastres bought a free passage for the whole party into Jerusalem.

On entering the town, the castle or citadel is on the right hand, with a deep ditch round it, and a small gun or two peeping through the embrasures at the top. We turned to the left into a narrow and ill-paved street, overhung by the latticed windows of the houses, through which peeped laughing eyes that had been attracted by the clattering of the horses; for it was just dark enough to allow such stars to shine without eclipse.

We stopped at a low door, and dismounted. Everything had an air of mystery in it, and few words, as became such a feeling, passed between me and the Christian who came forth to welcome us. I followed him on foot to the upper end of the street, and, passing under an arch, crept through the wicket of a large gate into the court of the convent of St. Salvador. It was now quite dark, and the evening service was nearly finished; the monks flitted past me with their eyes cast down, as I stood bewildered in the area, while my leader went in search of the superior.

There is something uncomfortably mysterious to my mind in all connected with monks and

monasteries. The dim light from the chapel, the strong aromatic odour, the stealthy pace of all who were moving to and fro, with the deep silence that reigned throughout, had such an effect upon me, that I approached the head of the establishment with as much awe as if I had been going to be put to the question. A fat friar fortunately restored me to myself by sticking in the narrow staircase by which I was ascending to collect his breath. I could not pass him: his asthmatic exertions to tell me to have a little patience put all my more reverend notions to flight. I found the pro-vicar a very pleasing young man, and received from him a hospitable welcome to "Holy Land." I made my bow, and as the supper-bell rang the fathers into greater alacrity, returned to the building belonging to the convent for the use of strangers, where I have a very good room.

There is no traveller in the place but myself, and, from the cheerless aspect of my little cell, I fancy it has not been opened for a very long time. I may imagine myself a noviciate of St. Salvador, for here I am at my meditations in the most monkish chamber possible. I am

seated at a wooden table, stained with the droppings of the midnight damp, on a three-legged stool,—but an indifferent easy-chair after so long a ride,—and the hard bedstead in the corner promises but poor comfort to make up for it. A patch-work quilt is rolled up at the foot of it, and at the head is a pillow as hard as a stone, and very nearly as grey. A large cross is painted on the wall; and names innumerable scratched upon it, prove that its inmates have been as various as plentiful. I have amused half an hour in decyphering these memorials, and am very grateful to those who have spent perhaps a longer time in recording them. They answer the purpose of portraits to me.

I have been fed much in the manner of a soldier on guard. My supper is contained in a case of tin pots fitted into each other, descending regularly from soup to pudding; while a pewter jug full of wine, which has a most monastic flavour, stands by my side. I shall be very fortunate if I escape dreaming of the Inquisition.

CHAPTER XII.

Greek Pilgrims.—Via Dolorosa.—My Cicerone.—Our Saviour's path to Calvary.—House of Simon the Pharisee.—Emotion of the Pilgrims.—Prison of St. Peter.—Houses of Lazarus and the "Rich man."—Eastern mendicants.—Ruins of the Empress Helena's church.—Mosque of Omar.—Pool of Bethesda.—Scene of St. Stephen's martyrdom.—Tomb of the Virgin.—Mount of Olives.—Garden of Gethsemane.—Scene of our Lord's Ascension.—View of Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives.—The Muezzin's call on the Mahometan Sabbath.—Procession of Dervishes.—Peak whence Moses surveyed the Promised Land.—Party of Arabs.—Sepulchre of Lazarus.—Feelings inspired by Jerusalem.—Fountain of Siloa.—Turkish indolence.—Aqua-vitæ.—Italian Doctor.

February 14th.—As became a good pilgrim, I set out at an early hour this morning, and fell in with a string of Greeks who were crossing through the "Via Dolorosa," kissing the walls, and crossing themselves with the utmost piety.

I took with me one of the attendants of the convent to point out the noted spots. If on common occasions a cicerone be the greatest

possible plague, how terrible are his chattering interruptions in such scenes as these! I was not prepared for the careless volubility of my guide, who gave me no time for thought in the zeal with which he dwelt upon the idle details with which his head, and the heads of all attached to the convents, are filled. We paused at a small wooden door, which leads apparently into a dark chamber, and here, it is said, was the passage by which our Saviour ascended Mount Calvary. At another, we were told this was the house of Simon the Pharisee; here, the place where the women who accompanied the sad procession stood and wept; and here, where you see this cleft in the wall, was the third place in which our blessed Lord fell down. The pilgrims were now more moved than they had been by any earlier memorial, and crowded about, kissing the ground with most devoted energy.

At another part of the street we stopped once more to observe the mark which denoted that there the cross was given to Simon the Cyrenian. Groans and sighs burst from the devout crowd, and tears trickled down the cheeks of

some of the old women, who, when obliged to walk on, rubbed their hands on the blessed pavement, and pressed them to their lips, till they reached another sacred spot,—the arch whence Pilate exclaimed, "Behold the man!"

The prison of St. Peter, the house of Mary the mother of Mark, next attracted our attention; then the house of the rich man at whose door Lazarus the leper lay. This is at the end of a street in the Turkish quarter of the town. We stood for a while to gaze at it, many of the pilgrims shaking their heads and uttering expressions of scorn; when, turning round, some one in a more softened tone proclaimed, "And there is the house of Lazarus himself." The people rushed towards it, for it is within sight of the spot where "the dogs came and licked his sores," and stood in nearly as much astonishment at it as I did. It is an exceedingly clean and neat building, of a middling size. I know not how old this tradition is; but if one of the monks had not assured me of its certainty with very great solemnity, I should have thought the whole affair had been meant as a joke.

It is still a common custom throughout the

East, and I observed it this morning in the streets of Jerusalem, to lay a cripple or a leper at the door of some wealthy man, or to place him in a public thoroughfare, stretched upon his mat or wooden litter. The blind, too, line the approaches to the city, and cry out with a loud voice to the passers by for mercy and for charity.

The holy spots are so well known, that I shall not follow my guide in the narration of traditions that appear to me to be interminable. The implicit faith of those who undergo so much to visit them, in the authenticity of all they bow before, is too interesting a spectacle to talk lightly of. I preserved a sober and credulous demeanour throughout the day; for I would not shock the feeling of real devotion about me by an appearance of doubt regarding any of them.

I was glad to rest a while on the terrace of the ruined church built by the Empress Helena to St. Anne, the mother of the Virgin Mary. It is now nearly destroyed; a great part of what still remained has been thrown down by the late snow. It was once used as a convent, and a

few monks resided in it; but, as it stands immediately in front of the mosque of Omar, and in the thickest of the Turkish quarter, it could not have been a very congenial spot. From its highest terrace, which is grown over with grass, is a fine view of the square in which this celebrated mosque stands. This is, perhaps, the nearest view of the building itself that an undisguised Christian can obtain. I found a pleasant spot to recline in, and lay alone for some time to contemplate the various figures spread about the smooth green area, some at their ablutions, others at their prayers, and not a few seated in a state of abstraction; while many glided in and out of the temple, or lounged curiously about it.

I was greatly disappointed with the much-vaunted edifice itself. It is, in my taste, an ugly building. The black dome is so out of proportion to the body of the mosque, that it seems like an extinguisher upon it; while the blue enamel on the walls gives it a most paltry appearance. Its great interest is, that it stands upon the site of the Temple of Solomon. Those who have stolen an entrance to its sacred pre-

cincts give but an indifferent account of the interior; the outside is, I fancy, the most imposing. Stillness and solemnity reign around it. The Mahometan religion, in its purity, is excessively simple; but its professors show the most exalted notions in the style of their places of worship.

I continued my pilgrimage. On the way to the gate of St. Stephen, we looked over a wall into the moat, where rose the Pool of Bethesda. The people satisfied themselves by kissing the parapet, over which they strained to gain a view of the ditch. Sometimes they passed their hands over, as if to catch the exhalations that rise from the holy place beneath. The ditch, which stands at the foot of the wall supporting the area of the Temple, is grown over with weeds and wild plants; there are, however, some figs and olives in it.

From the immense stones, and the manner in which they are laid, it is thought that the wall on this side of the square of the mosque formed also the same support to the area of Solomon's Temple; and many travellers have considered that it is the only part that can be said to have

belonged to ancient Jerusalem still remaining in the city, could there yet be anywhere one stone upon another.

When we passed out of the gate, we were attracted to the spot on which St. Stephen was stoned to death, a species of seat worn in a rock. Many Greeks were prowling about, kissing the trees, the ground, and the walls, in every direction, for all around is consecrated by the last scenes of our Lord's ministry. A plain building stands close by, which is called the Tomb of the Virgin, where every morning at daylight the Greek priests perform mass. It was open, and I descended by a very long flight of steps to the chapel. A great number of lamps were hung within it, and gave it a sombre, and, in spite of the miserable pictures about, a religious appearance. It was some festival, and a later service than usual was just completed. The priests were still within; and while in the glimmering light they flitted past, and dropt upon their knees at the different altars, I felt more the mystery and incomprehensibleness of such a form of worship, or, as I may say, worship of forms, than I had ever before done.

On each side, in descending, are small recesses having altars within them, said to be the tombs of Joseph and the mother of the Virgin. At the bottom of the building is her own tomb. The Greeks and the Armenians only, I believe, have the privilege of celebrating mass above it. The Copts have a chapel, as well as the Syrian Christians, within the church; but both are poor and miserable. The Greek priests, who are always lavish in their rose-water, sprinkled us with it most plentifully; and, leaving an offering to their order, I retired.

We passed over the brook Kedron, and, leaving the Valley of Jehoshaphat on the right hand, ascended the Mount of Olives. An enclosed place stands on the left, called the Scene of the Agony and Bloody Sweat. We entered the Garden of Gethsemane, where olive-trees still stand, as they may have done in the time our Saviour was on earth. As they are very old, the pilgrims imagine them to be the same beneath the shade of which he "oftimes resorted with his disciples;" they kiss the trunks, and pick off pieces of wood from the branches. Above the garden is a paved alley, about four

feet broad, walled off from other parts; for they say it is accursed by the footsteps of Judas Iscariot, and held in abhorrence by the followers of every creed. Every spot, in fact, mentioned in the New Testament is most minutely marked, and diligently visited. The pilgrims, who know nothing of the higher, the diviner emotions of religion, seek with the greatest avidity to have every scene identified to them, that they may kiss it and adore it. Their faith in the efficacy of their arduous idolatry is unbounded. It is no wonder that the Mahometans, who are naturally of a contemplative turn of mind, should have their hatred and contempt of Christianity confirmed by the mummery that they are every day witnesses to in Jerusalem. What truly Christian mind, however, can resist the deep and awful reflections to which these scenes give birth? In the world we may again be moved by the passions and feelings of the world; but if there be any spot of earth where man can be loosened entirely from their influence, it is here!

On the summit of the Mount of Olives, within the area of a mosque, is a small circular cha-

pel covering the stone which bears the foot-print shown as that of our Lord. From here the Ascension took place. An Arab kept the key, and for a few piastres allowed us to enter. After the kissing and mumbling of pater-nosters had subsided, he opened a store of little square stones that are picked up about the hill, and, rubbing them in the foot-print, gave us all one a-piece. The pilgrims receive them as invaluable testimonies of their pious journey. Although within a Turkish mosque, the Christians have always had free permission to visit this relic. As the Mahometans possess a foot in their own temple which they revere, as well as the stone on which it is impressed, there is a fellow feeling that gains more indulgence from them for this particular act of idolatry.

From about midway up the Mount of Olives is perhaps the best view of the city. Next to the large mosque, the most conspicuous objects are the two domes of the church of the Sepulchre,—both of them, I think, extremely ugly; one is black and the other white. They appear from this distance to be joined together. The walls are picturesque, and remind me of bows

and arrows, and lances, and with them of the wars of the crusades. The town is a singular confusion; the houses are white, and irregularly built, intermingled with minarets and countless little domes. It is common to give this shape to almost every room in the city, from the scarcity, I imagine, of wood; and, for the same reason, the walls cannot be carried directly up to the requisite height. They gain, therefore, the desired elevation without adding to the weight materially, by letting a number of earthen pipes into the walls at intervals, in the form of piles of shot. The parapets round the terraces on which the people walk are all built in this manner, and look like so many pigeon-houses.

While I was surveying the town from this spot, mid-day sounded, and suddenly from every dome and minaret the muezzin called the faithful to prayer. It was Friday, the Mahometan sabbath. The chanting was very magnificent, and had a magical effect upon all within sound of it. The gates were closed, and the guards abandoned their posts, and hastened to the mosque. The Mollawies, like birds in their

cages, sang away in emulation of each other; while their notes, purposely prolonged till their breath could sustain them no longer, rung through the rocky hills around. I never witnessed so singular a scene; the voices of some of the priests were powerful beyond belief, and all were exceedingly sweet. Crowds of people filled the court of the temple, drawing slowly towards it; dervishes with solemn steps moved along the green; and women, enveloped in white sheets, who do not, as their sex in more civilized countries, add to the beauty or gaiety of the scene. They appeared like funereal figures shuffling along at a distance from the profane glances of the men.

I had a telescope in my hand, and sat during the continuance of prayer in the spot whence I could best look into the mosque of Omar, and notice the devotion of all collected about it. In an hour the service was at end, the crowd diminished, the guards returned to their posts, and the gates were again opened. The scene soon became of a very different nature; finely dressed Turks rode down the steep to the Valley of Je-

hoshaphat, or wound along the Vale of Hinnom to that of Nehemiah, to enjoy themselves in "fantasia;" a word that has been very generally adopted from the Italian into the Arabic of Syria, the construction of which seems to be nearly as wide as its circulation.

I walked across the mount to the village of Bethany. Near the site of Bethphage is a wild and magnificent view of the mountains beyond the Dead Sea, where rises the peak from which Moses surveyed the Promised Land. The barren country around Jericho, with the desolate region of caves and precipitous rocks that compose the whole space between this and the Dead Sea, the pale waters of which lie in the most perfect stillness below it, well deserve the name of Wilderness.

On this spot, which is close to where the Disciples found "the ass tied, and the colt with her," I met a party of Arabs from Raha, the modern name of Jericho. They were as black as negroes, and the most wild-looking people I have seen. They were waiting until some of their tribe, who had gone into the city to make pur-

chases, returned. I was glad of an opportunity of observing these good people, who make it still so dangerous to go down to Jericho.

A villager of Bethany, who had seen me approach, sat at the door that leads into the cave where Lazarus was buried, and, asking for "buxees," offered to lead me below. The cave is in a house belonging to him, of which he makes some profit. The feelings of enthusiasm that are inspired by Jerusalem in the breast of the least susceptible traveller, are likely to lead him to forget that there are few who are not too well acquainted with all around it, to render it probable that he can convey any information. In how small a compass are crowded the most interesting and constant objects of our thoughts! In the course of one morning to examine the memorials of events that from the earliest times with which we are acquainted have been working changes in the world,—to walk, in fact, in an hour and a quarter round Jerusalem, and find that you have surveyed in that short time the scenes to which all that is good in this life belong, with all that is to be hoped for in that to come, is indeed sufficient to discourage the

attempt to speak of the impressions they have caused.

I am not sure whether the traveller will be disappointed to find ragged old women dipping their pitchers in the fountain of Siloa, and asses sipping from the clear stream that runs from it, and that of the Virgin Mary near it. The inhabitants of the singular-looking village of Siloa come to these fountains for water. Kedron is dry. Being Friday, many people crowded the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and appeared on the summit of the steep that reaches down to it from the city wall.

I walked over the Jewish burial-ground, which is more like a paved court, without at first perceiving it; and when, in some degree tired, I reached the tomb of Absalom, I could not avoid thinking of Chateaubriand, whose elegant mind has added a poetical charm to the higher ones possessed by the scenery round Jerusalem, in identifying it with the creations of Tasso. In this valley was the battle between Tancred and Clorinda, and to Siloa's "chrystal rill" the victor went in quest of water.

At the union of the Vales of Hinnom and Jehoshaphat, there is a basin of water, where the fire of the Temple was preserved; and beyond it, where a clear stream runs through a very narrow inlet between the Mount of Olives and that where Aceldama and the other sepulchres stand, are many olive trees. Beneath the little shade they give, the inhabitants of Jerusalem on their several sabbaths assemble. The moment the mid-day prayers were at an end to-day, the amusement commenced. I found the valley full. The women were sitting in groups by the brook, which rumbled over the pebbles; while the men sat aloof on the roots of the trees, or the large stones that lay about. They had only come out to chew the cud; for a more ruminating animal than a Turk in his enjoyments never existed. If you ask an Eastern, from whatever quarter of that large world he or she may come, what is done at home; "I sit," will be the invariable answer. It appears to constitute, next to sleeping, the great happiness. Some Christians, who are a little more mercurial, however, were also to be seen. I recog-

nised them instantly by the incessant aqua-vitæ.

When I reached the neighbourhood of this Christian symbol, I was invited with great earnestness to join in their worship. I resisted a long time, but fell at last into the hands of a most merciless group, headed by an Italian doctor, flaming in scarlet and gold, the cast-off holiday suit of some Turk who most miraculously had benefited by his prescriptions. He was backed by a German, and two other men, who, I believe, were Russians; and, so pursued, I agreed to taste the execrable alcohol. Signor Philippo has been some time settled as a surgeon at Jerusalem, and has never, I hear, been detected sober. He hopes to gain strength of nerve for his operations by being always drunk.

It is very delightful now to bask in the sun; but this retreat in the midst of summer, when the brook is dry, must be much too hot, even for the "sitting" of those born beneath a Syrian sky. I rested a while by the side of a Latin Christian, the females of whose family

sat near him, and shared in a luncheon of cakes and figs that they had brought with them. I returned to the city by the Valley of Hinnom, having visited the ancient sepulchres above it.

CHAPTER XIII.

Preparations for a comfortable evening.—An Accident.—A blundering Leech.—Chief of Ibrahim Pasha's Engineers.—Serpents in Charcoal.—Procession to the Church of the Sepulchre.—Bargaining for Relics.—Spot where Abraham offered his Sacrifice.—Crowd of Pilgrims.—Stone of Unction.—The Holy Sepulchre.—Calvary.—St. Helena's Seat.—Pillar of Flagellation.—Eastern notions of Modesty.—Unhallowed Tumult.—Tombs of Godfrey of Bouillon and Baldwin.—Relics.—Country between Jerusalem and Bethlehem.—Church of the Nativity.—The Grotto of the Manger.—Altar of the Magi.—Extraordinary Scene.—Supper in the Convent.—A bigoted Catholic.

24th June.—A VERY common accident has made me until to-day a prisoner in my cell. The evening of the first day I spent in roaming without the walls of Jerusalem became suddenly so cold, that I desired a chafing-dish of charcoal to be brought into the room, and, adopting the manner of the Levant, put it under the table, and threw the stuffed quilt of my bed over it. I opened my writing-desk, and, drawing the

coverlet up to my chin, planned the most comfortable evening possible; the doors and windows were all shut.

In less than an hour the candles began to dance, and I could not hold the pen; everything in the room seemed to be waltzing round it. I supported my head a while between my hands, while I endeavoured to steady my elbows on the table. I was nearly insensible, when the recollection of the charcoal suddenly flashed across my mind. I rose, and staggered towards the door; it opened outwards as I fell upon it—and I remember no more.

I did not recover my senses till the next morning, when I found Hassan sitting by my side, the picture of despair. He told me that, on his coming home at nine o'clock the night before, he tumbled over my body, which was stretched in the court below. I had fallen down a flight of stone steps. My head had received a very severe cut, which, having bled a great deal, may have been of infinite service. Leeches were sent for, and in an hour or two, a Christian of the city—for I forbade the attendance of Signor Philippo—brought a bottle full of them.

Only one, however, was alive; the others had been killed by the cold. This solitary thing was, with a good deal of solemnity, put on my forehead, and, having crawled for some minutes about my face, fixed most resolutely upon my nose. My attendants watched his movements with as much satisfaction as if an important cure had been performed. I was in such pain that I could not laugh, and, sending them all out of the room, submitted myself to be bled, for the gratification of the leech, where I least required it. I was the only Frank in Jerusalem, and I must say the monks showed very little sympathy for me.

While I was unwell, the chief of Ibrahim Pasha's engineers, accompanied by an Italian surgeon, attached to the artillery of the Syrian army, arrived in the convent, and I was considerably indebted to him for his attention. This accident will prevent my going to the shores of the Dead Sea, and, I fear, curtail my travels in Judæa to the neighbourhood of Jerusalem only.

The attendants of the convent declare that there is no danger in charcoal itself; but that it often happens that serpents creep into the fag-

gots in the caves where the Arabs burn their charcoal, and so communicate their poison to it. This is a common belief I find, and the Arabs themselves entertain it. The wooded tracts in the neighbourhood of Hebron, and probably the wilderness of Engaddi, are the places whence this fuel, the only description used in Jerusalem, is brought. "How can you be surprised," said Antonio, the chief attendant of the strangers' house, "that you should have been ill, with a pan of serpents under your nose?"

As there was a procession in the church of the Sepulchre this morning, I set out early to witness it, for at twelve o'clock it was to commence. The court was crowded with people of different nations, and along the walls were ranged women from Bethlehem selling beads and crosses, made either of mother-of-pearl or of the wood of the olives growing in Gethsemane, and stained of different colours. These women are rather a handsome race, and are dressed merely in the blue shift of the Arabs. They manage well enough to attract notice to their goods; and, in a mixture of Italian and Arabic, combat for the prices with the pur-

chasers, who, albeit they are in their eyes sacred relics of a very important event in their lives, cavil to the last para that they pay for them.

The skill displayed by the artists who carve the saints and other subjects upon the mother-of-pearl shells, is very astonishing. Every buyer seeks his favourite saint, and the women at a glance seem to detect the patron of the devotee. As for me, they exposed the whole calendar to my choice, guessing by the round hat that I had no particular favourite.

Until the door was opened, I visited the Greek convent. On the terrace that looks over the court of the church is an altar, which, it is said, stands upon the spot where Abraham offered his sacrifice. Enough has been written and conjectured upon these points, however; and I leaned over the wall to contemplate the crowd below. As Easter is approaching, the pilgrims are daily pouring into the city. Ibrahim Pasha has repealed the tax upon them, too; and they are very numerous this year. Women and children seem to me to abound. It is proper, I suppose, that they should come humbly to the holy ground; their dresses, therefore, are

exceedingly dirty, and their persons either bowed with fatigue or penitence. The monks, who pass a tour of duty within the church, are never permitted to quit it till their period is at an end. A crane is affixed to the summit, by which they pull up their provisions in a basket at certain hours of the day.

At length the door opened, and onwards rushed the crowd. I was swept in by it, till, on reaching "the Stone of unction," which lies opposite the door, they sunk to their knees, and kissed and moaned most audibly. I was particularly struck by the children, who, when loosened from their mothers, though some of them were scarcely able to run, scrambled about kissing everything that came in the way. Wherever there was a clear spot on the pavement, their poor little lips laboured most zealously.

The next spot was the holy Sepulchre itself. I hastened to it, in the hope that I should find it yet unvisited; but I was forced to remain some time before I could gain an entrance. Many stood around the stone that marks the place where the angel sat at the mouth of the sepulchre. It is necessary to stoop to pass to

the chamber where stands the tomb itself. I found a Greek priest at the upper end of it, with a bottle of rose-water in his hand to sprinkle the visitors. I drew close to him, and remained there many minutes. There is just space for four people between the marble sarcophagus and the wall of the dome that surmounts it.

Many of both sexes entered while I stood by the tomb, and prayed with the greatest fervour. Some kissed the stone, and dropt their tears upon it; while others rubbed their faces and hands on the hallowed place over and over again, as if they expected to retain for ever a portion of its sanctity. Where could there be a more impressive, a more solemn scene? Yet the monks can carry their nonsense to the grave itself where they believe our Saviour lay. The Greek priest had a large collection of tapers, ready to light on receiving a coin from the pilgrims. These were stuck in a row above the tomb, which forms an altar, and melted away upon it, while the money paid for this duty rung upon the sacred sepulchre. "And this," I thought, "in honour of Him who cast out all

them that bought and sold in the Temple!" No place is so likely to make a rational Christian mourn as Jerusalem. It is well known that the church is built irregularly over a large space of ground, to comprise beneath it the whole scene of our Saviour's crucifixion.

When I left the tomb, the procession of the Latin priests had commenced. Four tremendous candles were lit at the "Stone of unction," and the proper service was being chanted about it, when the head of the convent of St. Salvador, the pro-vicar of the Holy Land, entered hastily, and bowed his head down to it; then rising, sprinkled holy water on all who approached him. None would be passed over, so his office was sufficiently laborious. The procession paused a while at each spot, and performed a separate function.

I followed up to Calvary, and, while standing by the altar where the hole in which the cross was fixed is shown, received one of those shocks to the feelings that I have read of with some doubt in the works of enthusiastic travellers. Not that I considered it of any consequence that such a matter should be identified; but, as I

drew close to the spot that the Roman church adores, a Greek from behind whispered to me, "That's not the place; some feet farther, signore." There is a perfect equality in the devotion bestowed on the various places round. The stone on which St. Helena sat, when she contemplated the work of excavation going on below, is as much kissed as any divine relic. It seems to be equally efficacious to kiss through another medium, when the holy object cannot be itself reached, as in the case of the Pillar of flagellation, which is encircled by an iron railing in the chapel of the Apparition, on the spot, as tradition says, where our Lord first appeared to the Virgin after his resurrection. A monk stands near the rail, and, touching the pillar with a long stick that has a piece of leather at the point of it, like a billiard cue, stretches it towards the lips that are ready pouting to receive it.

I have done, however, with such devotion. The church was crowded to excess, and I followed the pilgrim train most scrupulously, until I had completed the great round, and then returned to the nave of the sepulchre to look at-

tentively on the scene. The Greek church had commenced its tour, however, and all were again in motion. The whole proceeding was so unlike that which should characterize a place of worship, that I thought I was in the midst of a fair. Loud laughing and careless talking were heard on every side. The congregation afforded a sample of every nation on earth except that of Israel. Turks lounged through the aisles with pipes at their mouths, and in a recess by the door sat a group drinking coffee.

I joined them for a short time, and made the acquaintance of the guardian of the church, a fine-looking old man. The crowd collected in the Greek chapel was intolerable. I had pushed my way into the midst of it, and stood wedged for some time in a cluster of shrouded women, *in the very centre of the world;* for I was pressing against the marble ball which, according to the opinion of the Greeks, marks it!

None but the wives of the poorer Greek pilgrims, who come from a distance, have their faces uncovered; the rest are most closely veiled. The inverted notions of modesty entertained by the fair of the East are very well

known. The devout mothers had brought their infants with them; and, as it became necessary to satisfy their appetites, the women drew away from the crowd, and, ranged in a line to the east of the sepulchre, gave their children the breast. It was too hot to cover the heads of the babes; the more, therefore, the mothers exposed their bosoms, the closer they veiled their faces! More than a hundred were engaged in this interesting duty; which in such a place I should not have stopped to notice, if at the moment I reached them the sacred building had not been converted into the scene of a most unholy quarrel between the Armenians and the Greeks. All feelings of solemnity were checked. The Armenians, richly dressed, (the costume of the patriarch is magnificent,) bearing banners, had just reached the arches that lead from the aisle where the "Stone of unction" is placed, to the centre nave; the Greeks met them, for the purpose of resisting their approach to the sepulchre. A violent struggle ensued; blows, and, as far as I could understand, curses, were dealt in plenty about. The Turks flew to restore peace, and with their large sticks inflicted most

convincing arguments in behalf of quiet upon the heads of each party. People rushed from all parts to the scene of action; the Turks ranged themselves now on the side of the Armenians, and succeeded in beating back the crowd.

My old friend of the porch, seeing me in a dilemma, — for I was too weak to struggle against the stream, — seized me by the coat, and placed me by his side in the procession, exhorting me to use my stick without ceremony. I rejected this part of his advice, but continued to follow the Armenians in their tour round the sepulchre; which holy office was performed under an escort of Mahometans! Can Christianity ever be respected in the East? I left them as they knelt on the spot where Christ was stripped by the soldiers, and continuing along the cloisters, as I may call them, found the tombs of Godfrey of Bouillon and Baldwin; and there quite alone sat down to think, if possible after all I had witnessed, that I was at the foot of Calvary.

A Franciscan monk, who had come there also for meditation, spoke to me in very scornful

terms of all the churches in Palestine except his own; and concluded his oration much more to my satisfaction by offering to show me the sword and spurs of the "great captain" of the crusades, by whose tomb we were. These relics are kept in a gallery above. It would be very impertinent to question such matters; so, with perfect faith in their authenticity, I clasped the spurs to my ancles, and from my own hand and Godfrey's sword received the honour of knighthood. It was nearly sunset when I reached my cell in the convent.

1st March.—On the forenoon of the 27th I rode down to Bethlehem in company with the Neapolitan colonel of Egyptian engineers. Until the tomb of Rachel is passed, the country is arid and bare. A number of high towers, built to overlook the grounds, reminds the traveller of the parable of the vineyard. We rode through the village, pursued by a sort of hue-and-cry of the inhabitants, who plagued us with their importunities to purchase crosses and rosaries, and arrived in the church just as the evening service had commenced, and the monks had armed themselves with candles. One of them ap-

proached me instantly, and placed a lighted torch in my hand; while a second presented me with a book, open at a page which was thus headed, "In the place where Christ was born—indulgentia plenaria."

The procession then commenced, and we descended to the Grotto of the Manger, on the marble pavement of which we knelt, while the deep voices of the monks sung the solemn hymn adapted to the sacred spot. We then made our genuflexions at the place where Christ was laid after his birth, and at another where stood the altar of the Magi, both of which give plenary indulgence: at each was sung a different hymn. There were besides seven altars, before every one of which a separate service was performed.

It was dusk when we ascended to the church, where the day concluded with the Litany of the Virgin. A more extraordinary scene could never have been witnessed. To me it seemed a complete bewilderment. I fortunately held the book before me, or I should never have divined the meaning of it. High and low objects of devotion are so mingled together, that the practised monks themselves must be in

danger of confusing their prayers and blunting their feelings.

When we assembled in the long room of the convent, where we supped, the guardian of Bethlehem and many monks joined us, and held to a late hour a conversazione which was enlivened by the frequent circuits of a tremendous bottle of aqua-vitæ. There was among them one most striking figure, a remarkably handsome man, but wasted with penance or study. A novelist would have painted his pale cheek and subdued mien as the marks of one who had sought sanctuary from the sorrows of the world. He selected me for a particular conversation; and, seating himself by my side, inquired to what church I belonged. "To the church of England," I replied. "I feared it," said he: "then you did not join in the prayers to the Virgin?" I was too tired for a controversy, and contented myself with shaking my head. "My heart bleeds for you," he continued, and burst into a strain of eloquence that I was delighted to listen to, in support of the divinity of the Virgin Mary; not loud enough to be heard far from me, but most earnest, and, as it

was the effect of his sincerity, most impressive. He spoke then of relics, and their efficacy, using the common arguments of the Roman church. "What happy people are those," said he, "who have now fulfilled the great object of their lives, and impressed the kiss of devotion on the blessed sepulchre. Miserable, cold-hearted Protestants! how can you feel the fervour of religion?"

I interrupted him here, and cried, "I do not understand that fervour which, as far as kissing relics goes, is shown equally for the mother of Constantine as for the mother of our Saviour." This observation nearly drove him frantic. He rose up to commence an anathema,—so at least I feared from his aspect,—when the guardian approached and interrupted us. This is the first instance I have met of a monk in Holy Land caring about the religion of visitors, beyond the antipathy they have to missionaries of the reformed church. Before the monks left us for the night, however, he came up to me, and, offering his hand, assured me he deemed me still a brother. We parted with mutual professions of good-will.

CHAPTER XIV.

Wailing in the Cemetery.—Grotto where the Virgin concealed her Child during the Massacre of the Innocents.—Ibrahim Pasha's exaction.—Pools of Solomon.—Kind Reception by a Mamlouc Bey.—Dinner at his house.—Egyptian Captain.—Tombs of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and Sarah.—A frantic Mussulman Priest.—Invitation from a Jewish Rabbi.—His House and Family.—An interesting Patient.—Petition to the Bey of Damascus.—Pilgrims' certificates.—Mountebank Priest.—Arrival of Captain Fitzmaurice.—Gratuitous Accommodation of Pilgrims.—Motley group of Armenians.—Mount Zion.—Mosque of David.—Sacred spots.—Stone of the Sepulchre.—Miracles.—Hassan's purchase of a Talisman.

I WAS roused at daylight in the morning by a loud wailing beneath the window, which, on rising, I found overlooked the burial-ground, where all the women of Bethlehem seemed to have assembled to call on the dead, which is customary among them on certain days after the decease. I immediately went down to the gathering, and drew fresh tears and louder shouts by my presence; while many inflicted

severe blows on their breasts. One old woman bared her bosom, which required no great ceremony indeed, for she had but one garment on; and, throwing herself on the grave, thumped in good earnest. They had brought flowers and herbs to strew. There would have been much interest in a quiet moan; but so dire a yell set all sympathy to flight in a moment.

I had scarcely shown myself, early as it was, when I had a string of guides about me; and, under their auspices, roamed over the holy places without the convent, for there are several to which tradition has fixed a sacred character. The most frequented is the grotto in the chalky hill close by, where the Virgin concealed her child during the massacre of the Innocents. A few drops of her milk fell to the ground, and whitened the cave as it now is. The Arab women believe in its virtue, and, as well as the Christians, resort in great numbers to gather the chalk, which, dissolved in water and drunk, restores the current to a mother's breast, should it have been interrupted.

I found the principal men of the town assembled in the long room of the convent to ask

advice in what really seemed a dismal strait. Their annual tribute has been always twenty-seven purses. The most grasping pasha has been satisfied with this sum, of which the convent paid its portion. Ibrahim, however, who has generously taken the tax off the Christian establishments, has heaped it a hundred fold upon their flocks, as if he meant to put their Christian charity to the test. Poor Bethlehem is doomed to pay a hundred and twenty-seven purses, nearly eight hundred pounds sterling:—and whence is it to come? The population is now about eight hundred, and their young men have been cut off by the plague. "Holy land is free," the monks say, and they will not pay a penny. Ibrahim Pasha has betrayed his true feeling and natural policy towards Christianity. He will cease to be the enlightened liberator at this rate. To please the powers of Frangistan, he exonerates all religious communities from any tax, and demands from their dependents so exorbitant a sum, that they must be ruined unless, under the name of charity, the convents contribute more than they have ever done. We recommended a petition to

Sherif Bey of Damascus, and by our return it is to be prepared.

I do not think there is a tree from Bethlehem to the Pools of Solomon, which lie in a hollow between rocky ridges: all around has the aspect of a wilderness. From these reservoirs, which are now full of water, the country becomes wooded; the arbutus, box, and stunted oaks, with many shrubs in flower, grow up the sides of hills, in which are numerous caves, long steeps of pasture and rich soil under cultivation lying between them. On approaching Hebron, fig-trees and vines increase in number: the last have the appearance of large trees; from the size of the trunks, one may fancy that they have been growing since the days of Abraham.

Rain fell heavily as we rode into the town, "El Halil," as it is called in the present day, "the Refuge." We met an Italian surgeon coming from the city, who had been to visit the soldiers of the Egyptian army. He said that he had found the plague in the place, and was galloping back to Jerusalem. We rode at once to the governor's, where we met with the

kindest reception from one of the finest old men I ever saw. He is one of the few survivors of the Mamlouc Beys: he escaped from Rosetta in an English frigate, and is glad to meet an Englishman. He gave us a most bountiful dinner, in which many fingers dabbled besides our own. I was taught a little management in this sort of feeding that I shall be able to turn to account in a crowd. A very high dish of rice, as usual, stood in the centre of the board: round the thickest part of the pile each member of the company scooped such a hole for himself as a rat would have done, and, lodging in it the savoury things that the little dishes contained, established a depôt from which he cut off the communication of his neighbours, till all the fingers meeting in the centre, undermined the heap, which, giving way, blended the messes into one most undefinable dish.

The captain of the Egyptian company was among us,—a young man, and one of the most intelligent of that army that I have met. He has only forty men in Hebron, and is harassed to death by the Arabs of the neighbourhood. He assured me that when he entered this city

his beard was black, "and now," said he, "look at it." It was indeed a "sable silvered." On his march with his party from Jerusalem, he was fired at frequently from the caves and in the defiles we had passed. He was surprised when I told him I had not seen an Arab, for he believed there was one in every bush. On my way, I took shelter in a cave, into which I was able to take my horses: it is so large that it would contain twenty horses. The wilderness of Judæa is one tract of excavations.

As the colonel had come on duty, we surveyed the walls of the city. They were breached by neglect in several parts; and the citadel had a crack from the top to the bottom of it, and was, besides, a mass of filth and ruin. From one of its terraces I crept through a narrow door, and found myself on the summit of the mosque, from which rose five domes of different sizes: they surmount the tombs of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Sarah, and, I believe, Rebecca. A priest from the minaret perceived me, and hastened down, spitting towards me, and cursing with all his might, "Out, you

dog!—down, infidel dog!" He invoked every possible calamity on my head, and was preparing to attack me with all his zeal, when the Egyptian captain rushed in and interposed. "Who sent this dog here?" asked the priest: "the fires of hell shrivel up his soul!" "Your master," replied the captain; "and if you do not instantly be gone, I will take the Frank into the mosque, and he shall see the place of Abraham, on whom be the blessing of God!" This charm silenced the priest, and the captain whispered to me to retire, for they were mad on these matters. I, however, had seen the cupolas of the patriarch's resting-place.

When we were sitting in solemn chat with the governor, a message was brought from a Jewish rabbi to invite me to his house, where I should be better lodged for the night than in the porch of the palace, which was all I was to have. I knew the Eastern etiquette, and asked leave to depart. The governor sent a janissary with me, and, as it was dark, two men with lanterns. The bazars were empty, but they had large gates to them, which were opened at the summons of my conductor. The Jewish quarter

was very narrow, and, as my nose intimated to me, none of the cleanest. I thought of the Italian's flight from the plague, and felt a little uncomfortable.

The house of the rabbi, however, was very neat, and he himself a most venerable figure, with a long white beard, to which razor seemed never to have come. He had been, when a young man, in Venice, and, to my great relief, spoke Italian. Several generations of his family surrounded him; and two Jews, who had lately come from Poland, paid us a visit. Children innumerable ran in and out,—Jacobs, Sarahs, and Rebeccas, with their dark eyes and darker tresses. Sweetmeats and oranges were handed about, and I passed a happy evening. The cleanest bed was spread on the floor for me, and I slept without being bitten for the first time since I have been in the East.

As the engineer colonel could not stay in Hebron, I promised to set out in the morning with him. The man who brought me water had sore eyes, and I carelessly said to him, "Why don't you keep them clean?"—"Are you a hakim?" he asked. "Yes; all Franks

are hakims," he continued, as he abandoned the pitcher and ran out of the room. He returned with his grandfather the rabbi, and three or four old women, and I was driven regularly to bay. The wife of the young man had been married two years, and was not yet a mother in Israel. "Will you prescribe for her?" they asked me. I declared I was no doctor; but they would not lose the chance, and, in spite of my entreaties,—which were softly urged, I confess, —they brought in the patient, surrounded by a host of women and children. It would be proper to colour the picture by saying she was beautiful; but she positively happened to be so, and I thought consumption was feeding on her cheek. She seemed about nineteen or twenty years of age.

No impostor just discovered in his knavery could have been more abashed than I was. The women kept my patient in the front, and fixed their anxious eyes upon me, while she cast hers to the ground. The children crept to my feet, and, sitting round them, looked up to my face in innocent astonishment. The old man at length took her hand and put it in mine, that I might

feel her pulse; she turned her eyes upon me then for the first time. . I was more perplexed, for I thought she looked as if she really felt the bitterness of a curse upon her. I could not keep my fingers on her wrist for ever, and, dropping her hand gently, told her to pray; and so broke the consultation.

On my return to Bethlehem, I found the villagers waiting to read their petition to the Bey of Damascus. "If we were to sell all our women and children, we could not raise half the sum: take them, therefore, and crush at once the humblest of your slaves." This was one of the passages, I remember; and a very safe offer, I suspect; for although, as Nazarenes, they may be sold for slaves, they would not be quite to the Turkish taste.

We rode into Jerusalem by a wider circuit, and passing over the fields where probably Ruth gleaned by the maidens of Boaz, stopped a few minutes on the spot where the angel appeared to the shepherds. In a grotto there is an altar. At sunset we entered the Bethlehem gate.

The pilgrims to the Holy Land receive certificates from the monks in charge of the various

sacred places, that they have visited them in a pious, devout, and exemplary manner. The good-humoured guardian of Bethlehem gave me a properly authenticated document of this kind in Latin, stamped with the seal of the church of the Nativity, assuring me that it would at all times obtain for me a high consideration in Roman Catholic countries. If I required the hospitality of a convent in my wanderings, he said, I had but to present my certificate of pilgrimage at the gate, and I should be welcomed as a holy palmer would have been in my own land before she strayed from the fold of Rome.

The day after I returned to Jerusalem, I was present at another procession in the church of the Sepulchre, and met a Spanish priest, who has been travelling throughout Judæa, and following the track of the children of Israel. He has just arrived from Mount Sinai. So complete a charlatan I never beheld; the very monks seem ashamed of the quackery of his devotion. He ran about the church with the antics of a mountebank. Wherever there was a crowd he pushed in among them, and, throw-

ing himself upon his knees, kissed so repeatedly and so earnestly the object of their devotion, that all grew impatient to put him away. He speaks English a little, and fastened himself upon me the greater part of the day. He is going to publish an account of his pilgrimage, he says; and, as he noted in a book some observations I made on the scene before me, I expect to find them heading a controversial chapter, should I ever meet with the work.

Hassan pushed his way through the crowded church with such an expression of joy in his countenance, that the eyes of all classes were fixed upon him. He had seen an English gentleman alight at the convent gate, and flew without drawing breath to tell me. I had the pleasure of finding Captain Fitzmaurice, on my return to my cell, established in an opposite one. We are the only Franks that have been in the convent of St. Salvador this year. Some travellers and an American missionary, about a month ago, lodged with the Greeks; for, I believe, the Latins refuse to give shelter to missionaries of the reformed church, none of whom

have ever yet settled for any time in Jerusalem.

Pilgrims are accommodated for one month at the charge of the convent. Europeans seldom make a pilgrimage. There are two Germans here at this moment, however, who have been travelling on foot through the greater part of Europe, and have come from Constantinople to this place. One of them told me that he was a Protestant, but begged me not to mention it.

I saw three hundred Armenian pilgrims dismount at their convent gate. So motley a group, and so singular a collection of animals to carry it, afforded me amusement for half the day. There is a large paved court within the gate, into which the cavalcade wound before the riders dismounted. The women had generally two, and sometimes three children a-piece, resting between their legs, as if they had been birds in a nest; for their mothers sat astride the quilts and carpets of the family, and made with their knees an admirable fence for their little ones. They had come from Armenia, and had been out in all the rain of the last

two months. From the appearance of the cattle, and the wasted figures of the pilgrims, there must have been sad mortification on the road. The bell rang them in to dinner, and, tired as they were, they hastened at the call. One long room held the whole party, where a bowl of soup and a small loaf of bread were given to each. I walked down the table with one of the priests, who gave a welcome to every family group in turn, and all appeared in a moment perfectly happy.

As the pilgrimages occur during Lent, the expense of feeding so great a tribe is not so enormous as it may at first appear; for they preserve a very rigorous fast. Neither meats, nor eggs even, are permitted to be eaten.

The Armenian convent is not very far from the gate that leads to Mount Zion. I have several times passed an hour in roaming over the flat tombs with which it is paved, but have never met a person on it,—no Jew disconsolate on Zion mourning over the fall of his people. On their sabbath I dare say they assemble in the cool of the evening to enjoy the air upon it. The Christians sit in a row at the gate of Beth-

lehem, and the Turks lounge in the area of their mosque, or by the stream in the valley I have spoken of. This is so universally the habit in the East among all sects and in every place, that I am inclined to think, from the character the Jews bear, that when following this custom, they think very little of the "stay and the staff" that have been taken from Jerusalem.

In the mosque of David, which is on Zion, is shown the place where our Saviour was imprisoned in the house of Caiaphas. The stone slab that makes the altar is the very one, the convent people say, (and I suppose they speak with the licence of the priests,) that was rolled away from the mouth of the sepulchre; and, with the usual precision, the very spot where St. Peter sat when he denied his Lord, as well as the perch from which the cock crew, are pointed out. Chateaubriand relates, from the Travels of Benjamin of Tudela, a miracle that occurred here on an attempt to approach the tomb of Solomon,—told at great length, I remember, and very similar to that which prevented the rebuilding of the Temple by Julian, which the

Christian guides take very good care to repeat, when they point to the mosque, in a most circumstantial history.

The Mahometans have guides, as well as the Christians, I find, to lead them over the sacred spots within the mosque; the principal of which is the stone from which the Prophet took his flight to Heaven. I sent Hassan to explore, who was discovered to be a stranger the moment he entered; and a priest took possession of him, teaching him the proper prayers, and pointing out the places in which they were to be uttered. The profession of cicerone is a most lucrative one in Mecca, and, in proportion to the number of visitors, not much less so here. Six piastres was the cost to Hassan; "And all I have for it," said he, "is a small black stone,—a talisman that will cure me whenever I am ill, if I put it in a cup of water." The priest assured him that it came from Mahomet's stepping-stone. He did not set much store by it, and suffered me to redeem it from him with great willingness.

The certificate that the pilgrim receives from the convent of Jerusalem, contains a short ac-

count of every holy place within it, and is an exceedingly long document,—a very admirable guide in fact. The pro-vicar conferred upon me an abstract of that given to the orthodox visitors: I have been therefore deemed in some respect a pilgrim.

CHAPTER XV.

Leave Jerusalem.—My Fellow Travellers.—Village El Bur.—Micmash.—Ruined Khan.—Our miserable Lodging.—Ingenious Robbery.—Recovery of our Baggage.—A Surprise.—Our Fellow-Lodgers.—A Quarrel.—Magical effect of Ibrahim Pasha's name.—Indian Pilgrims.—A miserable Night.—Journey resumed.—Heights of Ephraim.—Desolate Region.—Magnificent Vale.—Scene of Jacob's Dream.—Valley of Shechem.—Well where our Saviour conversed with the Woman of Samaria.—Mountains of the Samaritans.—Wretched Khan.—A good Samaritan.—The Engineer Colonel's Inspection.—Ibrahim Pasha's scheme.—Capacious Vale.—Deplorable Resting-place.—Tempestuous Night.

March 3.—I LEFT Jerusalem for Damascus. The commencement of the day was inauspicious, for it rained and blew a hurricane. Our horses had been standing some time in the square of the convent, and, in spite of the weather, we resolved to set out.

I am no longer now a solitary traveller, for I make one of a formidable train, Captain Fitzmaurice, and a sailor, with a French colonel

and his interpreter. Myself and all the followers amount to thirteen in number. With a tolerable clatter, a little after mid-day, our faces buried in cloaks and hoods, we got out of the city.

It is ridiculous enough, when stumbling over ruins of buildings and loose stones,—such a place indeed as the bottom of a quarry might be,—to learn that we have quitted the gate of Damascus, and are upon the high road between two of the principal cities of the Eastern world. The pleasantest view, however, of Jerusalem is from this side: there are some hills to break the formality of the wall, and the dark domes are not so conspicuous a part of the picture.

We were not able to reach Nablous, as we hoped to have done, and stopped an hour before sunset at the entrance of the village "el Bur," so called from a clear fountain at the foot of the hill on which the houses stand. Here was Micmash: the road to it is wild, over hills of stone, with scarcely one tree to enliven the scene. We took possession of a ruined arch that serves as a khan, and stands among many at the bottom of the town. It is open at both

ends, and the wind blew through it, while the rain drizzled from the broken roof. We swept the floor, and, spreading our carpets upon it, placed the cattle against the upper entrance, while the villagers crouched in the mouth of the other. Thus, with a blazing log of wood, which we soon arranged, all promised very well, when the colonel, who thought his dignity compromised by this humble retreat, sent his interpreter to trumpet our arrival through the village, and obtain, if possible, a house.

I have a horror of such civilities as the Arabs of a village are able to afford, and could not sympathise with the Frenchman in his joy at the discovery of a building for our accommodation. We would not divide our fortunes, however; and followed Monsieur Souf through the miserable streets to the highest point of the hill, where, exposed to the full violence of the wind, we found a solitary house, close to the remains of a large church which was built by the Empress Helena over the spot where tradition says the Virgin Mary sat, while, having missed our Saviour, after a day's journey, Joseph sought him among their kins-

folk and acquaintance before they returned to Jerusalem.

These ruins were walled round, and our cattle occupied such shelter as they gave. As we came on foot through the streets, leading our horses, the gentle dames of the village levied a tax upon our property in a very ingenious manner, by pulling the bedding, which hung loose over the saddles, into their huts. Anticipating a clamour when we should make the discovery, they took their husbands into their confidence, who acted their parts most admirably.

When we reached the airy castle we were to possess for the night, lo! our beds were gone. Hassan made an oration upon their inhospitality to the men who surrounded us. They affected to be shocked, and hoped we did not think it possible that they could have encouraged so scandalous an act. "You shall have your property," they all cried: "but will you not reward us?" They were promised a reward, and in a short time returned with the stolen blankets; then, telling the story, laughed at the success of the stratagem.

The door of the khan was so low that we were forced to crouch to pass through it. The room was full of smoke; so dark, and so close, that I fancied we had sunk into the infernal regions. "Open the window, if there be one!" we all exclaimed; and one of the party pushed a wooden shutter that let in a glimmer of day at the top of the wall, when a loud shout of "Wullah! what dogs are these?" burst from the centre of the chamber as the light rushed into it, where, round a deep hole wherein lay a log from which all the smoke proceeded, about thirty men were seen squatted in a circle, smoking and wrapped up in their large cloaks. They were like owls disturbed in their favourite darkness, and floundered and flapped about in a most ungentle humour. They insisted upon closing all up again, and we for a while submitted.

"There is a mat in the corner: sit down there, take off your shoes, and thank God that you are allowed to come in at all," cried a fellow bearded like the Saracen's Head upon a sign-post, with a large knife at his girdle. "What brings you here?" "Our own business," re-

plied our interpreter; "and we wish to have as much room as possible, so you had better be gone and leave us to ourselves." This modest request was nearly bringing affairs to a crisis with a vengeance. "Off with your shoes, unbelievers!" exclaimed a little shrivelled Arab, with the most intolerant expression of countenance I ever saw. "Out with them, in the name of God!" shouted another; while "Wullah, Yullah," and all the different variations and invocations of the name of Allah, escaped from the lips of the crowd.

We drew up into a corner, and stood firm; the sailor half drew his sword, we handled our pistols, and the French colonel began to chatter a mixture of languages that promised to perplex the matter as much as words could do for us. Monsieur Souf, who was of a peaceable turn of mind, kept aloof; while Hassan whispered to me, "Fa niente, signore—don't fight."

The colonel's address had rather a composing effect, although I believe not one word of it was understood. When it was over, the men sunk down to their sitting posture, and allowed the window to be opened, that they might contem-

plate us at their leisure. We were by this time all in tears, from the pain of the smoke in our eyes. I was forced to bandage mine with my handkerchief, and peeped from under it every now and then at the group. They eyed us very minutely, and in a low tone among themselves discussed our appearance, which was not unlike that of a party of children crying at being kept in the corner. I hope this notion did not occur to the Arabs; for the Franks will scarcely be elevated in their judgments from our visit among them, if it did.

As we could neither get rid of the smoke nor enjoy the air while the crowd remained, we again proposed their departure, when the calm at once grew into a worse tempest than the first. Up they sprung, and cursed us most dismally, repeating constantly, "Wonderful! Are we not men? They come here to beard us in our own dens!" A loud clatter at the door, which was not calculated to resist much, broke it from its hinges, and in poured a fresh supply of people from the village, screaming out, "Buxees, buxees!" The wind and the rain, too, drove in upon us, and the sparks from the

fire in the centre flew about the room. The adventures in Don Quixote's inn were nothing to those promised to us. We gathered together, and stood in front of our baggage piled up in a corner, and resisted by pushing and pulling every attempt to approach it. "Out with the dogs! Down with the infidels!" and such agreeable expressions, rang through the multitude. There was now no space to move, and we stood at bay; one hand holding a handkerchief to our eyes, while with the other we used what defence we could to keep our ground.

We had not yet come regularly to blows, and were all anxious to avoid it. We were nevertheless in full expectation of a furious struggle every moment, when an old man, who had been conversing with M. Souf, called out, "Silence, my children, and let us hear them speak!" The colonel, who had just whispered to me, "I wish we had one of his highness's six-pounders here," advanced with his drawn sword into the centre, and commenced an oration, but in such an outrageous passion, that no two words could be connected together. "Choich, choich — Gently, gently," was all that we could say to control the impa-

tience of his hearers, which I repeated till my throat was as dry as possible.

At length a most fortunate scheme struck the interpreter, who cried out in Arabic to the principal man among them, "What is your name?" "Abd-ul-kerim," said he. "Then write it down, I pray you," continued the interpreter, turning to the colonel, "that Ibrahim Pasha may know how his chief engineer has been received while travelling on his service."

This speech fell like a thunderbolt among them. The colonel sheathed his sword, and drew out his note-book; I presented him a pencil, and we all gathered round him to assist in making the muster-roll. It was not necessary, however; the threat was enough, and one by one the crowd began to drop away, till the head man alone remained, who assured us that all that had occurred was meant most civilly; that while the women were making bread, the men usually came up here to smoke, for their wives shut the doors upon them until the sun sets.

In a corner of the room were three men who had not taken part in the fray. They were natives of the East Indies, Mahometans of Surat,

who had been to Mecca and Jerusalem on pilgrimage, and were on their return to their own country by Damascus and Bagdad. If there be any merit in the toils of a pilgrim, these poor wanderers will surely reap the full advantage of it.

We could not fasten the door during the night, and kept watch alternately by the large fire, which the head man of the village, to make amends for our uncourteous reception, supplied most bountifully with fuel from the shrubs around, for wood is scarcely to be seen. Occasional attempts were made by the villagers to enter our resting-place, but we firmly resisted them. The necessity of combating these attacks, and the still more tantalizing ones of the numerous insects in the place, prevented the possibility of sleeping. We were glad to be up when the day broke, and escape from so uncomfortable a confinement.

4th March.—The stormy weather still continued, and obscured much of the interesting scenery round. The Hill of the Maccabees, and the wilderness in which it stands, sometimes appeared among the clouds, and we caught a

dark view of the heights of Ephraim in the north-west. I know not with what certainty Micmash is identified with this place; but wherever the Philistines may have gathered their chariots and horsemen, "and people as the sand which is on the sea-shore for multitude," the desolate region round is well calculated for the hiding-places which the Hebrews sought; for there are on every hand caves, and rocks, and pits innumerable.

How dreary was all around! The rain fell in torrents, and the south-west wind howled over the barren hills; among which, however the case may have been formerly, there is not now a thicket to be seen. The road towards Jerusalem was concealed, and that before us was bleak and difficult. We wound in a long string, one after the other, covered with cloaks, and not able to see a yard on either side. Too far asunder to converse, we moved like a train of unhappy exiles, creeping unwillingly we scarcely knew whither; for the dragoman had endeavoured, on setting out, to persuade us that it was impossible to reach Nablous. I heard no sound but the groans of this unfortunate fellow

at the plight he had commenced the day in, until in two hours we reached a very magnificent vale between high overhanging rocks, rich in olives, vines, and figs. The soft herbage beneath our feet made a delightful change from the stony path we had quitted; the soil seemed rich, but poorly cultivated.

On a hill to the left hand stands a village called Libanus; and farther on, about an hour's ride, in the sweetest retirement, tradition has preserved the spot where Jacob lay down and slept, and had the dream of promise. A monastery, I believe, was once erected on this most memorable ground, and some remains of a building are yet visible. A more perfect or more charming solitude cannot be conceived. Some of the hills which bound this narrow vale on the west are such as might rise above the sea, and seem strangely out of character in so soft a scene. Over the green hills on the opposite side roamed the flocks of Abraham, when he pitched between Bethel and Hai; and not far from the road to our left hand, perhaps, was Shiloh.

The rain cleared away as we descended to

the Valley of Shechem, and sat down to rest by Jacob's Well, where our Saviour conversed with the woman of Samaria. Nothing could be more quiet than the scene we were surveying. Besides our own party, there was not a being astir. I thought of the solitary Joseph, when "a certain man found him wandering in the field," and how beautifully that simple passage describes the loneliness of this vale. The narrow way in which Nablous stands is well planted with olives, and many fruit-trees now in blossom around the city give it a most pleasing appearance. The mountains of the Samaritans are capped with clouds: a light gleam of sunshine, however, through the vale, contrasted well with the gloom above.

We rode to the khan in the midst of the town, the first I have visited in the Holy Land, and may it be the last. I shuddered when I ascended to the rooms on the upper terrace: all the plagues of Egypt were there! The court-yard, into which these chambers looked, was very extensive, but covered with mud, from which exhaled the most terrific odours. Horses stood up to their knees in the midst of it; their

drooping heads pointing towards us, famine in their looks, and pestilence all around.

We flew from the contamination, and took refuge in the gateway of the building, where a coffee-shop was established, and enjoyed the gaze of all the passengers; for we were close to the great thoroughfare. This was of some advantage: a good Samaritan passed by, and offered to lead us to a house. He was a Christian of Bethlehem, and on a visit to a brother Christian in this city, who had one room to spare. It would not take me long to describe it, for it was only ten feet square. When the members of the family visited us, as they did during the evening, we were not unlike sheep in a fold.

The maidens of the house were very pretty; I thought one of them beautiful. They were engaged all day in beating cotton from the husk, which is the general employment of the women of Samaria, where it grows in great luxuriance. The engineer colonel was entertained by the governor, and feasted "en prince." I am a little amused at his manner of making his inspection. During his ride he generally has his eyes shut, either to avoid the glare or the in-

sects; and the instant he reaches a town, he seeks his carpet and takes a siesta. I don't know what account he means to submit to "his highness," who requires to be, as he says he is, of a surprising comprehension.

Ibrahim Pasha has a very fine scheme in his head. Should he secure the possession of Syria, Sour, the ancient Tyre, is to be the port, and a grand road from every part of the East is to be made to it.

We contrived to splash through the streets in the course of the afternoon. Much misery is in the town. The principal mosque, which was once a Christian church, is the only good building. The vale is singularly calculated for the great gatherings that have taken place within it. From the forms of the hills that confine it, a nation might indeed assemble as one congregation.

It required no little management to arrange ourselves for the night. We were five in the black hole; with the four, therefore, we made a square, and the odd one was stretched in the centre of it. A sack of wheat, standing in one corner, attracted all the rats in the city, I think,

who galloped over us during the whole night, scattering the grain as they flew, and, coming back occasionally for it, sniffed and poked about our faces with the most uncomfortable familiarity. It rained very heavily during the period of our miserable confinement; and a house in the neighbourhood occasionally fell, as a warning of what might come to ourselves.

CHAPTER XVI.

Leave Nablous.—Ancient city of Sebasti.—Destructive Torrent.—Town of Arabie.—A silent Visit.—Position of Cities in Palestine.—Unchanged Manners and Habits.—Beautiful Defile.—Plain of Esdraelon.—Town of Jennin.—Women of the place.—Ancient Fountains and Wells.—Hamlet of Endor.—Solitary and beautiful Scene.—Valley of Jordan.—Excavations.—Mount of Precipitation.—Mount of the Earthquake.—Scene of the overthrow of Sisera.—View from the summit of Mount Tabor.—Cana of Galilee.—House where the Miracle was performed.—Fields where the Apostles plucked the Grain.—Mount of Beatitudes, where our Saviour delivered his Sermon.—Scene of the Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes.—Town of Tiberias.—Church of St. Peter.—Turkish Conversion of Jewesses.—Jewish quarter of the town.—Facility in becoming accustomed to the manners of a country.

THE rain still following us, we left Nablous at an early hour, in spite of the efforts of Monsieur Souf to prevent our departure. A professional traveller such as he, is the greatest torment possible. Whenever he finds himself well lodged, his only aim is to make his

master remain to wear out the good things of the place. We triumphed over him, however, and among the hills of Samaria passed through the finest scenery I have met in Palestine; so beautiful in some parts, that it may be compared to the richest in Europe.

The ancient city, "Sebasti," stands above the winding way, commanding on all sides the approaches. A broken aqueduct crossed the road, beneath which we were obliged to pass at a gallop, between the intervals of each downfall of water, that came thundering over the horses' flanks before we could get through it. Many villages, prettily situated, exhibited sad specimens of ruin and misery. The rain disputed our passage through one that stood on the face of a hill. A torrent above it had burst its bounds, and rushed down the streets: tearing them up in every direction, and sweeping its way into the houses, it leaped in cataracts over the ruined walls.

We floundered through the midst of this furious river, while the rain came in torrents from the roofs of the houses upon us, and added not a little to the difficulty and danger of the way.

The men were all absent; but the women and the dogs did everything they could towards increasing the confusion. The latter animals stood on the most conspicuous places, barking and snarling at us incessantly; while the former bewildered us so completely by their cries, sometimes of direction and sometimes of imprecation, that we knew not which way to turn. We were nearly an hour stemming the torrent; and on looking back upon the town, it appeared to me to be making the best of its way down the steep.

Towards the afternoon we reached the town of Arabie, an independent place, situated in a rich country. We could go no farther, and were glad to find a room in the house of the governor, whose place was now filled by his son, he having gone with a detachment of men to St. Jean d'Acre. The young man was intelligent and well-mannered; and although for our numbers we were scantily enough lodged, he was very anxious to make a favourable impression by his civility and hospitality. The chambers of this palace were small, and placed like holes in a pigeon-house along the wall of a high

building, that had a court below it, in the midst of which our unhappy horses stood up to their knees in mud.

So much are we deceived in this country by the outward appearance of a city, that on first perceiving the walls of Arabie, I fancied we were about to enjoy some degree of cleanliness and comfort. The moment we were within, however, all was changed. The passage through the gate was choked up with mud. I do not think there was a house in the town, besides the governor's, of which some part had not fallen down. That such a place should be independent, and refuse to pay a tax to the Pasha of Aix, in which province it stands, is amusing enough. The chief commands a thousand men, and the city is deemed fortified. It has a wall of fourteen feet high perhaps, with a tower at each angle. The little hills close to it peep over them; and the houses raise their heads against the heights, from which the very goats butt at them in defiance. The road is a great protection; for it would not be easy to bring cannon unawares upon them.

We paid a most solemn visit to our host and

his officers, in which the expression of "going to *see* such a one" was made perfectly intelligible; for we did nothing but look at each other, and place our hands to our hearts on any offer of courtesy, with a gravity of the most imposing nature.

Soon after we had returned to our own little apartment, which though capable of containing only two with difficulty, now accommodated eight, in came the silent gentlemen to repay the visit. We were all screwed together upon the ground, and in such constrained positions, that I should have despaired of ever rising again if it had been prolonged beyond a matter of ceremony. The knot was broken by the entrance of a smoking pilao upon a small table, which was placed among our legs. By the time it was despatched, it was dark; and we very soon settled ourselves into the various rugs and quilts that had been spread about the floor.

The positions for cities throughout Palestine are well defined by nature, which has given no space for them to swell out, as the towns of Europe are able to do. Such as they are today, I conceive they must have been at the

time they poured out their multitudes under all their kings to fight against Israel; and no wonder it should have so perplexed commentators and travellers to reconcile the population with the circumscribed means of providing for it. The manners and habits are probably but little altered in the present day from the remotest periods. Throughout the East, in every hut, in every paltry village, now, there are more people crowded together than would after our own customs occupy a long street; and the larger houses in towns contain each nearly numbers sufficient to constitute a small parish. Yet the population of cities was the least part, perhaps, of a nation whose people, being pastoral, lived as the Arabs of the desert at this moment do. A chief from a town on the Euphrates today could call his thousands about him to fight in defence of the faith at a very short summons.

Arabie looked no larger than the castle of a feudal baron as we rose above the little green level on which it stands. The hills between it and Jennin are bare; but before we reached the latter place, we descended into a very beautiful defile, where the pasturage was rich and green,

and lilies, tulips, and anemones covered the ground. Jennin is on the northern frontier of Samaria, and from it we had the first view of the plain of Esdraelon, green in all directions with the rising grain. It is not a perfect level as seen from above, but a tract of gentle undulations in the midst of hills that bound it on every side.

Jennin is a good town. We halted a while at the well, while the servants went into the bazar to buy bread. Many travellers were having their horses shod close to us, the mud of the valley having robbed them of their shoes; and crowds of women were chattering and drawing water about us. They did not appear averse to show their faces; which were no great matter, however, and might have borne hiding better than many that I have seen accidentally betrayed, to the great horror of their owners. The water was clear and sweet. A conduit goes from the Nile to the city, at which many women were washing clothes. We had caught the town in the midst of activity, which our passage through it for a time suspended.

The fountains and wells are very good in

every part of the country, and have the appearance of great antiquity. More pains have been bestowed upon them than any of the inhabitants for some centuries would have cared about giving. The spots where large wells are found abandoned, as is the case in Judæa, particularly between Bethlehem and Hebron, must have been the sites of cities; for such solid structures could scarcely have been designed for the wayfaring man alone.

We entered Esdraelon, the road passing through the midst of the plain, but so deep that the horses could scarcely move. Near a village by which ran a plentiful stream over a pebbly bed, we had great difficulty to wind among the olive-trees that stood about it. The horses fell frequently in the rich soil, and we each in turn had the variety of a roll into it. We stopped at the foot of Mount Hermon, where the valley runs between that hill and Tabor towards the Jordan, and not far from the hamlet of Endor, so called to this day. From this place we obtained a guide to lead us over the hills of Nazareth, which bordered the vale to our front. Those of Carmel rose on the west;

sects; and the instant he reaches a town, he seeks his carpet and takes a siesta. I don't know what account he means to submit to "his highness," who requires to be, as he says he is, of a surprising comprehension.

Ibrahim Pasha has a very fine scheme in his head. Should he secure the possession of Syria, Sour, the ancient Tyre, is to be the port, and a grand road from every part of the East is to be made to it.

We contrived to splash through the streets in the course of the afternoon. Much misery is in the town. The principal mosque, which was once a Christian church, is the only good building. The vale is singularly calculated for the great gatherings that have taken place within it. From the forms of the hills that confine it, a nation might indeed assemble as one congregation.

It required no little management to arrange ourselves for the night. We were five in the black hole; with the four, therefore, we made a square, and the odd one was stretched in the centre of it. A sack of wheat, standing in one corner, attracted all the rats in the city, I think,

who galloped over us during the whole night, scattering the grain as they flew, and, coming back occasionally for it, sniffed and poked about our faces with the most uncomfortable familiarity. It rained very heavily during the period of our miserable confinement; and a house in the neighbourhood occasionally fell, as a warning of what might come to ourselves.

CHAPTER XVI.

Leave Nablous.—Ancient city of Sebasti.—Destructive Torrent.—Town of Arabie.—A silent Visit.—Position of Cities in Palestine.—Unchanged Manners and Habits.—Beautiful Defile.—Plain of Esdraelon.—Town of Jennin.—Women of the place.—Ancient Fountains and Wells.—Hamlet of Endor.—Solitary and beautiful Scene.—Valley of Jordan.—Excavations.—Mount of Precipitation.—Mount of the Earthquake.—Scene of the overthrow of Sisera.—View from the summit of Mount Tabor.—Cana of Galilee.—House where the Miracle was performed.—Fields where the Apostles plucked the Grain.—Mount of Beatitudes, where our Saviour delivered his Sermon.—Scene of the Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes.—Town of Tiberias.—Church of St. Peter.—Turkish Conversion of Jewesses.—Jewish quarter of the town.—Facility in becoming accustomed to the manners of a country.

THE rain still following us, we left Nablous at an early hour, in spite of the efforts of Monsieur Souf to prevent our departure. A professional traveller such as he, is the greatest torment possible. Whenever he finds himself well lodged, his only aim is to make his

master remain to wear out the good things of the place. We triumphed over him, however, and among the hills of Samaria passed through the finest scenery I have met in Palestine; so beautiful in some parts, that it may be compared to the richest in Europe.

The ancient city, "Sebasti," stands above the winding way, commanding on all sides the approaches. A broken aqueduct crossed the road, beneath which we were obliged to pass at a gallop, between the intervals of each downfall of water, that came thundering over the horses' flanks before we could get through it. Many villages, prettily situated, exhibited sad specimens of ruin and misery. The rain disputed our passage through one that stood on the face of a hill. A torrent above it had burst its bounds, and rushed down the streets: tearing them up in every direction, and sweeping its way into the houses, it leaped in cataracts over the ruined walls.

We floundered through the midst of this furious river, while the rain came in torrents from the roofs of the houses upon us, and added not a little to the difficulty and danger of the way.

The men were all absent; but the women and the dogs did everything they could towards increasing the confusion. The latter animals stood on the most conspicuous places, barking and snarling at us incessantly; while the former bewildered us so completely by their cries, sometimes of direction and sometimes of imprecation, that we knew not which way to turn. We were nearly an hour stemming the torrent; and on looking back upon the town, it appeared to me to be making the best of its way down the steep.

Towards the afternoon we reached the town of Arabie, an independent place, situated in a rich country. We could go no farther, and were glad to find a room in the house of the governor, whose place was now filled by his son, he having gone with a detachment of men to St. Jean d'Acre. The young man was intelligent and well-mannered; and although for our numbers we were scantily enough lodged, he was very anxious to make a favourable impression by his civility and hospitality. The chambers of this palace were small, and placed like holes in a pigeon-house along the wall of a high

building, that had a court below it, in the midst of which our unhappy horses stood up to their knees in mud.

So much are we deceived in this country by the outward appearance of a city, that on first perceiving the walls of Arabie, I fancied we were about to enjoy some degree of cleanliness and comfort. The moment we were within, however, all was changed. The passage through the gate was choked up with mud. I do not think there was a house in the town, besides the governor's, of which some part had not fallen down. That such a place should be independent, and refuse to pay a tax to the Pasha of Aix, in which province it stands, is amusing enough. The chief commands a thousand men, and the city is deemed fortified. It has a wall of fourteen feet high perhaps, with a tower at each angle. The little hills close to it peep over them; and the houses raise their heads against the heights, from which the very goats butt at them in defiance. The road is a great protection; for it would not be easy to bring cannon unawares upon them.

We paid a most solemn visit to our host and

his officers, in which the expression of "going to *see* such a one" was made perfectly intelligible; for we did nothing but look at each other, and place our hands to our hearts on any offer of courtesy, with a gravity of the most imposing nature.

Soon after we had returned to our own little apartment, which though capable of containing only two with difficulty, now accommodated eight, in came the silent gentlemen to repay the visit. We were all screwed together upon the ground, and in such constrained positions, that I should have despaired of ever rising again if it had been prolonged beyond a matter of ceremony. The knot was broken by the entrance of a smoking pilao upon a small table, which was placed among our legs. By the time it was despatched, it was dark; and we very soon settled ourselves into the various rugs and quilts that had been spread about the floor.

The positions for cities throughout Palestine are well defined by nature, which has given no space for them to swell out, as the towns of Europe are able to do. Such as they are today, I conceive they must have been at the

time they poured out their multitudes under all their kings to fight against Israel; and no wonder it should have so perplexed commentators and travellers to reconcile the population with the circumscribed means of providing for it. The manners and habits are probably but little altered in the present day from the remotest periods. Throughout the East, in every hut, in every paltry village, now, there are more people crowded together than would after our own customs occupy a long street; and the larger houses in towns contain each nearly numbers sufficient to constitute a small parish. Yet the population of cities was the least part, perhaps, of a nation whose people, being pastoral, lived as the Arabs of the desert at this moment do. A chief from a town on the Euphrates today could call his thousands about him to fight in defence of the faith at a very short summons.

Arabie looked no larger than the castle of a feudal baron as we rose above the little green level on which it stands. The hills between it and Jennin are bare; but before we reached the latter place, we descended into a very beautiful defile, where the pasturage was rich and green,

and lilies, tulips, and anemones covered the ground. Jennin is on the northern frontier of Samaria, and from it we had the first view of the plain of Esdraelon, green in all directions with the rising grain. It is not a perfect level as seen from above, but a tract of gentle undulations in the midst of hills that bound it on every side.

Jennin is a good town. We halted a while at the well, while the servants went into the bazar to buy bread. Many travellers were having their horses shod close to us, the mud of the valley having robbed them of their shoes; and crowds of women were chattering and drawing water about us. They did not appear averse to show their faces; which were no great matter, however, and might have borne hiding better than many that I have seen accidentally betrayed, to the great horror of their owners. The water was clear and sweet. A conduit goes from the Nile to the city, at which many women were washing clothes. We had caught the town in the midst of activity, which our passage through it for a time suspended.

The fountains and wells are very good in

every part of the country, and have the appearance of great antiquity. More pains have been bestowed upon them than any of the inhabitants for some centuries would have cared about giving. The spots where large wells are found abandoned, as is the case in Judæa, particularly between Bethlehem and Hebron, must have been the sites of cities; for such solid structures could scarcely have been designed for the wayfaring man alone.

We entered Esdraelon, the road passing through the midst of the plain, but so deep that the horses could scarcely move. Near a village by which ran a plentiful stream over a pebbly bed, we had great difficulty to wind among the olive-trees that stood about it. The horses fell frequently in the rich soil, and we each in turn had the variety of a roll into it. We stopped at the foot of Mount Hermon, where the valley runs between that hill and Tabor towards the Jordan, and not far from the hamlet of Endor, so called to this day. From this place we obtained a guide to lead us over the hills of Nazareth, which bordered the vale to our front. Those of Carmel rose on the west;

and behind us nearly, lay Samaria. The scene was exquisitely fine, but most inanimate; for, besides ourselves, there was scarcely a living thing to be seen.

We at length ascended by a rough and craggy road, which without a guide we never should have found, and occasionally, as we wound about, caught a glimpse of the Valley of Jordan, and the Kishon swelled far beyond its banks. Like all the hill country of Palestine, this is full of excavations, the most precipitate crags, haunts for the wild goats, and the softest dells for retirement and contemplation. The Mount of Precipitation overhangs the vale that leads up to the city, where yet are shown the marks of our Saviour's hands, and indeed part of his form, as he disappeared from among them "who would have thrust him down headlong." Wherever the monks are to be found, such matters are related. A small round hill, not far from this, is called "the Mount of the Earthquake" by the Christians of Nazareth, because, they say, the Virgin stood there and saw the danger of her Son; she trembled, and with her shook the mountain.

How well is the plain of Esdraelon calculated for the monstrous gatherings and destructive battles that have from the first taken place upon it! When we stood by the village of Endor, we looked over the scene most probably of the overthrow of Sisera. From before us came Barak into the valley; and this very ground shook "with the prancings of their mighty ones," so beautifully recorded in the Song of the inspired Deborah. Here too is to be fought the great battle of Armageddon on some day not very far off, as modern prophets, I believe, have settled. Close to this village, in our own days, General Kleber with a handful of men opposed twenty-five thousand Turks, until a small reinforcement in the evening enabled him to beat them off. It seems to have been destined for the arena of great battles.

The monks were happy to see me again at the convent; just as the day closed we were within its walls. Now that the snow was no longer on the ground, I was able to observe the mischief it had done. Scarcely a house escaped uninjured; and many in the upper part of the town were completely thrown down. People

were endeavouring to repair them, by heaping up the stones without any care for their falling into their right places; and where the roof only had given way, women carried up baskets of mud, and putting little sticks into the holes, plastered it over them.

We here parted with the French colonel, who went at once to Acre. I rode with Captain Fitzmaurice to the summit of Mount Tabor. I have seen it in its beauty, therefore, as well as under a covering of snow. The day was perfectly clear, and we could see even farther than I had been able to do. To the eastward, the view was closed by the hills that bound the fine plain of the Hauran beyond Damascus; and the heights, that had before been all of the same colour to me, were painted in a great variety of hues. More than a month had passed since my former visit. In that time a great change had taken place in the climate, and the spring was far advanced among its richest productions.

March 8th.—In an hour and a half's riding from Nazareth is Cana of Galilee, called by the Arabs Keffer Keema. We stopped by the fountain at the entrance to the poor little village,

that we might drink of the clearest and most delicious water possible,—the best, the Christians of Palestine say, in the world. From it was the vessel filled for the marriage. The house is still shown in which the miracle was performed; and as some earthen jars are sunk into the floor, the devout searchers for relics are made to believe that they were the very jars in use on that day. A church was built over the spot, which, like all others of a similar purpose, is in ruins. Some travellers have fancied that the same sort of water-pot is carried by the women now. We were not so fortunate as to witness the ceremony of drawing water; but none so large, at any rate, can be still in use. There are very few inhabitants in Cana; and it is, like other places in the country, nearly washed away by the rain and the snow.

The road to Tiberias is full of interest. Beyond this village a path leads through fields of grain, where the apostles plucked, as they walked, the ears of corn. Not very much farther is the Mount of Beatitudes, whence our Saviour delivered his sermon. It stands very little above a green plain of the stillest possible appearance.

sects; and the instant he reaches a town, he seeks his carpet and takes a siesta. I don't know what account he means to submit to "his highness," who requires to be, as he says he is, of a surprising comprehension.

Ibrahim Pasha has a very fine scheme in his head. Should he secure the possession of Syria, Sour, the ancient Tyre, is to be the port, and a grand road from every part of the East is to be made to it.

We contrived to splash through the streets in the course of the afternoon. Much misery is in the town. The principal mosque, which was once a Christian church, is the only good building. The vale is singularly calculated for the great gatherings that have taken place within it. From the forms of the hills that confine it, a nation might indeed assemble as one congregation.

It required no little management to arrange ourselves for the night. We were five in the black hole; with the four, therefore, we made a square, and the odd one was stretched in the centre of it. A sack of wheat, standing in one corner, attracted all the rats in the city, I think,

who galloped over us during the whole night, scattering the grain as they flew, and, coming back occasionally for it, sniffed and poked about our faces with the most uncomfortable familiarity. It rained very heavily during the period of our miserable confinement; and a house in the neighbourhood occasionally fell, as a warning of what might come to ourselves.

CHAPTER XVI.

Leave Nablous.—Ancient city of Sebasti.—Destructive Torrent.—Town of Arabie.—A silent Visit.—Position of Cities in Palestine.—Unchanged Manners and Habits.—Beautiful Defile.—Plain of Esdraelon.—Town of Jennin.—Women of the place.—Ancient Fountains and Wells.—Hamlet of Endor.—Solitary and beautiful Scene.—Valley of Jordan.—Excavations.—Mount of Precipitation.—Mount of the Earthquake.—Scene of the overthrow of Sisera.—View from the summit of Mount Tabor.—Cana of Galilee.—House where the Miracle was performed.—Fields where the Apostles plucked the Grain.—Mount of Beatitudes, where our Saviour delivered his Sermon.—Scene of the Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes.—Town of Tiberias.—Church of St. Peter.—Turkish Conversion of Jewesses.—Jewish quarter of the town.—Facility in becoming accustomed to the manners of a country.

THE rain still following us, we left Nablous at an early hour, in spite of the efforts of Monsieur Souf to prevent our departure. A professional traveller such as he, is the greatest torment possible. Whenever he finds himself well lodged, his only aim is to make his

master remain to wear out the good things of the place. We triumphed over him, however, and among the hills of Samaria passed through the finest scenery I have met in Palestine; so beautiful in some parts, that it may be compared to the richest in Europe.

The ancient city, "Sebasti," stands above the winding way, commanding on all sides the approaches. A broken aqueduct crossed the road, beneath which we were obliged to pass at a gallop, between the intervals of each downfall of water, that came thundering over the horses' flanks before we could get through it. Many villages, prettily situated, exhibited sad specimens of ruin and misery. The rain disputed our passage through one that stood on the face of a hill. A torrent above it had burst its bounds, and rushed down the streets: tearing them up in every direction, and sweeping its way into the houses, it leaped in cataracts over the ruined walls.

We floundered through the midst of this furious river, while the rain came in torrents from the roofs of the houses upon us, and added not a little to the difficulty and danger of the way.

The men were all absent; but the women and the dogs did everything they could towards increasing the confusion. The latter animals stood on the most conspicuous places, barking and snarling at us incessantly; while the former bewildered us so completely by their cries, sometimes of direction and sometimes of imprecation, that we knew not which way to turn. We were nearly an hour stemming the torrent; and on looking back upon the town, it appeared to me to be making the best of its way down the steep.

Towards the afternoon we reached the town of Arabie, an independent place, situated in a rich country. We could go no farther, and were glad to find a room in the house of the governor, whose place was now filled by his son, he having gone with a detachment of men to St. Jean d'Acre. The young man was intelligent and well-mannered; and although for our numbers we were scantily enough lodged, he was very anxious to make a favourable impression by his civility and hospitality. The chambers of this palace were small, and placed like holes in a pigeon-house along the wall of a high

building, that had a court below it, in the midst of which our unhappy horses stood up to their knees in mud.

So much are we deceived in this country by the outward appearance of a city, that on first perceiving the walls of Arabie, I fancied we were about to enjoy some degree of cleanliness and comfort. The moment we were within, however, all was changed. The passage through the gate was choked up with mud. I do not think there was a house in the town, besides the governor's, of which some part had not fallen down. That such a place should be independent, and refuse to pay a tax to the Pasha of Aix, in which province it stands, is amusing enough. The chief commands a thousand men, and the city is deemed fortified. It has a wall of fourteen feet high perhaps, with a tower at each angle. The little hills close to it peep over them; and the houses raise their heads against the heights, from which the very goats butt at them in defiance. The road is a great protection; for it would not be easy to bring cannon unawares upon them.

We paid a most solemn visit to our host and

his officers, in which the expression of "going to *see* such a one" was made perfectly intelligible; for we did nothing but look at each other, and place our hands to our hearts on any offer of courtesy, with a gravity of the most imposing nature.

Soon after we had returned to our own little apartment, which though capable of containing only two with difficulty, now accommodated eight, in came the silent gentlemen to repay the visit. We were all screwed together upon the ground, and in such constrained positions, that I should have despaired of ever rising again if it had been prolonged beyond a matter of ceremony. The knot was broken by the entrance of a smoking pilao upon a small table, which was placed among our legs. By the time it was despatched, it was dark; and we very soon settled ourselves into the various rugs and quilts that had been spread about the floor.

The positions for cities throughout Palestine are well defined by nature, which has given no space for them to swell out, as the towns of Europe are able to do. Such as they are today, I conceive they must have been at the

time they poured out their multitudes under all their kings to fight against Israel; and no wonder it should have so perplexed commentators and travellers to reconcile the population with the circumscribed means of providing for it. The manners and habits are probably but little altered in the present day from the remotest periods. Throughout the East, in every hut, in every paltry village, now, there are more people crowded together than would after our own customs occupy a long street; and the larger houses in towns contain each nearly numbers sufficient to constitute a small parish. Yet the population of cities was the least part, perhaps, of a nation whose people, being pastoral, lived as the Arabs of the desert at this moment do. A chief from a town on the Euphrates today could call his thousands about him to fight in defence of the faith at a very short summons.

Arabie looked no larger than the castle of a feudal baron as we rose above the little green level on which it stands. The hills between it and Jennin are bare; but before we reached the latter place, we descended into a very beautiful defile, where the pasturage was rich and green,

and lilies, tulips, and anemones covered the ground. Jennin is on the northern frontier of Samaria, and from it we had the first view of the plain of Esdraelon, green in all directions with the rising grain. It is not a perfect level as seen from above, but a tract of gentle undulations in the midst of hills that bound it on every side.

Jennin is a good town. We halted a while at the well, while the servants went into the bazar to buy bread. Many travellers were having their horses shod close to us, the mud of the valley having robbed them of their shoes; and crowds of women were chattering and drawing water about us. They did not appear averse to show their faces; which were no great matter, however, and might have borne hiding better than many that I have seen accidentally betrayed, to the great horror of their owners. The water was clear and sweet. A conduit goes from the Nile to the city, at which many women were washing clothes. We had caught the town in the midst of activity, which our passage through it for a time suspended.

The fountains and wells are very good in

every part of the country, and have the appearance of great antiquity. More pains have been bestowed upon them than any of the inhabitants for some centuries would have cared about giving. The spots where large wells are found abandoned, as is the case in Judæa, particularly between Bethlehem and Hebron, must have been the sites of cities; for such solid structures could scarcely have been designed for the wayfaring man alone.

We entered Esdraelon, the road passing through the midst of the plain, but so deep that the horses could scarcely move. Near a village by which ran a plentiful stream over a pebbly bed, we had great difficulty to wind among the olive-trees that stood about it. The horses fell frequently in the rich soil, and we each in turn had the variety of a roll into it. We stopped at the foot of Mount Hermon, where the valley runs between that hill and Tabor towards the Jordan, and not far from the hamlet of Endor, so called to this day. From this place we obtained a guide to lead us over the hills of Nazareth, which bordered the vale to our front. Those of Carmel rose on the west;

the species of solitude; and yet it would be difficult to find another expression, perhaps, to suit it so well.

In two or three places on the banks of the lake are the remains of towns. At the upper end of it, near the entrance to the hills, I found a few ruins, and sat there to rest, in the hope that I was, if not on the precise spot, somewhere near the site of Capernaum. Some distance on my left hand, as I looked down the length of the sea, the Jordan ran into it. I could just see it; and beyond it I thought I could perceive through my glass the position of Bethsaida. How completely desolate of living beings is this fine scene now! I could see nearly to the southern end of the lake, and, with the exception of the poor Tiberias, there is not a dwelling even in sight. How populous must these shores have been when daily witness to our Saviour's mercies, when it was no doubt the custom to pass from city to city, and coast to coast, in boats that plyed upon the waters incessantly! There is not a vessel now to be seen upon them; nor, while I remained in my resting-place, one man upon the banks! I could

scarcely quit the spot, it was so still and beautiful.

I entered the hills, and was soon lost among rocks and wild crags, over which for three hours we stumbled and scrambled without meeting a soul, or hearing even the sound of the shepherd's voice. Occasionally, as we ascended, the heights commanded a view of the lake and of all its mountains and hills. Sometimes the paths and the green slopes above them were covered with a rich variety of flowers,—the purple iris, anemones, tulips of every colour, geraniums, and the finest lupines I ever saw.

In a dreary stony ridge surrounded by higher crags I was caught in a storm of thunder and lightning. The rain fell so thickly that I could not advance, and I remained till it was over, locked up in the most dismal position imaginable. At length it cleared away, and we entered upon a more cheerful scene, and met cattle at pasture, and heard the pipe of the Syrian swain. At the edge of a comparatively level track, with patches of cultivation about it, we looked suddenly into a deep and narrow

valley. We were on the brink of a precipice that hung above it, and bounded it on one side: a rapid stream rushed through it, and it was sprinkled over with olive and other fruit-trees. There were two long palms in the barest part of it: they seemed to spring from one root, and bent their leafless trunks over some fallen rocks that had been washed by the late rains from the cliffs above, large portions of which, newly riven, still threatened a downfall.

We passed a village so singularly built in the upper part of the strait, that we rode over the roofs of the houses, and should have gone through them, if a woman had not rushed out to announce the destruction we were on the point of causing. In two hours, through groves of olive-trees and naked hills, we came within view of Saphet, beautifully placed round a hill among hills. An old castle of a picturesque appearance stands on the summit. I had scarcely cast my eyes on it, when it was whisked away in a fog that spread itself in a few minutes over the whole country, and brought on a drizzling rain that had grown into torrents long before I could reach shelter.

The sun was down when I entered the city, and the rain still pouring. I splashed through every quarter in succession till I came to the Jewish, which is the most distant and the best built. Every house was shut, and the few shops forsaken by the dealers brought no reply to my impatient knocking. I was in despair; for the weather, as I had proved it everywhere, was still my enemy: the houses were nearly all demolished; the Turks had sent me on to the Christians, and they recommended me to the Jews; and here I was in the twilight, dripping wet, and apparently with no chance of an asylum.

I dismounted, and left my poor steed on a terrace in front of the town, while I crept into a most miserable alley, that had some dark room at the end of it, out of which an outcast like myself came to console me. He was a Jew, but could speak no language that I understood. He beckoned to me to follow him, and in a few moments presented me to a person in the European costume, who comforted me at once by addressing me in English. He had not long been in Saphet, whither he had come to give his mother an op-

portunity of dying in the land of her fathers; for she was lying ill upon her bed in the only room he seemed to have fit to inhabit. He complained of the miserable condition of the town, and the destruction that had been caused by the snow, which only melted away from the rain that succeeded it. I had witnessed the ruin on my passage through the streets, and could scarcely believe that I had arrived at a place so celebrated and so considerable in its population among the cities of Palestine in the present day.

The snow has the power in this country of demolishing a town in a night. It is singular that people who are liable to such a visitation every year should never have devised a method of improving their manner of building. This apathy and ignorance could only exist in a nation subject to the Turkish influence. It is impossible to conceive the extent of the curse with which this land is afflicted by the power of the Turk without witnessing it. The villages are mere burrows; the roofs and walls of the huts within them, grown over by grass, give to their dirty inhabitants as they come

from them the air of persecuted wretches that had taken refuge in the holes of the earth. In the commoner towns the stones are piled loosely up in their building, without much care for preserving the perpendicular. Heavy coats of mud over reeds, or such sticks as would be used to prop up peas in England, compose their roofs. I wonder many are not crushed to death every storm.

The English Jew sent a person in pursuit of a lodging for me. After an hour's suspense a Christian saddle-maker came to offer all the accommodation he had: "You will be welcome," he said, "to a mat in my room: there are only my mother, my wife, and three small children in it; with a few chickens, that never come in till sunset." As it was now dark, I had the advantage of making the acquaintance of all the family at once, and followed my future host up flights of steps and over the roofs of houses, through alleys and streets choked up with filth, into his own court-yard, which we entered by a breach in the wall. My first introduction was to the poultry part of the household, which were roosted upon baskets in the corner

destined for me. They fluttered and clucked about in pursuit of another place, while I made my compliments to the women, who were engaged in cooking a very savoury mess of flour and garlic, for Lent had commenced, and meat was no longer permitted. The mistress of the house was exceedingly pretty, and the old lady was not unlike an Egyptian mummy.

No light was in the chamber, beyond the occasional blaze from the fire as the butter used in the frying dropped into it. It was no wonder therefore that the witch of Endor should come to my memory. I was excessively hungry, for I had fasted all day long; and Hassan, having some sympathy with my feelings in this particular, opened a bag, from which rolled out a quantity of hard eggs. As I began to crack them, two or three visitors came in, who viewed this unhallowed occupation, as I found they considered it, with astonishment. "Have you given your house to an infidel?" said one. The old woman crossed herself, and muttered something that sounded so like an incantation, that I was under some uneasiness for the result. They all drew

away from me, while I continued my preparations.

The young woman at last suggested that I might be a freemason, and not so bad as an infidel; and they crossed themselves over again. "What is the matter?" at length I made Hassan inquire. "Is your master a Christian?" asked the woman, "that he eats eggs in Lent?" "What do I know?" said Hassan: "he is a Frank, and has good cause to be hungry." They all shook their heads and muttered, "Her masoon,—he is a mason." "And pray," said I, "what is a mason?" "An infidel, a heretic, and the devil to boot," hastily rejoined the old dame; while she nodded thrice, like one of the weird sisters at the caldron. I instantly put away my eggs, and endeavoured to gain the good opinion of the party by proposing to join in their own meal.

When we were seated close together again, I attempted to explain to them the nature of freemasonry; and if I did not succeed in vindicating that fraternity, I won the pretty landlady to my own side, who seemed perfectly delighted when I assured her, that, good as I be-

lieved masons to be, I was not one myself. Soon after dinner we spread ourselves about the floor to sleep; but here indeed is the chief city of the fleas. If those ingenious philosophers who have broken these insects to bear the yoke should ever travel for pupils, I would recommend them to Saphet. If they overcome the activity and industry they will meet with here, it will ensure eternal fame to them.

I hope that this town was indeed Bethulia, and that the interest I felt in roaming through the valley was not misplaced, and that the army of Holofernes really did occupy the fountains that are in it. I saw first in this place the remains of chambers of leaves, that it is the custom to build on the flat roofs of the houses to escape the insects and heat of the summer in the lower parts. In this manner, perhaps, "Judith made her a tent on the top of her house when she retired to indulge her grief." From the old castle on the summit of the hill there is a very fine prospect, that extends over the sea of Galilee to the Jordan, and beyond Tabor to the plain of Esdraelon. The building was for-

saken: I walked round its ramparts without meeting a soul.

Saddle-making seems to be the great trade in the bazar, which is supplied with all the sweet things of an Eastern mart, and choked up with the countless flies that buzz about them. I observed the most excellent figs, which were so glued together, that several blows were requisite to divide them. Among the provisions Judith took to the Assyrian camp were "lumps of figs;" an expression that describes most admirably the sort of thing sold in Saphet at this day.

One of the best houses in the Jewish quarter of the town fell down as I was walking near it. The inhabitants had all rushed into the streets in time to save themselves, and were sitting in a melancholy group about their goods. The women in this portion of the city sell articles in the streets as market-girls in Europe do, and some stand in shops. They generally converse in Spanish, which language the Jews throughout Palestine speak. I was invited into the houses of several, who would have been very glad to accommodate me in more comfortable

rooms than that wherein I had already passed one miserable night. I did not, however, like to mortify my host and his family by withdrawing from their hospitality; so I resisted two or three very tempting chambers, to suffer again from the smoke and the insects.

I was anxious to relieve my horses by hiring fresh ones in Saphet; but I could get none, unless I agreed to wait for a caravan. There is danger of robbery, it seems, upon the road, and travellers never move but in crowds. I did not quite like this plan, and determined to set out alone; for there is little gratification in such society as I should have found among merchants and their muleteers; and, in an attack, I suspect they would rather heighten the confusion, and give me, at any rate, very little protection.

There is an inexpressible pleasure in the solitude of the wild and interesting scenes through which I am passing, that I would not lose for the most imposing safeguard in the world. Where all indeed, "save the spirit of man, is divine," how little is the company of man likely to delight! I made my host and

family happy by a very small gift, and completely won the heart of the old grandmother by giving her a case full of needles; which I have found, by-the-bye, most useful in propitiating old women, who are sometimes in the East, as they may be perhaps in the West, cross enough.

4th March.—I left Saphet at mid-day, and descended to the plain by a noble defile, which terminated in a narrow valley, naturally rich, but miserably neglected. It was strewed with the carcases of dead animals that had perished in the snow. The air was so corrupt, that I had not resolution to pause within its influence, and look back upon the hills of Palestine, which are entered from this quarter by the passage I had come down, on each side of which the mountains rise like high walls, nearly to the city of Saphet.

In four hours we reached the banks of the Jordan, towards which many travellers were drawing. A caravan of camels was passing the bridge on its way to Damascus; and a very picturesque string of Arabs, mounted upon pretty little horses, met me in the mouth of a green

dell before I descended to it. I stopped a while to enable them to pass, and had the advantage of attracting a great share of notice. The women were sitting astride upon their steeds, with children on their laps and at their breasts, as quietly as if they had been lounging upon cushions; the men were armed and well mounted. My solitary state did not provoke one uncivil speech. They saluted me with good-humour, and passed briskly on.

The bridge over the Jordan is called "the Bridge of the Daughters of Jacob," from a tradition which I could not sufficiently understand to take interest in. The river is here about fifty yards wide, and runs with considerable rapidity. As this is the high road from all parts of Palestine to Damascus, there is a perpetual thoroughfare. A few Arab tents are scattered about the valley, and the horses are grazing on the slopes above. Two or three miserable huts stand on the bridge, and a khan on the bank beyond it; a number of loose stones about this building spoke ill for its solidity. A dead horse is stretched at the entrance, while two are fast corrupting within the area.

As the people of the caravan made their arrangements to pass the night by the Jordan, I resolved to follow their example, and benefit by their neighbourhood. On the brow of the hill, beneath a rock, I have propped a blanket upon sticks, and spread my carpet under it. The camels are stalking over the herbage about me, and the merchants sitting in the midst of the little fortifications they have made of their bales. I can trace the river from Lake Hoole nearly to Gennesereth; and before me rise in great beauty the mountains I have just left—the "lot of the children of Naphtali;" and here were their outgoings.

If I could bring to my imagination parties from every host that has covered this valley, from the day that Joshua beat the kings by the waters of Merom, now lying stretched before me, until the passage of the Egyptians but a few months ago to Damascus, what a night of busy thought and contemplation I should pass!

I have been down to the Jordan to bathe, and, as I dine on bread and water to-day, have filled a flask from the river; for, while Hassan is occupied in baking our cakes, it is my duty

to fill the pitcher. The Turkish horse-keeper has squeezed himself under my little tent; for he is also to break bread with me, and his office has been to cut wood for the fire. How much more agreeable is this manner of passing the night, than in the miserable villages I have, in consequence of the rain, been driven to shelter in!

I am amused at my appearance, when I remember the histories travellers have written of their dragomans, firmans, and escorts. If I consulted my dignity, I should probably have all these things; but my ease, I am convinced, is better secured without them. If a traveller ever asks himself for what purpose he travels, he would be very much induced to do so in such a position as I am now in; but I have particularly avoided this sort of self-examination, nor have I suffered myself to think in what manner my journey is to terminate. I am to find my way to the neighbourhood of Delhi, and this I may consider my first step towards that city; and here I sit, dining on bread and water, under a blanket that is shaking in the wind, and threatening a flight from the sticks that hold it.

Hassan, very fortunately for both himself and his master, has not the least notion of what the India is that I have been painting to him in most enticing colours. His general comment upon this matter, when we speak of it, is concise enough: "Fa niente, if it's near Damascus." He looks upon that eastern paradise with the same veneration that all true believers do. When his experience becomes enlarged, I hope his fidelity may remain unshaken; for I know not what I should do without him. His interpretations suit me exactly; for they leave so much to conjecture, and so much to draw from the expressions of the countenances of those with whom I converse, that I am perpetually on a voyage of discovery. To ask questions is generally, I find, to plunge myself into such a labyrinth, that it gives me a good Arabic lesson to struggle to get out of it; and the cross purposes we sometimes pursue make a farce that serves to laugh away an uncomfortable evening exceedingly well.

I have forgotten to mention a little stream that flows with a murmuring sound over a stony bed, close by my tent, in which are collected

millions of frogs, making a noise that rings through the valley as loudly as the strokes upon so many anvils could do. I crept quietly to the bank of it, and found a chorus of six upon one stone, exerting themselves so tremendously that I expected to see them fall to pieces. The humble frogs of our own country would scarcely have suggested such a fable as that of the ambitious one who emulated the bull; but here, where they seem constantly engaged in that pursuit, and swell out in a most absurd manner, no wonder they should be chosen to convey such a moral.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Journey resumed.—View of the Sea of Galilee.—Miserable Road.—My self-congratulation unpleasantly disturbed.—Village of Goneytri.—Mount Hermon.—Squalid women.—Numerous offers of Lodgings.—Pestilential spots.—Post-house.—String of Women.—Ancient Road.—Herd of Pilgrims.—Beautiful Armenian.—Town of Sasa.—Its abominable condition.—Merriment caused by my Frank Dress.—Arab Reception.—Khan-el-Sheach.—Plain of Damascus.—Approach to the City.—Scene of the Conversion of St. Paul.—Silk-weavers.—Reception by the Guard of the Egyptian Army.—Hassan deprived of his Weapons.—My quarters in the Franciscan Convent.—Ibrahim Pasha's Friendliness to the Franks.

March 5.—The croaking of the frogs denoted rain, which came down with great violence during the night, and joined with their clamour to keep me awake. At daylight I set off, and for more than an hour passed over a paved road, which, originally a most excellent way, is now, from its neglected state, rather a hindrance than an advantage. From the top of the hill where the pavement ended is a fine

view of the sea of Galilee and the heights about it; but the road was so miserable that I scarcely had leisure to observe the scenery. It appeared a bag full of large stones, between which the horses put their feet occasionally, and came down upon their knees. We did not meet a human being. What a picture of desolation!

When midway between the river and the village of Goneytri, we entered what in this country may be called a wood, generally of dwarf oaks lopped of their branches, which are carried away for fire. By the banks of a clear stream was a ruined wall, where a few Arab huts may have been. I sat down beneath it, in just such a spot as a knight-errant would have chosen to refresh himself in. The grass was green and rich, and the horses were allowed to roam among it, while we breakfasted upon cakes and figs, and scooped up the cool water with our hands. I was so pleased by the solitude and quiet of the place, which I never should have enjoyed had I waited for a caravan at Saphet, that I could not avoid lecturing my squire, as Don Quixote might have

done his under similar circumstances, upon the absurdity of company and guards through so deserted a country, who could only torment by their attentions, and thwart by their idleness or obstinacy.

I had just finished my oration, when a shot was fired from behind: the ball whizzed over my head, and struck a stone on the opposite side. The Turk set off to catch the horses, while Hassan and I jumped up and peeped over the wall. Nobody was to be seen, and all was as still as before. I had nothing more to say in behalf of solitude, and prepared to leave my pleasant retirement, when I perceived an Arab creeping through the trees with a matchlock in his hand, endeavouring to reach the shelter of a hut that stood among them. We called to him, and when he stopped, advanced on foot to meet him. He had not had time to reload. I asked him to show me his gunpowder, and, observing that it was very bad, shook a quantity from my own flask into his hand, and, mounting on horseback, rode away, without saying one word about the shot. He stood for some time staring at us, and when we had got nearly

out of sight, called several times to us to return. I had finished the adventure perfectly to my own satisfaction, and left him at a good trot. I have not the least idea whether or not the ball was designed for any of my party; but this I may say, that I saw nothing else worth firing at.

We reached the village of Goneytri about four o'clock. On approaching it the scenery changes; the country is flatter, and more plentifully wooded; a river flows over the plain before, and on the left hand towers the chain of Anti-Libanus, the white-headed Mount Hermon conspicuous above all. There has once been a wall round the village, but it has been beaten down by the rain, and the river has flooded all within it. As I stood with my handkerchief at my nose to reconnoitre the place,—for it was more corrupt than any spot I had yet passed, and the whole way was strewed with dead animals,—some women ran to the tops of their houses, and, waving a welcome to me, offered me lodging within them. "Come to mine, O Frank!" they all cried.

I was completely perplexed by this show of

civility, for more squalid and forbidding damsels I never beheld. It was beginning to rain, and I had no alternative. One woman more earnest than the rest still stood aloft, holding together a long blue shift with her left hand, while with the other she beckoned to me to approach. All the dogs by this time, the pictures of famine, had scrambled to the top of the wall, and were howling most pitifully. I could not resist this united concert, and entered the village by a breach in the wall. Directly in front was a stagnant pool, and asses and cows, that had been dead some time, growing green about it.

I flew for shelter to the woman's hut, which stood in a cluster of others. At a little distance, across the threshold, lay a dead horse: she was pulling at its hind legs to make room for me to pass. I pushed away from her as if she had been a Gorgon. But there was no spot untainted in the place. I could stand it no more, and ran through the gate, which was close at hand, to the banks of the river, where I sat in the rain until Hassan should discover some abode for me, for the horses could go no fur-

ther, and I was not in a plight to weather the storms that were coming.

This is a post-town of Syria, it seems ; and there is a hut for the couriers against the wall, to which they sent to invite me. I returned therefore and took advantage of their offer. Two dirty, sleepy-looking Tartars were smoking on the floor, and in an inner chamber stood their horses. The place had in some degree escaped the general pollution, but little was to be said for its cleanliness. We had a most smoky mess for dinner, to which I was able to add a fowl, the only living thing besides the people and the dogs that had escaped the wreck of the village. It rained very hard during the night, and my post-house was assailed by a succession of travellers and their beasts that filled it nearly to suffocation. One of the horses, finding himself crowded in the inner chamber, kicked his neighbours out of the way, and came and lay down among us. Nobody was disposed to turn him out. I stretched my bed close in front of him, for he promised to be the most agreeable animal of the party; and lay until daylight *tête-à-tête* with him.

I followed a string of women through the

broken wall of Goneytri, a little after dawn, to the banks of the river, whither they were tramping for water with vessels on their heads, and about their heels the most absurdly wide trousers that ever were invented, which made them walk as if they had chains on their legs. These damsels, who live on the borders of the paradise of Damascus, have as little of the houri in their appearance as can be imagined: they are precisely such spectres as one would expect to find in the filth and wretchedness they spring from. As they filed before me, I congratulated myself on having escaped the ministry with which their poverty induced them to threaten me.

In the flourishing days of Syria, the paved road, which now in many places is singularly preserved, must have been a most excellent one. Whenever I came to a remnant of any extent I was able to trot briskly on; but where it is broken it affords the vilest path in the world. In the midst of the most difficult part of it we came in contact with a herd of pilgrims going to Jerusalem. There were three hundred at least, mounted on horses, mules, and asses. They were rolling and splashing about as if they had been in boats adrift in a storm. The

women were perched astride upon their bedding and baggage, their feet in large yellow boots hanging over the animals' shoulders, muffled completely in veils and sheets.

We became so mingled, that I dismounted by a stunted oak-tree, and stood there till they should pass. They were Armenians; and, notwithstanding the solitude and labour of the way, kept their faces closely veiled. There was one, however, towards the end of the string, so exquisitely beautiful, that she ventured to show me her face, as a sample, perhaps, of the rest, or more likely because it was the only one worth such a display. I felt sorry almost that she had raised the curtain from so lovely a picture. I could do nothing but think of it. It brought to my memory Eudocia, in the siege of Damascus, who, with all her charms, was probably huddled in this very manner, on the pinnacle of her wardrobe, when flying from her apostate lover and the Saracens. I must not, however, endeavour to dissipate the romance of the East, for nothing is so necessary as to gild the uncomfortable realities that constantly come to shake it.

About three o'clock, with a train of mules

laden with cotton from Nablous, I reached the town of Sasa. The wall was newly white-washed, and I was deceived into a belief that I should be well off there. About it were a few poplar-trees, and among them some women washing themselves in a stream that flowed from the river by which it stands. This was a novel sight, and gave me as favourable an impression of the people as the walls had done of the town. I determined therefore to finish my day's journey where there seemed to be so much cleanliness. A few green knolls gave a cheerful aspect to the place. On their heights strayed horses with their rich housings upon them, while the riders sat in picturesque parties at the bases.

The town had shared the same calamity, however, with less inviting spots; for, as I came nearer to the walls, I found the carcases of dead animals even more numerous than at Goneytri. Camels, that appeared to have died with their loads on, were corrupting on the road. How can people contrive to breathe in such an atmosphere! No birds of prey, nor the jackall, nor the dogs,—ready enough to remove such a nuisance at all times,—have shown the least in-

clination to do so here. I rode into the only gate of the city; it was choked up with mud. On each side was a colonnade used for a khan, equally filled with stagnant filth.

The inhabitants were lounging in a clear space in the midst of the city. I appeared so strangely among them, that they received me with shouts of laughter. I still wore the Frank dress, and every attempt I made to advance but increased their merriment. I stood very much perplexed in the midst of the facetious town for some minutes. There being no prospect of a lodging, I turned my horse to go away, followed with shouts to the very gate. I was, in fact, fairly hooted out of the place, and plodded on towards Damascus with a very ill grace. The river had overflowed the bridge that crossed it, and we had some difficulty in accomplishing a passage. The road beyond was excellent, and we trotted on with some activity; Anti-Libanus stretching towards the Desert on the left hand, a few gentle hills rising from the plain to its base, but scarcely a village to be seen.

After two hours' ride, the river ran at the bottom of a winding dell, in which were some beautiful spots of rich grass, covered over with

sheep. I was inclined to establish myself for the night on one of them; but a few villages, at long intervals apart, promised food at any rate, if not more agreeable shelter. A clump of olive-trees, or lines of poplars, marked their situations. It is desolate to pass over so rich a country for so many hours without meeting with a habitation. Men cannot live in isolated situations here; they must flock together, and every paltry place must be defended by a wall.

It was just dusk when I entered a square building, in the midst of flocks and herds coming home for the night. They occupied the area in the centre, while the terrace ran round the top of the building, peopled to overflowing. I found an Arab reception in one of the huts, and feasted with the family by the side of a fire-place with a chimney to it. They are now common; for even Goneytri had chimneys to its miserable houses. The women cooked and served our dinners, and remained patiently in a corner till the crumbs which fall to their lot were ready for them.

I am so accustomed to recline upon a mat among insects and unsavoury smells, or to sit cross-legged at a pyramid of rice, scrambling

view of the sea of Galilee and the heights about it; but the road was so miserable that I scarcely had leisure to observe the scenery. It appeared a bag full of large stones, between which the horses put their feet occasionally, and came down upon their knees. We did not meet a human being. What a picture of desolation!

When midway between the river and the village of Goneytri, we entered what in this country may be called a wood, generally of dwarf oaks lopped of their branches, which are carried away for fire. By the banks of a clear stream was a ruined wall, where a few Arab huts may have been. I sat down beneath it, in just such a spot as a knight-errant would have chosen to refresh himself in. The grass was green and rich, and the horses were allowed to roam among it, while we breakfasted upon cakes and figs, and scooped up the cool water with our hands. I was so pleased by the solitude and quiet of the place, which I never should have enjoyed had I waited for a caravan at Saphet, that I could not avoid lecturing my squire, as Don Quixote might have

done his under similar circumstances, upon the absurdity of company and guards through so deserted a country, who could only torment by their attentions, and thwart by their idleness or obstinacy.

I had just finished my oration, when a shot was fired from behind: the ball whizzed over my head, and struck a stone on the opposite side. The Turk set off to catch the horses, while Hassan and I jumped up and peeped over the wall. Nobody was to be seen, and all was as still as before. I had nothing more to say in behalf of solitude, and prepared to leave my pleasant retirement, when I perceived an Arab creeping through the trees with a matchlock in his hand, endeavouring to reach the shelter of a hut that stood among them. We called to him, and when he stopped, advanced on foot to meet him. He had not had time to reload. I asked him to show me his gunpowder, and, observing that it was very bad, shook a quantity from my own flask into his hand, and, mounting on horseback, rode away, without saying one word about the shot. He stood for some time staring at us, and when we had got nearly

out of sight, called several times to us to return. I had finished the adventure perfectly to my own satisfaction, and left him at a good trot. I have not the least idea whether or not the ball was designed for any of my party; but this I may say, that I saw nothing else worth firing at.

We reached the village of Goneytri about four o'clock. On approaching it the scenery changes; the country is flatter, and more plentifully wooded; a river flows over the plain before, and on the left hand towers the chain of Anti-Libanus, the white-headed Mount Hermon conspicuous above all. There has once been a wall round the village, but it has been beaten down by the rain, and the river has flooded all within it. As I stood with my handkerchief at my nose to reconnoitre the place,—for it was more corrupt than any spot I had yet passed, and the whole way was strewed with dead animals,—some women ran to the tops of their houses, and, waving a welcome to me, offered me lodging within them. "Come to mine, O Frank!" they all cried.

I was completely perplexed by this show of

civility, for more squalid and forbidding damsels I never beheld. It was beginning to rain, and I had no alternative. One woman more earnest than the rest still stood aloft, holding together a long blue shift with her left hand, while with the other she beckoned to me to approach. All the dogs by this time, the pictures of famine, had scrambled to the top of the wall, and were howling most pitifully. I could not resist this united concert, and entered the village by a breach in the wall. Directly in front was a stagnant pool, and asses and cows, that had been dead some time, growing green about it.

I flew for shelter to the woman's hut, which stood in a cluster of others. At a little distance, across the threshold, lay a dead horse: she was pulling at its hind legs to make room for me to pass. I pushed away from her as if she had been a Gorgon. But there was no spot untainted in the place. I could stand it no more, and ran through the gate, which was close at hand, to the banks of the river, where I sat in the rain until Hassan should discover some abode for me, for the horses could go no fur-

ther, and I was not in a plight to weather the storms that were coming.

This is a post-town of Syria, it seems; and there is a hut for the couriers against the wall, to which they sent to invite me. I returned therefore and took advantage of their offer. Two dirty, sleepy-looking Tartars were smoking on the floor, and in an inner chamber stood their horses. The place had in some degree escaped the general pollution, but little was to be said for its cleanliness. We had a most smoky mess for dinner, to which I was able to add a fowl, the only living thing besides the people and the dogs that had escaped the wreck of the village. It rained very hard during the night, and my post-house was assailed by a succession of travellers and their beasts that filled it nearly to suffocation. One of the horses, finding himself crowded in the inner chamber, kicked his neighbours out of the way, and came and lay down among us. Nobody was disposed to turn him out. I stretched my bed close in front of him, for he promised to be the most agreeable animal of the party; and lay until daylight *tête-à-tête* with him.

I followed a string of women through the

broken wall of Goneytri, a little after dawn, to the banks of the river, whither they were tramping for water with vessels on their heads, and about their heels the most absurdly wide trousers that ever were invented, which made them walk as if they had chains on their legs. These damsels, who live on the borders of the paradise of Damascus, have as little of the houri in their appearance as can be imagined: they are precisely such spectres as one would expect to find in the filth and wretchedness they spring from. As they filed before me, I congratulated myself on having escaped the ministry with which their poverty induced them to threaten me.

In the flourishing days of Syria, the paved road, which now in many places is singularly preserved, must have been a most excellent one. Whenever I came to a remnant of any extent I was able to trot briskly on; but where it is broken it affords the vilest path in the world. In the midst of the most difficult part of it we came in contact with a herd of pilgrims going to Jerusalem. There were three hundred at least, mounted on horses, mules, and asses. They were rolling and splashing about as if they had been in boats adrift in a storm. The

women were perched astride upon their bedding and baggage, their feet in large yellow boots hanging over the animals' shoulders, muffled completely in veils and sheets.

We became so mingled, that I dismounted by a stunted oak-tree, and stood there till they should pass. They were Armenians; and, notwithstanding the solitude and labour of the way, kept their faces closely veiled. There was one, however, towards the end of the string, so exquisitely beautiful, that she ventured to show me her face, as a sample, perhaps, of the rest, or more likely because it was the only one worth such a display. I felt sorry almost that she had raised the curtain from so lovely a picture. I could do nothing but think of it. It brought to my memory Eudocia, in the siege of Damascus, who, with all her charms, was probably huddled in this very manner, on the pinnacle of her wardrobe, when flying from her apostate lover and the Saracens. I must not, however, endeavour to dissipate the romance of the East, for nothing is so necessary as to gild the uncomfortable realities that constantly come to shake it.

About three o'clock, with a train of mules

laden with cotton from Nablous, I reached the town of Sasa. The wall was newly white-washed, and I was deceived into a belief that I should be well off there. About it were a few poplar-trees, and among them some women washing themselves in a stream that flowed from the river by which it stands. This was a novel sight, and gave me as favourable an impression of the people as the walls had done of the town. I determined therefore to finish my day's journey where there seemed to be so much cleanliness. A few green knolls gave a cheerful aspect to the place. On their heights strayed horses with their rich housings upon them, while the riders sat in picturesque parties at the bases.

The town had shared the same calamity, however, with less inviting spots; for, as I came nearer to the walls, I found the carcases of dead animals even more numerous than at Goneytri. Camels, that appeared to have died with their loads on, were corrupting on the road. How can people contrive to breathe in such an atmosphere! No birds of prey, nor the jackall, nor the dogs,—ready enough to remove such a nuisance at all times,—have shown the least in-

clination to do so here. I rode into the only gate of the city; it was choked up with mud. On each side was a colonnade used for a khan, equally filled with stagnant filth.

The inhabitants were lounging in a clear space in the midst of the city. I appeared so strangely among them, that they received me with shouts of laughter. I still wore the Frank dress, and every attempt I made to advance but increased their merriment. I stood very much perplexed in the midst of the facetious town for some minutes. There being no prospect of a lodging, I turned my horse to go away, followed with shouts to the very gate. I was, in fact, fairly hooted out of the place, and plodded on towards Damascus with a very ill grace. The river had overflowed the bridge that crossed it, and we had some difficulty in accomplishing a passage. The road beyond was excellent, and we trotted on with some activity; Anti-Libanus stretching towards the Desert on the left hand, a few gentle hills rising from the plain to its base, but scarcely a village to be seen.

After two hours' ride, the river ran at the bottom of a winding dell, in which were some beautiful spots of rich grass, covered over with

sheep. I was inclined to establish myself for the night on one of them; but a few villages, at long intervals apart, promised food at any rate, if not more agreeable shelter. A clump of olive-trees, or lines of poplars, marked their situations. It is desolate to pass over so rich a country for so many hours without meeting with a habitation. Men cannot live in isolated situations here; they must flock together, and every paltry place must be defended by a wall.

It was just dusk when I entered a square building, in the midst of flocks and herds coming home for the night. They occupied the area in the centre, while the terrace ran round the top of the building, peopled to overflowing. I found an Arab reception in one of the huts, and feasted with the family by the side of a fire-place with a chimney to it. They are now common; for even Goneytri had chimneys to its miserable houses. The women cooked and served our dinners, and remained patiently in a corner till the crumbs which fall to their lot were ready for them.

I am so accustomed to recline upon a mat among insects and unsavoury smells, or to sit cross-legged at a pyramid of rice, scrambling

with black fingers about it, that I feel in a moment as comfortable as if I were introduced to the most luxurious hotel in Europe. It is never possible to see more than halfway through the mysterious chambers of an Arab hut. The only light falls from the door, which, standing on one side, scarcely gives a glimmer to the rest of the place, which is occupied with the singular furniture, and cooking utensils, weapons, and different articles of food. We had not much space to sleep in; but a quieter spot than "Khan-el-Sheach" never existed.

The day was well up before we awoke; and, as my host insisted upon giving a breakfast of new bread and new milk, the sun had risen before we commenced our ride to Damascus. This khan is situated on the borders of the "Barahdu," and called "el Sheach," from an aromatic plant very common about it, so named by the Arabs, and used by them for fuel. We were in the plain of Damascus, sown all over with barley, and watered by the "Barahdu," and many streams flowing from it. The grain is kept for some time under water, as rice is; and low embankments of mud divide the plots, which receive their allowance alternately. The

river is now full, and appears of a good breadth. It rises sometimes very suddenly. This season, some people were washed away by it, close to the khan in which I spent last night.

The mist that hung over the plain prevented my seeing Damascus till the sun was so high that its many domes and minarets glittered among the palm-trees, that seemed to rival them in number, like a scene of enchantment. It appeared indeed an inviting spot; and, contrasted with the rugged grey mountains behind it, and the deserted valley before, (for, although rich in grain, there is not a habitation to be seen but those of the city and its immediate suburb,) it gave me an idea of the magic doings of the genii, and looked as if it had been suddenly created. In this country there is no gradual improvement or increasing population as you approach a capital; the blood stagnates in the heart, or only circulates to convey its humours abroad.

It was on this plain that the miraculous conversion of St. Paul occurred; and somewhere near the road the monks have marked the very spot. We passed through the village of Daraide, in which there is a sufficiently clean khan,

with carpets and mats spread about it, and where the strong flavour of coffee will certainly attract the traveller to rest a while. From it to Damascus we joined in a more animated scene. We crossed several streams, led from the river among the gardens, which were composed of vines, almond and mulberry trees, and divided by walls of mud, which—for nothing can be complete in the East—were crumbling down in all directions.

I was struck by the appearance, as I imagined, of a camp close to the walls of the city: every house was surmounted by several small domes, as white as snow; and gave to the village "El Adam," which they composed, the form of a cluster of bell tents. We passed over its cemetery, which was tolerably full. At the head of every grave was a green branch or a bunch of fresh flowers. As we filed through narrow lanes between the mud walls I have alluded to, where silk-weavers were engaged in twisting their many-coloured threads along the way, as in a rope-walk, gardens were discerned on both sides with all their trees in blossom, and I thought Damascus really was the paradise the Mussulmans imagine it to be. The wall of the

city is a wholesome check, however, to such a delusion. It appears to be in ruins; and all around it is poor and wretched.

I entered the gate of the Christian quarter of the town, and was glad to perceive the guard composed of the Egyptian army. They welcomed me with smiles, as if they conceived that their destiny and that of the Franks were closely united; for so perfectly has Mehemet Ali banished bigotry from among his soldiers, that they look with less brotherly feelings upon a Turk than upon an European.

I had given over my arms to Hassan, that he might make some appearance as he rode through the streets, and he had planted them about him in the most conspicuous manner. He was very soon, however, shorn of his splendour. It is forbidden to carry weapons of any description within the walls. I was obliged to submit, therefore, to his being disarmed; and deposited my pistols with the officer of the guard, who promised to return them in the course of the day, on receiving an order from the governor.

At eleven o'clock I reached the Franciscan convent, and found a kind reception from the superior, a Spaniard, who warned me that it was

Lent, and that if I remained his guest, I must submit to very scanty fare for a time at any rate. I resolved, therefore, to mortify myself, and took possession of a panelled room covered with the ill-painted figures of saints. I passed through a very long and narrow street to the one in which the convent stands, which merits the name of "straight."

Since Ibrahim Pasha took Damascus, a great change in the behaviour of the Damascenes has been effected. A Frank may walk in his proper dress through the town without molestation; and the governor, Sherif Bey, has requested that all may continue to do so; for he is anxious that the garb, ugly as it must seem to those of a more flowing robe, should be respected, if not admired.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY SAMUEL BENTLEY,
Dorset Street, Fleet Street.

WIDENER
WIDENER
NOV 27 2001
FEB 1 0 2002
CANCELLED

3 2044 019 516 566

HARVARD UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

VE RI TAS

FROM THE LIBRARY OF
COUNT PAUL RIANT

MEMBER OF THE
INSTITUTE OF FRANCE
HISTORIAN OF THE
LATIN EAST

MDCCCC

GIFT OF J. RANDOLPH COOLIDGE
AND ARCHIBALD CARY COOLIDGE